






Maud Emma Watson.



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LOWELL'S POETICAL WORKS.

TO MR. JAMES T. FIELDS.



MY DEAR FIELDS,

Dr. Johnson's sturdy self-respect led him to invent the Bookseller as a substitute for the Patron. My relations with you have enabled me to discover how pleasantly the Friend may replace the Bookseller. Let me record my sense of many thoughtful services by associating your name with a poem which owes its appearance in this form to your partiality.

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

CAMBRIDGE, *November 29, 1869.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED
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Longfellow's Poetical Works.

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The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.

With Steel Portrait.

The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant.

With Memoir of the Author by R. H. STODDARD, and Steel Portrait.

The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

With Steel Portrait.

TO

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,

This First Complete Edition of my Poems

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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EARLIER POEMS.

THRENODIA.

GONE, gone from us ! and shall we
^{see}

Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore ?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and
bright,

Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan ?
So bright, and gone forth utterly !
O stern word—Nevermore !

The stars of those two gentle
eyes

Will shine no more on earth ;
Quenched are the hopes that had
their birth,

As we watched them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate ;
And she would read them o'er and
o'er,

Pondering, as she sate,
Over their dear astrology,
Which she had conned and conned
before,

Deeming she needs must read
aright

What was writ so passing bright.
And yet, alas ! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide from out her
eye,

Silent, as they were doing wrong,
O stern word—Nevermore !

The tongue that scarce had
learned to claim
An entrance to a mother's heart

By that dear talisman, a mother's
name,

Sleeps all forgetful of its art !
I loved to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness !)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him stole,
And snatched him to her breast !
Oh, thoughts were brooding in
those eyes,

That would have soared like strong-
winged birds

Far, far into the skies,
Gladding the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long !
O stern word—Nevermore !

How peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small, white hands that ne'er
were still before,

But ever sported with his mother's
hair,

Or the plain cross that on her breast
she wore !

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise
Sending glad thoughts up to her
eyes

To bless him with their holy
calm,—

Sweet thoughts ! they made her
eyes as sweet,

How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should
think
That he were dropped asleep.
Alas! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber!
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
Oh, may we see his eyelids open
then!
O stern word—Nevermore!

As the airy gossamer,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth clingeth
tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump un-
sightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all;
O stern word—Nevermore!

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the
ripples play,
Or harkening their fairy chime;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more!
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more;
O stern word—Nevermore!

Full short his journey was; no
dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave;
The weary weight that old men
must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost
his way
And wandered hither, so his stay

With us was short, and 'twas most
meet
That he should be no delver in
earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his
feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!

THE SIRENS.

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering thou knowest not
whither;—
Our little isle is green and breezy,
Come and rest thee! Oh come
hither,
Come to this peaceful home of ours,
Where evermore
The low west-wind creeps panting
up the shore
To be at rest among the flowers;
Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
As the dark waves of the sea
Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
Calling solemnly to thee
With voices deep and hollow,—
“To the shore
Follow! Oh, follow!
To be at rest for evermore!
For evermore!”

Look how the gray old Ocean
From the depth of his heart re-
joices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices;
List how he sings in an undertone,
Chiming with our melody;
And all sweet sounds of earth and
air
Melt into one low voice alone,
That murmurs over the weary sea,
And seems to sing from every-
where,—
“Here mayst thou harbour peace-
fully,
Here mayst thou rest from the
aching oar;
Turn thy curved prow ashore,
And in our green isle rest for ever-
more!
For evermore!”

And Echo half wakes in the
wooded hill,
And, to her heart so calm and
deep,
Murmurs over in her sleep,
Doubtfully pausing and murmur-
ing still,

“Evermore!”

Thus, on Life's weary sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and
near,
Ever singing low and clear,
Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
Than to be toiling late and soon?
In the dreary night to see
Nothing but the blood-red moon
Go up and down into the sea;
Or, in the loneliness of day,
To see the still seals only
Solemnly lift their faces gray,
Making it yet more lonely?
Is it not better than to hear
Only the sliding of the wave
Beneath the plank, and feel so near
A cold and lonely grave,
A restless grave, where thou shalt
lie
Even in death unquietly?
Look down beneath thy wave-worn
bark,

Lean over the side and see
The leaden eye of the sidelong
shark

Upturnèd patiently,
Ever waiting there for thee:
Look down and see those shapeless
forms,

Which ever keep their dreamless
sleep

Far down within the gloomy deep,
And only stir themselves in storms,
Rising like islands from beneath,
And snorting through the angry
spray,

As the frail vessel perisheth
In the whirls of their unwieldy play;
Look down! Look down!

Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
That waves its arms so lank and
brown,

Beckoning for thee!

Look down beneath thy wave-worn
bark

Into the cold depth of the sea!
Look down! Look down!
Thus, on Life's lonely sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sad, from far and near,
Ever singing full of fear,
Ever singing dreadfully.

Here all is pleasant as a dream;
The wind scarce shaketh down the
dew,
The green grass floweth like a
stream

Into the ocean's blue;

Listen! Oh, listen!

Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,
And every wish and longing seems
Lulled to a numbered flow of
words,—

Listen! Oh, listen!

Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and
flowers crowned;—

The sand is so smooth, the yellow
sand,

That thy keel will not grate as it
touches the land;

All around with a slumberous
sound,

The singing waves slide up the
strand,

And there, where the smooth, wet
pebbles be,

The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the
shore,

To be at rest from the ceaseless
roar,

To be at rest for evermore,—

For evermore.

Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
“Here is rest and peace for
thee!”

IRENÉ.

HERS is a spirit deep, and crystal-
clear;

Calmly beneath her earnest face it
lies,

Free without boldness, meek without a fear,
 Quicker to look than speak its sympathies;
 Far down into her large and patient eyes
 I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
 As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still night,
 I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's holy light,
 That from the shade of self she walketh free;
 The garden of her soul still keepeth she
 An Eden where the snake did never enter;
 She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
 A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
 A dignity as moveless as the centre;
 So that no influence of earth can stir
 Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
 The holy peacefulness, which night and day,
 Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

Most gentle is she: her large charity
 (An all unwitting, childlike gift in her)
 Not freer is to give than meek to bear;
 And, though herself not unacquaint with care,
 Hath in her heart wide room for all that be,—
 Her heart that hath no secrets of its own,
 But open is as eglantine full blown.
 Cloudless for ever is her brow serene,
 Speaking calm hope and trust within her, whence
 Welleth a noiseless spring of patience,
 That keepeth all her life so fresh, so green,

And full of holiness, that every look,
 The greatness of her woman's soul revealing,
 Unto me bringeth blessing, and a feeling
 As when I read in God's own holy book.

A graciousness in giving that doth make
 The small'st gift greatest, and a sense most meek
 Of worthiness, that doth not fear to take
 From others, but which always fears to speak
 Its thanks in utterance, for the giver's sake;—
 The deep religion of a thankful heart,
 Which rests instinctively in Heaven's clear law
 With a full peace, that never can depart
 From its own steadfastness;—a holy awe
 For holy things,—not those which men call holy,
 But such as are revealed to the eyes
 Of a true woman's soul bent down and lowly
 Before the face of daily mysteries;—
 A love that blossoms soon, but ripens slowly
 To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,
 Enduring with a firmness that defies
 All shallow tricks of circumstance and time,
 By a sure insight knowing where to cling,
 And where it clingeth never withering;—
 These are Irené's dowry, which no fate
 Can shake from their serene, deep-built state.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which chasteneth
 No less than loveth, scorning to be bound

With fear of blame, and yet which
 ever hasteneth
 To pour the balm of kind looks on
 the wound,
 If they be wounds which such sweet
 teaching makes,
 Giving itself a pang for others'
 sakes;
 No want of faith, that chills with
 sidelong eye,
 Hath she; no jealousy, no Levite
 pride
 That passeth by upon the other
 side;
 For in her soul there never dwelt
 a lie.
 Right from the hand of God her
 spirit came
 Unstained, and she hath ne'er for-
 gotten whence
 It came, nor wandered far from
 thence,
 But laboureth to keep her still the
 same,
 Near to her place of birth, that she
 may not
 Soil her white raiment with an
 earthly spot.

Yet sets she not her soul so
 steadily
 Above, that she forgets her ties to
 earth,
 But her whole thought would al-
 most seem to be
 How to make glad one lowly human
 hearth;
 For with a gentle courage she doth
 strive
 In thought and word and feeling
 so to live
 As to make earth next heaven; and
 her heart
 Herein doth show its most exceed-
 ing worth,
 That bearing in our frailty her just
 part,
 She hath not shrunk from evils of
 this life,
 But hath gone calmly forth into
 the strife,
 And all its sins and sorrows hath
 withstood
 With lofty strength of patient
 womanhood:

For this I love her great soul more
 than all,
 That, being bound, like us, with
 earthly thrall,
 She walks so bright and heaven-
 like therein,—
 Too wise, too meek, too womanly
 to sin.

Like a lone star through riven
 storm-clouds seen
 By sailors, tempest-tost upon the
 sea,
 Telling of rest and peaceful heavens
 nigh,
 Unto my soul her star-like soul
 hath been,
 Her sight as full of hope and calm
 to me;—
 For she unto herself hath builded
 high
 A home serene, wherein to lay her
 head,
 Earth's noblest thing, a Woman
 perfected.

SERENADE.

FROM the close-shut windows
 gleams no spark,
 The night is chilly, the night is
 dark,
 The poplars shiver, the pine-trees
 moan,
 My hair by the autumn breeze is
 blown,
 Under thy window I sing alone,
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The darkness is pressing coldly
 around,
 The windows shake with a lonely
 sound,
 The stars are hid and the night is
 drear,
 The heart of silence throbs in thine
 ear,
 In thy chamber thou sittest alone,
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The world is happy, the world is
 wide,
 Kind hearts are beating on every
 side;

Ah, why should we lie so coldly
 curled
 Alone in the shell of this great
 world?
 Why should we any more be alone?
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

Oh, 'tis a bitter and dreary word,
 The saddest by man's ear ever
 heard!
 We each are young, we each have
 a heart,
 Why stand we ever coldly apart,
 Must we for ever, then, be alone?
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

WITH A PRESSED FLOWER.

THIS little blossom from afar
 Hath come from other lands to
 thine;
 For, once, its white and drooping
 star
 Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German
 maid
 Hath plucked one from the self-
 same stalk.
 And numbered over, half afraid,
 Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me, loves me not," she
 cries;
 "He loves me more than earth or
 heaven!"
 And then glad tears have filled her
 eyes
 To find the number was uneven.

And thou must count its petals
 well,
 Because it is a gift from me;
 And the last one of all shall tell
 Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were
 born,
 Thou wilt find flowers just as true,
 Down-bending every summer morn,
 With freshness of New-England
 dew.

For Nature, ever kind to love,
 Hath granted them the same sweet
 tongue,

Whether with German skies above,
 Or here our granite rocks among.

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am
 I,—
 From place to place I wander by.
 Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
 For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
 Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
 Old oak, give me,—
 That the world's blasts may round
 me blow,
 And I yield gently to and fro,
 While my stout-hearted trunk
 below
 And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding
 might,
 Enduring still through day and
 night
 Rude tempest-shock and withering
 blight,—
 That I may keep at bay
 The changeful April sky of chance
 And the strong tide of circum-
 stance,—
 Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
 Some of thy never-dying green,
 Put in this scrip of mine,—
 That griefs may fall like snow-
 flakes light,
 And deck me in a robe of white,
 Ready to be an angel bright,—
 Oh, sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
 Of thy sparkling, light content,
 Give me, my cheerful brook,—
 That I may still be full of glee
 And gladness, where'er I be,
 Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
 In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
 To me, since I've been in the wood;
 Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
 But good-bye, kind friends, every
 one,

I've far to go ere set of sun ;
Of all good things I would have
part,

The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me ! how could I
forget

To beg of thee, dear violet !

Some of thy modesty,

That blossoms here as well, unseen,

As if before the world thou'dst been,

Oh, give, to strengthen me.

MY LOVE.

I.

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose
to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so
fair ;

No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine
share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or
despise :

For naught that sets one heart at
ease,

And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common
things,

And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and
clings,

And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to
bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonise ;
Feeling or thought that was not
true

Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish
years

Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath
room

For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly
mill,

Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and
green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and
die.

SUMMER STORM.

UNTREMULOUS in the river
clear,

Towards the sky's image, hangs the
imaged bridge ;

So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen
midge ;

Out of the stillness, with a
gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which
now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the
while increases,
The huddling trample of a drove
of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as
gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's
emblem deep,
A confused noise between two
silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious
peace.
On the wide marsh the purple-
blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the
brimming tide,
Save when the wedge-shaped wake
in silence passes,
Of some slow water-rat, whose
sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade
from side to side;
But up the west, like a rock-
shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with
sun-whitened spray;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling
o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and
yet it climbs away.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,
Down the pane they are crookedly
crawling,
And the wind breathes low;
Slowly the circles widen on the
river,
-Widen and mingle, one and all;
Here and there the slenderer
flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's
fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder
mutter,
The wind is gathering in the
west;

The upturned leaves first whiten
and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish
flap
Struggles the gull and floats
away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thun-
der-clap,—
We shall not see the sun go
down to-day:
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy
marsh,
And tramples the grass with
terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden
and harsh.
You can hear the quick heart of
the tempest beat.

Look! look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling
thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asun-
der,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous
crash,
On the Earth, which crouches in
silence under:
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by
mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue
wood again,
And ere the next heart-beat, the
wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league
aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-
parched roof;
Against the windows the sun comes
dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail
tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath

As from a sudden will ;
 The rain stops short, but from the eaves
 You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
 All is so bodingly still ;
 Again, now, now, again
 Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
 The crinkled lightning
 Seems ever brightning,
 And loud and long
 Again the thunder shouts
 His battle-song,—
 One quivering flash,
 One wildering crash,
 Followed by silence dead and dull,
 As if the cloud, let go,
 Leapt boldly below
 To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
 And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !
 No more my half-crazed fancy there,
 Can shape a giant in the air,
 No more I see his streaming hair,
 The writhing portent of his form ;—
 The pale and quiet moon
 Makes her calm forehead bare,
 And the last fragments of the storm,
 Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
 Silent and few, are drifting over me.

LOVE.

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
 And hath its food served up in earthenware ;
 It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
 Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
 Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
 Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
 From Beauty's law of plainness and content ;

A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
 Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home ;
 Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
 And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
 Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
 In bleak November, and with thankful heart,
 Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
 As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
 As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
 Such is true love which steals into the heart
 With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
 That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
 And hath its will through blissful gentleness,—
 Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
 Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
 Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes ;
 A love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
 Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points,
 But loving-kindly ever looks them down
 With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness ;
 A love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
 As is the golden mystery of sunset,
 Or the sweet coming of the evening star,
 Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
 And seeming ever best and fairest now ;
 A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
 But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
 Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
 By a clear sense of inward nobleness ;

A love that in its object findeth
 not
 All grace and beauty, and enough
 to sate
 Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of
 good
 Found there, it sees but Heaven-
 granted types
 Of good and beauty in the soul of
 man,
 And traces, in the simplest heart
 that beats,
 A family-likeness to its chosen one,
 That claims of it the rights of
 brotherhood.
 For love is blind but with the
 fleshly eye,
 That so its inner sight may be more
 clear;
 And outward shows of beauty only
 so
 Are needful at the first, as is a
 hand
 To guide and to uphold an infant's
 steps :
 Great spirits need them not : their
 earnest look
 Pierces the body's mask of thin
 disguise,
 And beauty ever is to them re-
 vealed,
 Behind the unshapeliest, meanest
 lump of clay,
 With arms outstretched and eager
 face ablaze,
 Yearning to be but understood and
 loved.

TO PERDITA, SINGING.

THY voice is like a fountain,
 Leaping up in clear moonshine ;
 Silver, silver, ever mounting,
 Ever sinking,
 Without thinking,
 To that brimful heart of thine.
 Every sad and happy feeling,
 Thou hast had in bygone years,
 Through thy lips comes stealing,
 stealing,
 Clear and low ;
 All thy smiles and all thy tears
 In thy voice awaken,
 And sweetness, wove of joy and
 woe,

From their teaching it hath
 taken :
 Feeling and music move together,
 Like a swan and shadow ever
 Floating on a sky-blue river
 In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,
 Yet it is not sad ;
 It hath tones of clearest gladness,
 Yet it is not glad ;
 A dim, sweet twilight voice it is
 Where to-day's accustomed blue
 Is over-grayed with memories,
 With starry feelings quivered
 through.

Thy voice is like a fountain
 Leaping up in sunshine bright,
 And I never weary counting
 Its clear droppings, lone and single,
 Or when in one full gush they
 mingle,
 Shooting in melodious light.

Thine is music such as yields
 Feelings of old brooks and fields,
 And around this pent-up room,
 Sheds a woodland, free perfume ;
 Oh, thus for ever sing to me !
 Oh, thus for ever !

The green, bright grass of child-
 hood bring to me,
 Flowing like an emerald river,
 And the bright blue skies above !
 Oh, sing them back, as fresh as
 ever,
 Into the bosom of my love,—
 The sunshine and the merriment,
 The unsought, evergreen content,
 Of that never cold time,
 The joy, that, like a clear breeze,
 went
 Through and through the old
 time !

Peace sits within thine eyes,
 With white hands crossed in joy-
 ful rest,
 While through thy lips and face,
 arise
 The melodies from out thy breast ;
 She sits and sings,
 With folded wings
 And white arms crost,
 "Weep not for bygone things,
 They are not lost :

The beauty which the summer
time
O'er thine opening spirit shed,
The forest oracles sublime
That filled thy soul with joyous
dread,
The scent of every smallest flower
That made thy heart sweet for an
hour,—
Yea, every holy influence,
Flowing to thee, thou knewest not
whence,
In thine eyes to-day is seen,
Fresh as it hath ever been ;
Promptings of Nature, beckon-
ings sweet,
Whatever led thy childish feet,
Still will linger unawares
The guiders of thy silver hairs ;
Every look and every word
Which thou givest forth to-day,
Tell of the singing of the bird
Whose music stilled thy boyish
play."

Thy voice is like a fountain,
Twinkling up in sharp starlight,
When the moon behind the moun-
tain
Dims the low East with faint-
est white,
Ever darkling,
Ever sparkling,
We know not if 'tis dark or
bright ;
But, when the great moon hath
rolled round,
And, sudden-slow its solemn
power
Grows from behind its black, clear-
edged bound,
No spot of dark the fountain
keepeth,
But, swift as opening eyelids,
leapeth
Into a waving silver flower.

THE MOON.

My soul was like the sea,
Before the moon was made,
Moaning in vague immensity,
Of its own strength afraid,
Unrestful and unstead.
Through every rift it foamed in
vain,

About its earthly prison,
Seeking some unknown thing in
pain,
And sinking restless back again,
For yet no moon had risen :
Its only voice a vast dumb moan,
Of utterless anguish speaking,
It lay unhelpfully alone,
And lived but in an aimless seek-
ing.

So was my soul ; but when 'twas full
Of unrest to o'erloading,
A voice of something beautiful
Whispered a dim foreboding,
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,
It had not more of joy than woe ;
And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making its waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon's silver feet,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou, its guardian moon,
didst rise.

And now, howe'er its waves above
May toss and seem unceaseful,
One strong, eternal law of Love
With guidance sure and peace-
ful,
As calm and natural as breath,
Moves its great deeps through life
and death.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

A FRAGMENT.

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast
Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the
last
Draws seaward from its foamy
breaking.
Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momentarily,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.
And then, like minute-drops of rain
Ringing in water silvery,
They lingering dropped and dropped
again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be,

SONG.

TO M. L.

A LILY thou wast when I saw thee
first,

A lily-bud not opened quite,
That hourly grew more pure
and white,

By morning, and noontide, and
evening nursed :

In all of nature thou hadst thy
share ;

Thou wast waited on

By the wind and sun ;

The rain and the dew for thee
took care ;

It seemed thou never couldst be
more fair.

A lily thou wast when I saw thee
first,

A lily bud ; but oh, how strange,
How full of wonder was the
change,

When ripe with all sweetness, thy
full bloom burst !

How did the tears to my glad
eyes start,

When the woman-flower

Reached its blossoming hour,

And I saw the warm deeps of thy
golden heart !

Glad death may pluck thee, but
never before

The gold dust of thy bloom
divine

Hath dropped from thy heart
into mine,

To quicken its faint germs of
heavenly lore ;

For no breeze comes nigh thee
but carries away

Some impulses bright

Of fragrance and light,

Which fall upon souls that are
one and astray,

To plant fruitful hopes of the
flower of day.

ALLEGRA.

I WOULD more natures were like
thine,

That never casts a glance before—

Thou Hebe, who thy heart's bright
wine

So lavishly to all dost pour,

That we who drink forget to pine,

And can but dream of bliss in
store.

Thou canst not see a shade in life ;
With sunward instinct thou dost
rise,

And, leaving clouds below at strife,
Gazest undazzled at the skies,

With all their blazing splendours
rife,

A songful lark with eagle's eyes.

Thou wast some foundling whom
the Hours

Nursed, laughing, with the milk
of Mirth ;

Some influence more gay than ours
Hath ruled thy nature from its
birth,

As if thy natal stars were flowers
That shook their seeds round
thee on earth.

And thou, to lull thine infant rest,
Wast cradled like an Indian
child ;

All pleasant winds from south and
west

With lullabies thine ears be-
guiled,

Rocking thee in thine oriole's nest,
Till Nature looked at thee and
smiled.

Thine every fancy seems to borrow
A sunlight from thy childish
years,

Making a golden cloud of sorrow,
A hope-lit rainbow out of tears,—

Thy heart is certain of to-morrow,
Though 'yond to-day it never
peers.

I would more natures were like
thine,

So innocently wild and free,
Whose sad thoughts, even, leap
and shine,

Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
Making us mindless of the brine,

In gazing on the brilliancy.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary:—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

ODE.

I.

IN the old days of awe and keen-
eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm
truth was rife;

He saw the mysteries which circle
under

The outward shell and skin of
daily life.

Nothing to him were fleeting time
and fashion,

His soul was led by the eternal
law;

There was in him no hope of fame,
no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes he
only saw.

He did not sigh o'er heroes dead
and buried,

Chief-mourner at the Golden
Age's hearse,

Nor deem that souls whom Charon
grim had ferried

Alone were fitting themes of epic
verse:

He could believe the promise of to-
morrow,

And feel the wondrous meaning
of to-day;

He had a deeper faith in holy
sorrow

Than the world's seeming loss
could take away.

To know the heart of all things was
his duty,

All things did sing to him to
make him wise,

And, with a sorrowful and con-
quering beauty,

The soul of all looked grandly
from his eyes.

He gazed on all within him and
without him,

He watched the flowing of Time's
steady tide,

And shapes of glory floated all about
him

And whispered to him, and he
prophesied.

Than all men he more fearless was
and freer,

And all his brethren cried with
one accord,—

“Behold the holy man! Behold
the Seer!

Him who hath spoken with the
unseen Lord!”

He to his heart with large embrace
had taken

The universal sorrow of man-
kind,

And, from that root, a shelter never
shaken,

The tree of wisdom grew with
sturdy rind.

He could interpret well the won-
drous voices

Which to the calm and silent
spirit come;

He knew that the One Soul no more
 rejoices
 In the star's anthem than the in-
 sect's hum.
 He in his heart was ever meek and
 humble,
 And yet with kingly pomp his
 numbers ran,
 As he foresaw how all things false
 should crumble
 Before the free, uplifted soul of
 man :
 And, when he was made full to
 overflowing
 With all the loveliness of heaven
 and earth,
 Out rushed his song, like molten
 iron glowing,
 To show God sitting by the hum-
 blest hearth.
 With calmest courage he was ever
 ready
 To teach that action was the
 truth of thought,
 And, with strong arm and purpose
 firm and steady,
 An anchor for the drifting world
 he wrought.
 So did he make the meanest man
 partaker
 Of all his brother-gods unto him
 gave ;
 All souls did reverence him and
 name him Maker,
 And when hedied heaped temples
 on his grave.
 And still his deathless words of
 light are swimming
 Serene throughout the great deep
 infinite
 Of human soul, unwaning and un-
 dimming,
 To cheer and guide the mariner
 at night.

II.

But now the Poet is an empty
 rhymers
 Who lies with idle elbow on the
 grass,
 And fits his singing, like a cunning
 timer,
 To all men's prides and fancies
 as they pass.

Not his the song, which, in its
 metre holy,
 Chimes with the music of the
 eternal stars,
 Humbling the tyrant, lifting up
 the lowly,
 And sending sun through the
 soul's prison-bars.
 Maker no more,—Oh, no ! unmaker
 rather,
 For he unmakes who doth not
 all put forth
 The power given freely by our
 loving Father
 To show the body's dross, the
 spirit's worth.
 Awake ! great spirit of the ages
 olden !
 Shiver the mists that hide thy
 starry lyre,
 And let man's soul be yet again
 beholden
 To thee for wings to soar to her
 desire.
 Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's
 splendour,
 Be no more shamefaced to speak
 out for Truth,
 Lay on her altar all the gushings
 tender,
 The hope, the fire, the loving
 faith of youth !
 Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's
 coming,
 Say not his onward footsteps
 thou canst hear
 In the dim void, like to the awful
 humming
 Of the great wings of some new-
 lighted sphere !
 Oh, prophesy no more, but be the
 Poet !
 This longing was but granted
 unto thee
 That, when all beauty thou couldst
 feel and know it,
 That beauty in its highest thou
 couldst be.
 Oh, thou who moanest tost with
 sea-like longings,
 Who dimly hearest voices call on
 thee,
 Whose soul is overfilled with mighty
 throngings
 Of love, and fear, and glorious
 agony,

Thou of the toil-strung hands and
 iron sinews
 And soul by Mother Earth with
 freedom fed,
 In whom the hero-spirit yet con-
 tinues,
 The old free nature is not chained
 or dead,
 Arouse ! let thy soul break in music-
 thunder,
 Let loose the ocean that is in thee
 pent,
 Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy
 love, thy wonder,
 And tell the age what all its signs
 have meant.
 Where'er thy wildered crown of
 brethren jostles,
 Where'er there lingers but a
 shadow of wrong,
 There still is need of martyrs and
 apostles,
 There still are texts for never-
 dying song :
 From age to age man's still aspir-
 ing spirit
 Finds wider scope and sees with
 clearer eyes,
 And thou in larger measure dost
 inherit
 What made thy great forerunners
 free and wise.
 Sit thou enthronèd where the Poet's
 mountain
 Above the thunder lifts its silent
 peak,
 And roll thy songs down like a
 gathering fountain,
 They all may drink and find the
 rest they seek.
 Sing ! there shall silence grow in
 earth and heaven,
 A silence of deep awe and
 wondering ;
 For, listening gladly, bend the
 angels, even,
 To hear a mortal like an angel
 sing.

III.

Among the toil-worn poor my soul
 is seeking
 For one to bring the Maker's
 name to light,

To be the voice of that almighty
 speaking
 Which every age demands to do
 it right.
 Proprieties our silken bards en-
 viron ;
 He who would be the tongue of
 this wide land
 Must string his harp with chords of
 sturdy iron
 And strike it with a toil-brownèd
 hand ;
 One who hath dwelt with Nature
 well attended,
 Who hath learnt wisdom from
 her mystic books,
 Whose soul with all her countless
 lives hath blended,
 So that all beauty awes us in his
 looks ;
 Who not with body's waste his soul
 hath pampered,
 Who as the clear north-western
 wind is free,
 Who walks with Form's obser-
 vances unhampered,
 And follows the One Will
 obediently ;
 Whose eyes, like windows on a
 breezy summit,
 Control a lovely prospect every
 way ;
 Who doth not sound God's sea
 with earthly plummet,
 And find a bottom still of worth-
 less clay ;
 Who heeds not how the lower gusts
 are working,
 Knowing that one sure wind
 blows on above,
 And sees, beneath the foulest
 faces lurking,
 One God-built shrine of rever-
 ence and love ;
 Who sees all stars that wheel their
 shining marches
 Around the centre fixed of
 Destiny,
 Where the encircling soul serene
 o'er-arches
 The moving globe of being like a
 sky ;
 Who feels that God and Heaven's
 great deeps are nearer
 Him to whose heart his fellow-
 man is nigh,

Who doth not hold his soul's own
 freedom dearer
 Than that of all his brethren, low
 or high;
 Who to the Right can feel himself
 the truer
 For being gently patient with the
 wrong,
 Who sees a brother in the evil-
 doer,
 And finds in Love the heart's-
 blood of his song;—
 This, this is he for whom the world
 is waiting
 To sing the beatings of its mighty
 heart,
 Too long hath it been patient with
 the grating
 Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it
 misnamed Art.
 To him the smiling soul of man
 shall listen,
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns
 aside,
 And once again in every eye shall
 glisten
 The glory of a nature satisfied.
 His verse shall have a great com-
 manding motion,
 Heaving and swelling with a
 melody
 Learnt of the sky, the river, and
 the ocean,
 And all the pure, majestic things
 that be.
 Awake, then, thou! we pine for
 thy great presence
 To make us feel the soul once
 more sublime,
 We are of far too infinite an essence
 To rest contented with the lies
 of Time.
 Speak out! and lo! a hush of
 deepest wonder
 Shall sink o'er all this many-
 voiced scene,
 As when a sudden burst of rattling
 thunder
 Shatters the blueness of a sky
 serene.

THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's father-
 land?
 Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit
 scorn
 In such scant borders to be
 spanned?

O yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is
 man?

Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than
 this?

O yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's
 gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace
 grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help
 another,—

Thank God for such a birthright,
 brother,—
 That spot of earth is thine and
 mine!

There is the true man's birthplace
 grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

THE FORLORN.

THE night is dark, the stinging
 sleet,
 Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
 Drives whistling down the lonely
 street,
 And stiffens on the pavement
 bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle
 dim
 Through the white sleet-clouds
 as they pass,
 Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
 Drop down and rattle on the
 glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
 Faces the east-wind's searching
 flaws,

And, as about her heart they whirl,
Her tattered cloak more tightly
draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and
bleak,

Her bare feet to the sidewalk
freeze;
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and
disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead
bare,

And, piercing through her gar-
ments thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and
there
Makes colder the cold heart
within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow
Streams outward through an
open shutter,
Adding more bitterness to woe,
More lonesomeness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt
Until she saw this gush of light
Spread warmly forth, and seem to
melt
Its slow way through the dead-
ening night.

She hears a woman's voice within,
Singing sweet words her child-
hood knew,
And years of misery and sin
Furl off, and leave her heaven
blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who
sinks
Outwearied in the drifting snow,
Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks
No longer of its hopeless woe:

Old fields, and clear blue summer
days,

Old meadows, green with grass
and trees,
That shimmer through the trem-
bling haze
And whiten in the western
breeze,—

Old faces,—all the friendly past
Rises within her heart again,
And sunshine from her childhood
cast
Makes summer of the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm glow,
From all humanity apart,
She hears old footsteps wandering
slow
Through the lone chambers of
the heart.

Outside the porch before the door,
Her cheek upon the cold, hard
stone,
She lies, no longer foul and poor,
No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily
Against the opening door did
weigh,
And there, from sin and sorrow
free,
A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm re-
lease,
And that, from out the want and
cold,
The song had borne her soul in
peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts
out,
Sometimes the heart of God
takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's
loud din;

And one of His great charities
Is Music, and it doth not scorn
To close the lids upon the eyes
Of the polluted and forlorn;

Far was she from her childhood's
home,
Farther in guilt had wandered
thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come
To die in maiden innocence.

MIDNIGHT.

THE moon shines white and silent
 On the mist, which, like a tide
 Of some enchanted ocean,
 O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
 Spreading its ghost-like billows
 Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
 Makes all things mysteries,
 And lures the earth's dumb spirit
 Up to the longing skies,—
 I seem to hear dim whispers,
 And tremulous replies.

The fireflies o'er the meadow
 In pulses come and go;
 The elm-trees' heavy shadow
 Weighs on the grass below;
 And faintly from the distance
 The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,
 The very bushes swell
 And take wild shapes and motions,
 As if beneath a spell,—
 They seem not the same lilacs
 From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
 O'er everything doth fall,
 So beautiful and quiet,
 And yet so like a pall,—
 As if all life were ended,
 And rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight!
 There is a might in thee
 To make the charmed body
 Almost like spirit be,
 And give it some faint glimpses
 Of immortality!

A PRAYER.

GOD! do not let my loved one die,
 But rather wait until the time
 That I am grown in purity
 Enough to enter Thy pure clime,
 Then take me, I will gladly go,
 So that my love remain below!

Oh, let her stay! She is by birth
 What I through death must learn
 to be;

We need her more on our poor earth
 Than Thou canst need in heaven
 with Thee:

She hath her wings already, I
 Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! We shall be
 near,
 More near than ever, each to
 each:

Her angel ears will find more clear
 My heavenly than my earthly
 speech;

And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
 Her soul and mine shall closer be.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and
 gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the
 cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in
 fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
 The bank may break, the factory
 burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble
 shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly
 earn
 A living that would serve his
 turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in
 fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty
 fare;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms
 bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in
 fee.

What doth the poor man's son
 inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son
inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble
things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment
springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son
inherit?
A patience learned of being poor.
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his
door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white
hands,—
This is the best crop from thy
lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy
state;
There is worse weariness than
thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and be-
nign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear
God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE ROSE: A BALLAD.

I.

In his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and
throw it
Where there's none that loveth
me.
On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest,
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to lee-
ward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom sea-
ward,
Through the breakers all alone.

II.

Stands, a maiden, on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand:
"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so
long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love for evermore!"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But, with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.

"Love is thine, O heart ! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.
Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of
night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown
bolder,

Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

SONG.

VIOLET ! sweet violet !
Thine eyes are full of tears ;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years ?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off
spheres ?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with
love
Grown coloured like the sky
above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging ?

Out on it ! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining ;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and
strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but
divine.

Violet ! dear violet !
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent
thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature
meant thee !

ROSALINE.

THOU look'dst on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was
bright
As when we murmured our troth-
plight
Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline !
Thy hair was braided on thy head,
As on the day we two were wed,
Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert
dead,—
But my shrunk heart knew,
Rosaline !

The death-watch ticked behind the
wall,
The blackness rustled like a pall,
The moaning wind did rise and fall
Among the bleak pines, Rosaline !
My heart beat thickly in mine ears :
The lids may shut out fleshly fears,
But still the spirit sees and hears,—
Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline !

A wildness rushing suddenly,
 A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
 A wish for death, a fear to die,—
 Is not this vengeance, Rosaline?
 A loneliness that is not lone,
 A love quite withered up and gone,
 A strong soul trampled from its
 throne,—
 What wouldst thou further,
 Rosaline?

'Tis drear such moonless nights as
 these,
 Strange sounds are out upon the
 breeze,
 And the leaves shiver in the trees,
 And then thou comest, Rosaline!
 I seem to hear the mourners go,
 With long black garments trailing
 slow,
 And plumes anodding to and fro,
 As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud is all of snowy white,
 And, in the middle of the night,
 Thou standest moveless and upright,
 Gazing upon me, Rosaline!
 There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
 But evermore that meek surprise,—
 O God! thy gentle spirit tries
 To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the robin sings,
 And swarms of bright and happy
 things
 Flit all about with sunlit wings,—
 But I am cheerless, Rosaline!
 The violets on the hillock toss,
 The gravestone is o'ergrown with
 moss:
 For Nature feels not any loss,—
 But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

I did not know when thou wast
 dead;
 A blackbird whistling overhead
 Thrilled through my brain; I would
 have fled,
 But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!
 The sun rolled down, and very
 soon,
 Like a great fire, the awful moon
 Rose, stained with blood, and then
 a swoon
 Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and one by one,
 Each angel from his silver throne
 Looked down and saw what I had
 done:
 I dared not hide me, Rosaline!
 I crouched; I feared thy corpse
 would cry
 Against me to God's quiet sky,
 I thought I saw the blue lips try
 To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin
 To hear that voice all icy thin
 Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
 To hell and heaven, Rosaline!
 But no voice came, and then it
 seemed,
 That, if the very corpse had
 screamed,
 The sound like sunshine glad had
 streamed
 Through that dark stillness, Rosa-
 line!

And then, amid the silent night,
 I screamed with horrible delight,
 And in my brain an awful light
 Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!
 It is my curse! sweet memories fall
 From me like snow,—and only all
 Of that one night, like cold worms,
 crawl
 My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Why wilt thou haunt me with
 thine eyes,
 Wherein such blessed memories,
 Such pitying forgiveness lies,
 Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!
 Woe's me! I know that love so
 high
 As thine, true soul, could never die,
 And with mean clay in churchyard
 lie,—
 Would it might be so, Rosaline!

A REQUIEM.

AY, pale and silent maiden,
 Cold as thou liest there,
 Thine was the sunniest nature
 That ever drew the air,
 The wildest and most wayward,
 And yet so gently kind,
 Thou seemedst but to bode
 A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
 That guards our life around,
 Into the infinite silence
 Wherewith Death's shore is
 bound,
 Thou hast gone forth, beloved !
 And I were mean to weep,
 That thou hast left Life's shallows,
 And dost possess the Deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
 Thy heart is cold and still,
 Thine eyes are shut for ever,
 And Death hath had his will ;
 He loved and would have taken,
 I loved and would have kept,
 We strove,—and he was stronger,
 And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
 Thy soul is still with me,
 More sunny and more gladsome
 Than it was wont to be :
 Thy body was a fetter
 That bound me to the flesh,
 Thank God that it is broken,
 And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
 The dusky cloud of clay,
 That hid thy starry spirit,
 Is rent and blown away :
 To earth I give thy body,
 Thy spirit to the sky,
 I saw its bright wings growing,
 And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly, .
 For nothing comes between
 The senses and the spirit,
 The seen and the unseen ;
 Lifts the eternal shadow,
 The silence bursts apart,
 And the soul's boundless future
 Is present in my heart.

A PARABLE.

WORN and footsore was the Pro-
 phet,
 When he gained the holy hill ;
 "God has left the earth," he mur-
 mured,
 "Here His presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
 Wilt Thou speak with men no
 more?
 Have I not as truly served Thee
 As Thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
 Lo! a humble heart is mine ;
 By Thy mercy I beseech thee
 Grant Thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
 For an answer to his prayer ;
 No loud burst of thunder followed,
 Not a murmur stirred the air :—

But the tuft of moss before him
 Opened while he waited yet,
 And, from out the rock's hard
 bosom,
 Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank Thee," said the
 Prophet ;
 "Hard of heart and blind was I,
 Looking to the holy mountain
 For the gift of prophecy.

"Still Thou speakest with Thy
 children
 Freely as in eld sublime ;
 Humbleness, and love, and pa-
 tience,
 Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in Thy nature,
 And had faith in lowly things,
 Thou Thyself wouldst then have
 sought me,
 And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and won-
 ders,
 That o'er men should give me
 sway ;
 Thirsting to be more than mortal,
 I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
 As I girt my loins to start,
 Ran to me my little daughter,
 The beloved of my heart ;—

"In her hand she held a flower,
 Like to this as like may be,

Which beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to
me."

SONG.

O MOONLIGHT deep and tender,
A year and more ago,
Your mist of golden splendour
Round my betrothal shone!

O elm-leaves dark and dewy,
The very same ye seem,
The low wind trembles through ye,
Ye murmur in my dream!

O river, dim with distance,
Flow thus for ever by,
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie!

O stars, ye saw our meeting,
Two beings and one soul,
Two hearts so madly beating
To mingle and be whole!

O happy night, deliver
Her kisses back to me,
Or keep them all, and give her
A blissful dream of me!



SONNETS.

I.

TO A. C. L.

THROUGH suffering and sorrow
thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true
may be:
They have not taken sympathy
from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou
wast,
Save as some tree, which, in a
sudden blast,
Sheddeh those blossoms, that are
weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of
good fruit at last:
So thou hast shed some blooms of
gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheer-
fulness;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adver-
sity
Robbed thee of any faith in happi-
ness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes
to see
How many simple ways there are
to bless.

II.

WHAT were I, Love, if I were
stripped of thee,
If thine eyes shut me out whereby
I live,
Thou, who unto my calmer soul
dost give
Knowledge, and Truth, and holy
Mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for
those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugi-
tive,
Who in the grandeur of the soul
believe,
And only in the Infinite are free?
Without thee I were naked, bleak,
and bare
As yon dead cedar on the sea-cliff's
brow;
And Nature's teachings, which
come to me now,
Common and beautiful as light and
air,
Would be as fruitless as a stream
which still
Slips through the wheel of some
old ruined mill.

III.

I WOULD not have this perfect love
 of ours,
 Grow from a single root, a single
 stem,
 Bearing no goodly fruit, but only
 flowers
 That idly hide life's iron diadem :
 It should grow alway like that
 Eastern tree
 Whose limbs take root and spread
 forth constantly ;
 That love for one, from which there
 doth not spring
 Wide love for all, is but a worth-
 less thing.
 Not in another world, as poets
 prate,
 Dwell we apart above the tide of
 things,
 High floating o'er earth's clouds on
 faery wings ;
 But our pure love doth ever elevate
 Into a holy bond of brotherhood
 All earthly things, making them
 pure and good.

IV.

" FOR this true nobleness I seek in
 vain,
 In woman and in man I find it
 not ;
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My life-springs are dried up with
 burning pain."
 Thou find'st it not ? I pray thee
 look again,
 Look *inward* through the depths of
 thine own soul.
 How is it with thee ? Art thou
 sound and whole ?
 Doth narrow search show thee no
 earthly stain ?
 BE NOBLE ! and the nobleness that
 lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never
 dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine
 own ;
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in
 many eyes,
 Then wilt pure light around thy
 path be shed,
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad
 and lone.

V.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.

GREAT soul, thou sittest with me
 in my room,
 Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet
 eyes,
 On whose full orbs, with kindly
 lustre, lies
 The twilight warmth of ruddy
 ember-gloom :
 Thy clear, strong tones will oft
 bring sudden bloom
 Of hope secure, to him who lonely
 cries,
 Wrestling with the young poet's
 agonies,
 Neglect and scorn, which seem a
 certain doom :
 Yes ! the few words which, like
 great thunder-drops,
 Thy large heart down to earth
 shook doubtfully,
 Thrilled by the inward lightning
 of its might,
 Serene and pure, like gushing joy
 of light,
 Shall track the eternal chords of
 Destiny,
 After the moon-led pulse of ocean
 stops.

VI.

GREAT Truths are portions of the
 soul of man ;
 Great souls are portions of Eter-
 nity ;
 Each drop of blood that e'er through
 true heart ran
 With lofty message, ran for thee
 and me ;
 For God's law, since the starry
 song began,
 Hath been, and still for evermore
 must be,
 That every deed which shall out-
 last Time's span
 Must goad the soul to be erect and
 free ;
 Slave is no word of deathless line-
 age sprung, —
 Too many noble souls have thought
 and died,

Too many mighty poets lived and
 sung,
 And our good Saxon, from lips
 purified
 With martyr-fire, throughout the
 world hath rung
 Too long to have God's holy cause
 denied.

VII

I ASK not for those thoughts, that
 sudden leap
 From being's sea, like the isle-
 seeming Kraken,
 With whose great rise the ocean
 all is shaken
 And a heart-tremble quivers
 through the deep;
 Give me that growth which some
 perchance deem sleep,
 Wherewith the steadfast coral-
 stems uprise,
 Which, by the toil of gathering
 energies,
 Their upward way into clear sun-
 shine keep,
 Until, by Heaven's sweetest in-
 fluences,
 Slowly and slowly spreads a speck
 of green
 Into a pleasant island in the seas,
 Where 'mid tall palms, the cane-
 roofed home is seen,
 And wearied men shall sit at sun-
 set's hour,
 Hearing the leaves and loving God's
 dear power.

VIII.

TO M. W., ON HER BIRTHDAY.

MAIDEN, when such a soul as thine
 is born,
 The morning-stars their ancient
 music make,
 And, joyful, once again their song
 awake,
 Long silent now with melancholy
 scorn;
 And thou, not mindless of so blest
 a morn,
 By no least deed its harmony shalt
 break,

But shalt to that high chime thy
 footsteps take,
 Through life's most darksome passes
 unforlorn;
 Therefore from thy pure faith thou
 shalt not fall,
 Therefore shalt thou be ever fair
 and free,
 And in thine every motion musical
 As summer air, majestic as the sea,
 A mystery to those who creep and
 crawl
 Through Time, and part it from
 Eternity.

IX.

MY Love, I have no fear that thou
 shouldst die;
 Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
 Whose numbering-clock is still thy
 gentle kiss,
 While Time and Peace with hands
 enlocked fly,—
 Yet care I not where in Eternity
 We live and love, well knowing
 that there is
 No backward step for those who
 feel the bliss
 Of Faith as their most lofty yearn-
 ings high:
 Love hath so purified my being's
 core,
 Meseems I scarcely should be
 startled, even,
 To find, some morn, that thou
 hadst gone before;
 Since, with thy love, this knowledge
 too was given,
 Which each calm day doth
 strengthen more and more,
 That they who love are but one
 step from Heaven.

X.

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst
 pass away,
 Whose life to mine is an eternal
 law,
 A piece of nature that can have no
 flaw,
 A new and certain sunrise every
 day;

But, if thou art to be another ray
 About the Sun of Life, and art to
 live
 Free from all of thee that was
 fugitive,
 The debt of Love I will more fully
 pay,
 Not downcast with the thought of
 thee so high,
 But rather raised to be a nobler
 man,
 And more divine in my humanity,
 As knowing that the waiting eyes
 which scan
 My life are lighted by a purer being,
 And ask meek, calm-browed deeds,
 with it agreeing.

XI.

THERE never yet was flower fair in
 vain,
 Let classic poets rhyme it as they
 will;
 The seasons toil that it may blow
 again,
 And summer's heart doth feel its
 every ill;
 Nor is a true soul ever born for
 naught;
 Wherever any such hath lived and
 died,
 There hath been something for
 true freedom wrought,
 Some bulwark levelled on the evil
 side;
 Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art
 in the right,
 However narrow souls may call
 thee wrong;
 Be as thou wouldst be in thine own
 clear sight,
 And so thou shalt be in the world's
 erelong;
 For worldlings cannot, struggle as
 they may,
 From man's great soul one great
 thought hide away.

XII.

SUB PONDERE CRESCIT.

THE hope of Truth grows stronger,
 day by day;

I hear the soul of Man around me
 waking,
 Like a great sea, its frozen fetters
 breaking,
 And flinging up to heaven its
 sunlit spray,
 Tossing huge continents in scornful
 play,
 And crushing them, with din of
 grinding thunder,
 That makes old emptinesses stare
 in wonder;
 The memory of a glory passed away
 Lingers in every heart, as, in the
 shell,
 Resounds the bygone freedom of
 the sea,
 And every hour new signs of pro-
 mise tell,
 That the great soul shall once again
 be free,
 For high, and yet more high, the
 murmurs swell
 Of inward strife for truth and
 liberty.

XIII.

BELOVED, in the noisy city here,
 The thought of thee can make all
 turmoil cease;
 Around my spirit, folds thy spirit
 clear
 Its still, soft arms, and circles it
 with peace;
 There is no room for any doubt or
 fear
 In souls so overfilled with love's
 increase,
 There is no memory of the bygone
 year
 But growth in heart's and spirit's
 perfect ease:
 How hath our love, half nebulous
 at first,
 Rounded itself into a full-orbed
 sun!
 How have our lives and wills (as
 haply erst
 They were, ere this forgetfulness
 begun)
 Through all their earthly distant-
 ness outburst,
 And melted, like two rays of light,
 in one!

XIV.

— ON READING WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS IN DEFENCE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

As the broad ocean endlessly upheaveth,
With the majestic beating of his heart,
The mighty tides, whereof its rightful part
Each sea-wide bay and little weed receiveth,—
So, through his soul who earnestly believeth,
Life from the universal Heart doth flow,
Whereby some conquest of the eternal Woe,
By instinct of God's nature, he achieveth :
A fuller pulse of this all-powerful beauty
Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth tide,
And he more keenly feels the glorious duty
Of serving Truth, despised and crucified,—
Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to rest,
And feel God flow for ever through his breast.

XV.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

ONCE hardly in a cycle blossometh
A flower-like soul ripe with the seeds of song,
A spirit foreordained to cope with wrong,
Whose divine thoughts are natural as breath,
Who the old Darkness thickly scattereth
With starry words, that shoot prevailing light
Into the deeps, and wither, with the blight
Of serene Truth, the coward heart of Death :
• Woe, if such spirit thwart its errand high,
And mock with lies the longing soul of man !

Yet one age longer must true Culture lie,
Soothing her bitter fetters as she can,
Until new messages of love outstart
At the next beating of the infinite Heart.

XVI.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THE love of all things springs from love of one ;
Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
And over it with fuller glory flows
The sky-like Spirit of God ; a hope begun
In doubt and darkness 'neath a fairer sun
Cometh to fruitage, if it be of Truth ;
And to the law of meekness, faith, and ruth,
By inward sympathy, shall all be won :
Thisthou shouldst know, who, from the painted feature
Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy brethren turn
Unto the love of ever-youthful Nature,
And of a beauty fadeless and eterne ;
And always 'tis the saddest sight to see
An old man faithless in Humanity.

XVII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

A POET cannot strive for despotism ;
His harp falls shattered ; for it still must be
The instinct of great spirits to be free,
And the sworn foes of cunning barbarism :
He who has deepest searched the wide abysm
Of that life-giving Soul which men call fate,
Knows that to put more faith in lies and hate
Than truth and love is the true atheism ;

Upward the soul for ever turns her
 eyes :
 The next hour always shames the
 hour before ;
 One beauty, at its highest, pro-
 phesies
 That by whose side it shall seem
 mean and poor,
 No Godlike thing knows aught of
 less and less,
 But widens to the boundless Per-
 fectness.

XVIII.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THEREFORE think not the Past is
 wise alone,
 For Yesterday knows nothing of
 the Best,
 And thou shalt love it only as the
 nest
 Whence glory-wingèd things to
 Heaven have flown :
 To the great Soul alone are all
 things known ;
 Present and future are to her as
 past,
 While she in glorious madness doth
 forecast
 That perfect bud, which seems a
 flower full-blown
 To each new Prophet, and yet
 always opes
 Fuller and fuller with each day
 and hour,
 Heartening the soul with odour of
 fresh hopes,
 And longings high, and gushings of
 wide power,
 Yet never is or shall be fully blown
 Save in the forethought of the
 Eternal One.

XIX.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

FAR 'yond this narrow parapet of
 Time,
 With eyes uplift, the poet's soul
 should look
 Into the Endless Promise, nor
 should brook
 One prying doubt to shake his
 faith sublime ;

To him the earth is ever in her
 prime
 And dewiness of morning ; he can
 see
 Good lying hid, from all eternity,
 Within the teeming womb of sin
 and crime ;
 His soul should not be cramped by
 any bar,
 His nobleness should be so Godlike
 high,
 That his least deed is perfect as a
 star,
 His common look majestic as the
 sky.
 And all o'erflooded with a light
 from far,
 Undimmed by clouds of weak mor-
 tality.

XX.

TO M. O. S.

MARY, since first I knew thee, to
 this hour,
 My love hath deepened, with my
 wiser sense
 Of what in Woman is to reverence ;
 Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was
 forest-flower,
 Still opens more to me its beauteous
 dower ;—
 But let praise hush,—Love asks no
 evidence
 To prove itself well-placed ; we
 know not whence
 It gleans the straws that thatch its
 humble bower :
 We can but say we found it in the
 heart,
 Spring of all sweetest thoughts,
 arch foe of blame,
 Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
 Pure vestal of the poet's holy
 flame,—
 This is enough, and we have done
 our part
 If we but keep it spotless as it
 came.

XXI.

OUR love is not a fading, earthly
 flower ;
 Its wingèd seed dropped down from
 Paradise,

And, nursed by day and night, by
 sun and shower,
 Doth momentarily to fresher beauty
 rise :
 To us the leafless autumn is not
 bare,
 Nor winter's rattling boughs lack
 lusty green.
 Our summer hearts make summer's
 fulness, where
 No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be
 seen :
 For nature's life in love's deep life
 doth lie,
 Love, — whose forgetfulness is
 beauty's death,
 Whose mystic key these cells of
 Thou and I
 Into the infinite freedom openeth,
 And makes the body's dark and
 narrow grate
 The wind-flung leaves of Heaven's
 palace-gate.

XXII.

IN ABSENCE.

THESE rugged, wintry days I scarce
 could bear,
 Did I not know, that, in the early
 spring,
 When wild March winds upon their
 errands sing,
 Thou wouldst return, bursting on
 this still air,
 Like those same winds, when,
 startled from their lair,
 They hunt up violets, and free
 swift brooks
 From icy cares, even as thy clear
 looks
 Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and
 break all care :
 When drops with welcome rain the
 April day,
 My flowers shall find their April in
 thine eyes,
 Save there the rain in dreamy
 clouds doth stay,
 As loath to fall out of those happy
 skies ;
 Yet sure, my love, thou art most
 like to May,
 That comes with steady sun when
 April dies,

XXIII.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HE stood upon the world's broad
 threshold ; wide
 The din of battle and of slaughter
 rose ;
 He saw God stand upon the weaker
 side,
 That sank in seeming loss before
 its foes :
 Many there were who made great
 haste and sold
 Unto the cunning enemy their
 swords,
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and
 power, and gold,
 And, underneath their soft and
 flowery words,
 Heard the cold serpent hiss ; there-
 fore he went
 And humbly joined him to the
 weaker part,
 Fanatic named, the fool, yet well
 content
 So he could be the nearer to God's
 heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending
 blood
 Through all the wide-spread veins
 of endless good.

XXIV.

THE STREET.

THEY pass me by like shadows,
 crowds on crowds,
 Dim ghosts of men, that hover to
 and fro,
 Hugging their bodies round them
 like thin shrouds
 Wherein their souls were buried
 long ago :
 They trampled on their youth, and
 faith, and love,
 They cast their hope of human-
 kind away,
 With Heaven's clear messages they
 madly strove,
 And conquered,—and their spirits
 turned to clay :
 Lo ! how they wander round the
 world, their grave,
 Whose ever-gaping maw by such
 is fed,

Gibbering at living men, and idly
rave.

"We, only, truly live, but ye are
dead."

Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye
may trace

A dead soul's epitaph in every
face!

XXV.

I GRIEVE not that ripe Knowledge
takes away

The charm that Nature to my child-
hood wore,

For, with that insight, cometh, day
by day,

A greater bliss than wonder was
before;

The real doth not clip the poet's
wings,—

To win the secret of a weed's plain
heart

Reveals some clue to spiritual
things,

And stumbling guess becomes firm-
footed art:

Flowers are not flowers unto the
poet's eyes,

Their beauty thrills him by an in-
ward sense;

He knows that outward seemings
are but lies,

Or, at the most, but, earthly
shadows, whence

The soul that looks within for
truth may guess

The presence of some wondrous
heavenliness.

XXVI.

TO J. R. GIDDINGS.

GIDDINGS, far rougher names than
thine have grown

Smoother than honey on the lips
of men;

And thou shalt aye be honourably
known,

As one who bravely used his tongue
and pen,

As best befits a freeman,—even for
those

To whom our Law's unblushing
front denies

A right to plead against the lifelong
woes

Which are the Negro's glimpse of
Freedom's skies:

Fear nothing and hope all things,
as the Right

Alone may do securely; every hour
The thrones of Ignorance and
ancient Night

Lose somewhat of their long-
usurped power,

And Freedom's lightest word can
make them shiver

With a base dread that clings to
them for ever.

XXVII.

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I
did err;

Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine
eyes; I could not see

That sorrow in our happy world
must be

Love's deepest spokesman and in-
terpreter:

But, as a mother feels her child
first stir

Under her heart, so felt I instantly
Deep in my soul another bond to
thee

Thrill with that life we saw depart
from her;

O mother of our angel child! twice
dear!

Death knits as well as parts, and
still, I wis,

Her tender radiance shall infold us
here,

Even as the light, borne up by in-
ward bliss,

Threads the void glooms of space
without a fear,

To print on farthest stars her pity-
ing kiss.

L'ENVOI.

WHETHER my heart hath wiser
grown or not,

In these three years, since I to thee
inscribed,

Mine own betrothed, the firstlings
of my muse,—

Poor windfalls of unripe experi-
ence,

Young buds plucked hastily by
 childish hands
 Not patient to await more full-
 blown flowers,—
 At least it hath seen more of life
 and men.
 And pondered more, and grown a
 shade more sad ;
 Yet with no loss of hope or settled
 trust
 In the benignness of that Provi-
 dence
 Which shapes from out our ele-
 ments awry
 The grace and order that we wonder
 at,
 The mystic harmony of right and
 wrong,
 Both working out His wisdom and
 our good :
 A trust, Beloved, chiefly learned
 of thee,
 Who hast that gift of patient
 tenderness,
 The instinctive wisdom of a wo-
 man's heart.
 They tell us that our land was
 made for song,
 With its huge rivers and sky-
 piercing peaks,
 Its sealike lakes and mighty cata-
 racts,
 Its forests vast and hoar, and
 prairies wide,
 And mounds that tell of wondrous
 tribes extinct.
 But Poesy springs not from rocks
 and woods ;
 Her womb and cradle are the
 human heart,
 And she can find a nobler theme
 for song
 In the most loathsome man that
 blasts the sight
 Than in the broad expanse of sea
 and shore
 Between the frozen deserts of the
 poles.
 All nations have their message
 from on high,
 Each the messiah of some central
 thought,
 For the fulfilment and delight of
 Man :
 One has to teach that labour is
 divine ;

Another Freedom ; and another
 Mind ;
 And all, that God is open-eyed and
 just,
 The happy centre and calm heart
 of all.

Are, then, our woods, our moun-
 tains, and our streams
 Needful to teach our poets how to
 sing ?

O maiden rare ! far other thoughts
 were ours,

When we have sat by ocean's foam-
 ing marge,

And watched the waves leap roar-
 ing on the rocks,

Than young Leander and his Hero
 had,

Gazing from Sestos to the other
 shore.

The moon looks down and ocean
 worships her,

Stars rise and set, and seasons come
 and go,

Even as they did in Homer's elder
 time,

But we behold them not with
 Grecian eyes :

Then they were types of beauty
 and of strength,

But now of Freedom, unconfined
 and pure,

Subject alone to Order's higher
 law.

What cares the Russian serf or
 Southern slave

Though we should speak as man
 spake never yet

Of gleaming Hudson's broad mag-
 nificence,

Or green Niagara's never-ending
 roar ?

Our country hath a gospel of her
 own

To preach and practise before all
 the world.—

The freedom and divinity of man,
 The glorious claims of human
 brotherhood,—

Which to pay nobly, as a freeman
 should,

Gains the sole wealth that will not
 fly away,—

And the soul's fealty to none but
 God.

These are realities, which make the
 shows
 Of outward Nature, be they ne'er
 so grand,
 Seem small, and worthless, and
 contemptible.
 These are the mountain-summits
 for our bards,
 Which stretch far upward into
 heaven itself,
 And give such wide-spread and
 exulting view
 Of hope, and faith, and onward
 destiny,
 That shrunk Parnassus to a mole-
 hill dwindles.
 Our new Atlantis, like a morning
 star,
 Silvers the murk face of slow-yield-
 ing Night,
 The herald of a fuller truth than
 yet
 Hath gleamed upon the upraised
 face of Man
 Since the earth glittered in her
 stainless prime,—
 Of a more glorious sunrise than of
 old
 Drew wondrous melodies from
 Memnon huge,
 Yea, draws them still, though now
 he sit waist-deep
 In the engulfing flood of whirling
 sand,
 And looks across the wastes of end-
 less gray,
 Sole wreck, where once his hun-
 dred-gated Thebes
 Pained with her mighty hum the
 calm blue heaven:
 Shall the dull stone pay grateful
 orisons,
 And we till noonday bar the splen-
 dour out,
 Lest it reproach and chide our
 sluggard hearts,
 Warm-nestled in the down of Pre-
 judice,
 And be content, though clad with
 angel-wings,
 Close-clipped, to hop about from
 perch to perch,
 In paltry cages of dead men's dead
 thoughts?
 Oh, rather like the skylark, soar
 and sing,

And let our gushing songs befit the
 dawn
 And sunrise, and the yet unshaken
 dew
 Brimming the chalice of each full-
 blown hope,
 Whose blithe front turns to greet
 the growing day!
 Never had poets such high call
 before,
 Never can poets hope for higher
 one,
 And, if they be but faithful to their
 trust,
 Earth will remember them with
 love and joy,
 And oh, far better, God will not
 forget.
 For he who settles Freedom's
 principles
 Writes the death-warrant of all
 tyranny;
 Who speaks the truth stabs False-
 hood to the heart,
 And his mere word makes despots
 tremble more
 Than ever Brutus with his dagger
 could.
 Wait for no hints from waterfalls
 or woods,
 Nor dream that tales of red men,
 brute and fierce,
 Repay the finding of this Western
 World,
 Or needed half the globe to give
 them birth:
 Spirit supreme of Freedom! not for
 this
 Did great Columbus tame his eagle
 soul
 To jostle with the daws that perch
 in courts;
 Not for this, friendless, on an un-
 known sea,
 Coping with mad waves and more
 mutinous spirits,
 Battled he with the dreadful ache
 at heart
 Which tempts with devilish sub-
 tleties of doubt,
 The hermit of that loneliest soli-
 tude,
 The silent desert of a great New
 Thought;
 Though loud Niagara were to-day
 struck dumb,

Yet would this cataract of boiling
 life
 Rush plunging on and on to endless
 deeps,
 And utter thunder till the world
 shall cease,—
 A thunder worthy of the poet's
 song,
 And which alone can fill it with
 true life.
 The high evangel to our country
 granted
 Could make apostles, yea, with
 tongues of fire,
 Of hearts half-darkened back again
 to clay !
 'Tis the soul only that is national,
 And he who pays true loyalty to
 that
 Alone can claim the wreath of pat-
 riotism.

Beloved ! if I wander far and
 oft

From that which I believe, and feel,
 and know,
 Thou wilt forgive, not with a
 sorrowing heart,
 But with a strengthened hope of
 better things ;
 Knowing that I, though often blind
 and false
 To those I love, and oh, more false
 than all
 Unto myself, have been most true
 to thee,
 And that whoso in one thing hath
 been true
 Can be as true in all. Therefore
 thy hope
 May yet not prove unfruitful, and
 thy love
 Meet, day by day, with less un-
 worthy thanks,
 Whether, as now, we journey hand
 in hand,
 Or, parted in the body, yet are one
 In spirit and the love of holy
 things.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

PART FIRST.

I.

FAIR as a summer dream was Margaret,—
 Such dream as in a poet's soul
 might start,
 Musing of old loves while the moon
 doth set :
 Her hair was not more sunny than
 her heart,
 Though like a natural golden coronet
 It circled her dear head with
 careless art,
 Mocking the sunshine, that would
 fain have lent
 To its frank grace a richer orna-
 ment.

II.

His loved one's eyes could poet
 ever speak,
 So kind, so dewy, and so deep
 were hers,—
 But, while he strives, the choicest
 phrase, too weak,
 Their glad reflection in his spirit
 blurs ;
 As one may see a dream dissolve
 and break
 Out of his grasp when he to tell
 it stirs,
 Like that sad Dryad doomed no
 more to bless
 The mortal who revealed her love-
 liness.

III.

She dwelt for ever in a region
 bright,
 Peopled with living fancies of
 her own,
 Where nought could come but
 visions of delight,
 Far, far aloof from earth's eter-
 nal moan :
 A summer cloud thrilled through
 with rosy light,
 Floating beneath the blue sky
 all alone,
 Her spirit wandered by itself, and
 won
 A golden edge from some unsetting
 sun.

IV.

The heart grows richer that its lot
 is poor,—
 God blesses want with larger
 sympathies.—
 Love enters gladliest at the humble
 door,
 And makes the cot a palace with
 his eyes ;—
 So Margaret's heart a softer beauty
 wore,
 And grew in gentleness and
 patience wise,
 For she was but a simple herds-
 man's child,
 A lily chance-sown in the rugged
 wild.

V.

There was no beauty of the wood
 or field
 But she its fragrant blossom-
 secret knew,
 Nor any but to her would freely
 yield
 Some grace that in her soul took
 root and grew :
 Nature to her glowed ever new-
 revealed,
 All rosy-fresh with innocent
 morning dew,
 And looked into her heart with
 dim, sweet eyes
 That left it full of sylvan memo-
 ries.

VI.

Oh, what a face was hers to brighten
 light,
 And give back sunshine with an
 added glow,
 To wile each moment with a fresh
 delight,
 And part of memory's best con-
 tentment grow !
 Oh, how her voice, as with an in-
 mate's right,
 Into the strangest heart would
 welcome go,
 And make it sweet and ready to
 become
 Of white and gracious thoughts the
 chosen home !

VII.

None looked upon her but he
 straightway thought
 Of all the greenest depths of
 country cheer,
 And into each one's heart was
 freshly brought
 What was to him the sweetest
 time of year,
 So was her every look and motion
 fraught
 With out-of-door delights and
 forest lure ;
 Not the first violet on a woodland
 lea
 Seemed a more visible gift of
 Spring than she.

VIII.

Is love learned only out of poets'
 books ?
 Is there not somewhat in the
 dropping flood,
 And in the nunneries of silent
 nooks,
 And in the murmured longing of
 the wood,
 That could make Margaret dream
 of love-lorn looks,
 And stir a thrilling mystery in
 her blood
 More trembly secret than Aurora's
 tear
 Shed in the bosom of an eglare ?

IX.

Full many a sweet forewarning
 hath the mind,
 Full many a whispering of vague
 desire,
 Ere comes the nature destined to
 unbind
 Its virgin zone and all its deeps
 inspire,—
 Low stirrings in the leaves, before
 the wind
 Wake all the green strings of the
 forest lyre,
 Faint heatings in the calyx, ere the
 rose
 Its warm voluptuous breast doth all
 unclose.

X.

Long in its dim recesses pines the
 spirit,
 Wildered and dark, despairingly
 alone ;
 Though many a shape of beauty
 wander near it,
 And many a wild and half-re-
 membered tone
 Tremble from the divine abyss to
 cheer it,
 Yet still it knows that there is
 only one
 Before whom it can kneel and
 tribute bring,
 At once a happy vassal and a king.

XI.

To feel a want, yet scarce know
 what it is,
 To seek one nature that is always
 new,
 Whose glance is warmer than an-
 other's kiss,
 Whom we can bear our inmost
 beauty to,
 Nor feel deserted afterwards,—for
 this,
 But with our destined co-mate
 we can do,—
 Such longing instinct fills the
 mighty scope
 Of the young soul with one mysteri-
 ous hope.

XII.

So Margaret's heart grew brimming
 with the lore
 Of love's enticing secrets; and
 although
 She had found none to cast it down
 before,
 Yet oft to Fancy's chapel she
 would go
 To pay her vows, and count the
 rosary o'er,
 Of her love's promised graces:—
 haply so
 Miranda's hope had pictured Fer-
 dinand
 Long ere the gaunt wave tossed
 him on the strand.

XIII.

A new-made star that swims the
 lonely gloom,
 Unwedded yet and longing for
 the sun,
 Whose beams, the bride-gifts of the
 lavish groom,
 Blithely to crown the virgin
 planet run,
 Her being was, watching to see the
 bloom
 Of love's fresh sunrise roofing
 one by one
 Its clouds with gold, a triumph-
 arch to be
 For him who came to hold her heart
 in fee.

XIV.

Not far from Margaret's cottage
 dwelt a knight
 Of the proud Templars, a sworn
 celibate,
 Whose heart in secret fed upon the
 light
 And dew of her ripe beauty,
 through the grate
 Of his close vow catching what
 gleams he might
 Of the free heaven, and cursing
 all too late
 The cruel faith whose black walls
 hemmed him in
 And turned life's crowning bliss to
 deadly sin.

XV.

For he had met her in the wood by
 chance,
 And, having drunk her beauty's
 wildering spell,
 His heart shook like the pennon of
 a lance
 That quivers in a breeze's sudden
 swell,
 And thenceforth, in a close-in-
 folded trance,
 From mistily golden deep to deep
 he fell;
 Till earth did waver and fade far
 away
 Beneath the hope in whose warm
 arms he lay.

XVI.

A dark, proud man he was, whose
 half-blown youth
 Had shed its blossoms even in
 opening,
 Leaving a few that with more win-
 ning ruth
 Trembling around grave man-
 hood's stem might cling,
 More sad than cheery, making, in
 good sooth,
 Like the fringed gentian, a late
 autumn spring:—
 A twilight nature, braided light
 and gloom,
 A youth half-smiling by an open
 tomb.

XVII.

Fair as an angel, who yet inly
wore
A wrinkled heart foreboding his
near fall;
Who saw him alway wished to know
him more,
As if he were some Fate's defiant
thrall,
And nursed a dreaded secret at
his core;
Little he loved, but power the
most of all,
And that he seemed to scorn, as
one who knew
By what foul paths men choose to
crawl thereto.

XVIII.

He had been noble, but some great
deceit
Had turned his better instinct
to a vice:
He strove to think the world was
all a cheat,
That power and fame were cheap
at any price,
That the sure way of being shortly
great
Was even to play life's game with
loaded dice,
Since he had tried the honest play,
and found
That vice and virtue differed but
in sound.

XIX.

Yet Margaret's sight redeemed him
for a space
From his own thralldom; man
could never be
A hypocrite when first such maiden
grace
Smiled in upon his heart; the
agony
Of wearing all day long a lying face
Fell lightly from him, and, a
moment free,
Erect with wakened faith his spirit
stood
And scorned the weakness of his
demon-mood.

XX.

Like a sweet wind-harp to him was
her thought,
Which would not let the common
air come near,
Till from its dim enchantment it
had caught
A musical tenderness that
brimmed his ear
With sweetness more ethereal than
aught
Save silver-dropping snatches
that whilere
Rained down from some sad angel's
faithful harp
To cool her fallen lover's anguish
sharp.

XXI.

Deep in the forest was a little dell
High over-arched with the leafy
sweep
Of a broad oak, through whose
gnarled roots there fell
A slender rill that sung itself
asleep,
Where its continuous toil had
scooped a well
To please the fairy folk; breath-
lessly deep
The stillness was, save when the
dreaming brook
From its small urn a drizzly mur-
mur shook.

XXII.

The wooded hills sloped upward
all around
With gradual rise, and made an
even rim,
So that it seemed a mighty casque
unbound
From some huge Titan's brow to
lighten him,
Ages ago, and left upon the ground,
Where the slow soil had mossed
it to the brim,
Till after countless centuries it
grew
Into this dell, the haunt of noon-
tide dew.

XXIII.

Dim vistas, sprinkled o'er with sun-
flecked green,

Wound through the thickest
trunks on every side,
And, toward the west, in fancy
might be seen
A gothic window in its blazing
pride,
When the low sun, two arching
elms between,
Lit up the leaves beyond, which,
autumn-dyed
With lavish hues, would into splen-
dour start,
Shaming the laboured panes of
richest art.

XXIV.

Here, leaning once against the old
oak's trunk,
Mordred, for such was the young
Templar's name,
Saw Margaret come; unseen, the
falcon shrunk
From the meek dove; sharp
thrills of tingling flame
Made him forget that he was vowed
a monk,
And all the outworks of his pride
o'ercame:
Flooded he seemed with bright de-
licious pain,
As if a star had burst within his
brain.

XXV.

Such power hath beauty and frank
innocence:
A flower bloomed forth, that sun-
shine glad to bless,
Even from his love's long leafless
stem; the sense
Of exile from Hope's happy realm
grew less,
And thoughts of childish peace, he
knew not whence,
Thronged round his heart with
many an old caress,
Melting the frost there into pearly
dew
That mirrored back his nature's
morning-blue.

XXVI.

She turned and saw him, but she
felt no dread.
Her purity, like adamantine
mail,

Did so encircle her; and yet her
head
She drooped, and made her
golden hair her veil,
Through which a glow of rosiest
lustre spread,
Then faded, and anon she stood
all pale,
As snow o'er which a blush of
northern-light
Suddenly reddens, and as soon
grows white.

XXVII.

She thought of Tristrem and of
Lancelot,
Of all her dreams and of kind
fairies' might,
And how that dell was deemed a
haunted spot,
Until there grew a mist before
her sight,
And where the present was she half
forgot,
Borne backward through the
realms of old delight,—
Then, starting up awake, she would
have gone,
Yet almost wished it might not be
alone.

XXVIII.

How they went home together
through the wood,
And how all life seemed focussed
into one
Thought-dazzling spot that set
ablaze the blood,
What need to tell? Fit language
there is none
For the heart's deepest things.
Who ever wooed
As in his boyish hope he would
have done?
For, when the soul is fullest, the
hushed tongue
Voicelessly trembles like a lute un-
strung.

XXIX.

But all things carry the heart's
messages
And know it not, nor doth the
heart well know,

But Nature hath her will; even as
 the bees,
 Blithe go-betweens, fly singing
 to and fro
 With the fruit-quickening pollen;
 —hard if these
 Found not some all unthought-of
 way to show
 Their secret each to each; and so
 they did,
 And one heart's flower-dust into
 the other slid.

XXX.

Young hearts are free; the selfish
 world it is
 That turns them miserly and
 cold as stone,
 And makes them clutch their
 fingers on the bliss
 Which but in giving truly is
 their own;—
 She had no dreams of barter, asked
 not his,
 But gave hers freely as she would
 have thrown
 A rose to him, or as that rose gives
 forth
 Its generous fragrance, thought-
 less of its worth.

XXXI.

Her summer nature felt a need to
 bless,
 And a like longing to be blest
 again;
 So, from her sky-like spirit, gentle-
 ness
 Dropt ever like a sunlit fall of
 rain,
 And his beneath drank in the
 bright caress
 As thirstily as would a parchèd
 plain,
 That long hath watched the showers
 of sloping gray
 For ever, ever, falling far away.

XXXII.

How should he dream of ill? the
 heart filled quite
 With sunshine, like the shep-
 herd's-clock at noon,

Closes its leaves around its warm
 delight;
 Whate'er in life is harsh or out
 of tune
 Is all shut out, no boding shade of
 light
 Can pierce the opiate either of
 its swoon:
 Love is but blind as thoughtful
 justice is,
 But naught can be so wanton-blind
 as bliss.

XXXIII.

All beauty and all life he was to
 her;
 She questioned not his love, she
 only knew
 That she loved him, and not a pulse
 could stir
 In her whole frame but quivered
 through and through
 With this glad thought, and was a
 minister
 To do him fealty and service
 true,
 Like golden ripples hasting to the
 land
 To wreck their freight of sunshine
 on the strand.

XXXIV.

O dewy dawn of love! O hopes!
 that are
 Hung high, like the cliff-swallow's
 perilous nest,
 Most like to fall when fullest, and
 that jar
 With every heavier billow! O
 unrest
 Than balmiest deeps of quiet
 sweeter far!
 How did ye triumph now in
 Margaret's breast,
 Making it readier to shrink and
 start
 Than quivering gold of the pond-
 lily's heart!

XXXV.

Here let us pause: Oh, would the
 soul might ever
 Achieve its immortality in
 youth,

When nothing yet hath damped
its high endeavour
After the starry energy of truth!
Here let us pause, and for a moment sever
This gleam of sunshine from the
day's unruth
That some time come to all, for it
is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny
mood.

PART SECOND.

I.

As one who, from the sunshine and
the green,
Enters the solid darkness of a
cave,
Nor knows what precipice or pit
unseen
May yawn before him with its
sudden grave,
And, with hushed breath, doth
often forward lean,
Dreaming he hears the plashing
of a wave
Dimly below, or feels a damper
air
From out some dreamy chasm, he
knows not where ;—

II.

So, from the sunshine and the
green of love,
We enter on our story's darker
part ;
And, though the horror of it well
may move
An impulse of repugnance in the
heart.
Yet let us think, that, as there's
naught above
The all-embracing atmosphere of
Art,
So also there is naught that falls
below
Her generous reach, though grimed
with guilt and woe.

III.

Her fittest triumph is to show that
good
Lurks in the heart of evil ever-
more,

That love, though scorned, and out-
cast, and withstood,
Can without end forgive, and yet
have store ;
God's love and man's are of the
self-same blood,
And He can see that always at
the door
Of foulest hearts the angel-nature
yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its
debt.

IV.

It ever is weak falsehood's destiny
That her thick mask turns crystal
to let through
The unsuspecting eyes of honesty ;
But Margaret's heart was too
sincere and true
Aught but plain truth and faithful-
ness to see,
And Mordred's for a time a little
grew
To be like hers, won by the mild
reproof
Of those kind eyes that kept all
doubt aloof.

V.

Full oft they met, as dawn and
twilight meet
In northern climes ; she full of
growing day
As he of darkness, which before
her feet
Shrank gradual, and faded quite
away,
Soon to return ; for power had
made love sweet
To him, and, when his will had
gained full sway,
The taste began to pall ; for never
power
Can sate the hungry soul beyond
an hour.

VI.

He fell as doth the tempter ever
fall,
Even in the gaining of his loath-
some end ;
God doth not work as man works,
but makes all

The crooked paths of ill to good-
ness tend ;
Let Him judge Margaret ! If to be
the thrall
Of love, and faith too generous
to defend
Its very life from him she loved,
be sin,
What hope of grace may the
seducer win ?

VII.

Grim-hearted world, that look'st
with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much
faith in man,
She that upon thy freezing thresh-
hold lies,
Starved to more sinning by thy
savage ban,
Seeking that refuge because foulest
vice
More godlike than thy virtue is,
whose span
Shuts out the wretched only, is
more free
To enter Heaven than thou wilt
ever be !

VIII.

Thou wilt not let her wash thy
dainty feet
With such salt things as tears,
or with rude hair
Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st
at meat
With him who made her such,
and speak'st him fair,
Leaving God's wandering lamb the
while to bleat
Unheeded, shivering in the piti-
less air :
Thou hast made prisoned virtue
show more wan
And haggard than a vice to look
upon.

IX.

Now many months flew by, and
weary grew
To Margaret the sight of happy
things :
Blight fell on all her flowers, in-
stead of dew ;
Shut round her heart were now
the joyous wings

Wherewith it wont to soar ; yet
not untrue,
Though tempted much, her
woman's nature clings
To its first pure belief, and with
sad eyes
Looks backward o'er the gate of
Paradise.

X.

And so, though altered Mordred
came less oft,
And winter frowned wherespring
had laughed before
In his strange eyes, yet half her
sadness doffed,
And in her silent patience loved
him more :
Sorrow had made her soft heart
yet more soft,
And a new life within her own
she bore,
Which made her tenderer, as she
felt it move
Beneath her breast, a refuge for
her love.

XI.

This babe, she thought, would
surely bring him back,
And be a bond for ever them
between ;
Before its eyes the sullen tempest-
rack
Would fade, and leave the face
of heaven serene ;
And love's return doth more than
fill the lack,
Which in his absence withered
the heart's green :
And yet a dim foreboding still
would flit
Between her and her hope to
darken it.

XII.

She could not figure forth a happy
fate,
Even for this life from heaven
so newly come ;
The earth must needs be doubly
desolate
To him scarce parted from a
fairer home :
Such boding heavier on her bosom
sate

One night, as, standing in the
twilight gloam,
She strained her eyes beyond that
dizzy verge
At whose foot faintly breaks the
future's surge.

XIII.

Poor little spirit! naught but
shame and woe
Nurse the sick heart whose life-
blood nurses thine:
Yet not those only; love hath
triumphed so,
As for thy sake makes sorrow
more divine:
And yet, though thou be pure, the
world is foe
To purity, if born in such a
shrine;
And, having trampled it for strug-
gling thence,
Smiles to itself, and calls it Pro-
vidence.

XIV.

As thus she mused, a shadow
seemed to rise
From out her thought, and turn
to dreariness
All blissful hopes and sunny
memories,
And the quick blood would
curdle up and press
About her heart, which seemed to
shut its eyes
And hush itself, as who with
shuddering guess
Harks through the gloom and
dreads e'en now to feel
Through his hot breast the icy
slide of steel.

XV.

But, at that heart-beat, while in
dread she was,
In the low wind the honey-
suckles gleam,
A dewy thrill flits through the
heavy grass,
And, looking forth, she saw, as
in a dream,
Within the wood the moonlight's
shadowy mass:
Night's starry heart yearning to
hers doth seem,

And the deep sky, full-hearted
with the moon,
Folds round her all the happiness
of June.

XVI.

What fear could face a heaven and
earth like this?
What silveriest cloud could hang
'neath such a sky?
A tide of wondrous and unwonted
bliss
Rolls back through all her pulses
suddenly,
As if some seraph, who had learned
to kiss
From the fair daughters of the
world gone by,
Had wedded so his fallen light
with hers.
Such sweet, strange joy through
soul and body stirs.

XVII.

Now seek we Mordred: he who did
not fear
The crime, yet fears the latent
consequence:
If it should reach a brother
Templar's ear,
It haply might be made a good
pretence
To cheat him of the hope he held
most dear;
For he had spared no thought's
or deed's expense,
That by and by might help his
wish to clip
Its darling bride,—the high grand-
mastership.

XVIII.

The apathy, ere a crime resolved
is done,
Is scarce less dreadful than re-
morse for crime;
By no allurements can the soul be
won
From brooding o'er the weary
creep of time:
Mordred stole forth into the happy
sun,
Striving to hum a scrap of Breton
rhyme,

But the sky struck him speechless,
and he tried
In vain to summon up his callous
pride.

XIX.

In the courtyard a fountain leaped
away,
A Triton blowing jewels through
his shell
Into the sunshine; Mordred turned
away,
Weary because the stone face
did not tell
Of weariness, nor could he bear to-
day,
Heartsick, to hear the patient
sink and swell
Of winds among the leaves, or
golden bees
Drowsily humming in the orange-
trees.

XX.

All happy sights and sounds now
came to him
Like a reproach: he wandered
far and wide,
Following the lead of his unquiet
whim,
But still there went a something
at his side
That made the cool breeze hot, the
sunshine dim;
It would not flee, it could not be
defied;
He could not see it, but he felt it
there,
By the damp chill that crept among
his hair.

XXI.

Day wore at last; the evening-
star arose,
And throbbing in the sky grew
red and set;
Then with a guilty, wavering step
he goes
To the hid nook where they so
oft had met
In happier season, for his heart
well knows
That he is sure to find poor
Margaret

Watching and waiting there with
love-lorn breast
Around her young dream's rudely
scattered nest.

XXII.

Why follow here that grim old
chronicle
Which counts the dagger-strokes
and drops of blood?
Enough that Margaret by his mad
steel fell,
Unmoved by murder from her
trusting mood,
Smiling on him as Heaven smiles
on Hell,
With a sad love, remembering
when he stood
Not fallen yet, the unsealer of her
heart,
Of all her holy dreams the holiest
part.

XXIII.

His crime complete, scarce know-
ing what he did
(So goes the tale), beneath the
altar there
In the high church the stiffening
corpse he hid,
And then, to 'scape that suffoca-
ting air,
Like a scared ghoul out of the
porch he slid;
But his strained eyes saw blood-
spots everywhere,
And ghastly faces thrust them-
selves between
His soul and hopes of peace with
blasting mien.

XXIV.

His heart went out within him like
a spark
Dropt in the sea; wherever he
made hold
To turn his eyes, he saw, all stiff
and stark,
Poor Margaret lying dead; the
lavish gold
Of her loose hair seemed in the
cloudy dark
To spread a glory, and a thou-
sand-fold

More strangely pale and beautiful
 she grew :
 Her silence stabbed his conscience
 through and through :

XXV.

Or visions of past days,—a mother's
 eyes
 That smiled down on the fair
 boy at her knee,
 Whose happy upturned face to
 hers replies,—
 He saw sometimes : or Margaret
 mournfully
 Gazed on him full of doubt, as one
 who tries
 To crush belief that does love
 injury ;
 Then she would wring her hands,
 but soon again
 Love's patience glimmered out
 through cloudy pain.

XXVI.

Meanwhile he dared not go and
 steal away
 The silent, dead-cold witness of
 his sin :
 He had not feared the life, but
 that dull clay,
 Those open eyes that showed the
 death within,
 Would surely stare him mad ; yet
 all the day
 A dreadful impulse, whence his
 will could win
 No refuge, made him linger in the
 aisle,
 Freezing with his wan look each
 greeting smile.

XXVII.

Now, on the second day there was
 to be
 A festival in church : from far
 and near
 Came flocking in the sunburnt
 peasantry,
 And knights and dames with
 stately antique cheer,
 Blazing with pomp, as if all faërie
 Had emptied her quaint halls,
 or, as it were,

The illuminated marge of some
 old book,
 While we were gazing, life and
 motion took.

XXVIII.

When all were entered, and the
 roving eyes
 Of all were stayed, some upon
 faces bright,
 Some on the priests, some on the
 traceries
 That decked the slumber of a
 marble knight,
 And all the rustlings over that
 arise
 From recognising tokens of de-
 light,
 When friendly glances meet,—then
 silent ease
 Spread o'er the multitude by slow
 degrees.

XXIX.

Then swelled the organ : up through
 choir and nave
 The music trembled with an in-
 ward thrill
 Of bliss at its own grandeur : wave
 on wave
 Its flood of mellow thunder rose,
 until
 The hushed air shivered with the
 throb it gave,
 Then, poising for a moment, it
 stood still,
 And sank and rose again, to burst
 in spray
 That wandered into silence far
 away.

XXX.

Like to a mighty heart the music
 seemed,
 That yearns with melodies it
 cannot speak,
 Until, in grand despair of what it
 dreamed,
 In the agony of effort it doth
 break,
 Yet triumphs breaking ; on it
 rushed and streamed
 And wantoned in its might, as
 when a lake,

Long pent among the mountains,
bursts its walls
And in one crowding gush leaps
forth and falls.

XXXI.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook
the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering
heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its
lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes
the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness every-
where,
Filling the vast cathedral;—
suddenly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear
treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned
choir awoke.

XXXII.

Through gorgeous windows shone
the sun aslant,
Brimming the church with gold
and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that
rich chant,
Where fifty voices in one strand
did twist,
Their varicolored tones, and left no
want
To the delighted soul, which sank
abyssed
In the warm music cloud, while,
far below,
The organ heaved its surges to and
fro.

XXXIII.

As if a lark should suddenly drop
dead
While the blue air yet trembled
with its song,
So snapped at once that music's
golden thread,
Struck by a nameless fear that
leapt along
From heart to heart, and like a
shadow spread
With instantaneous shiver thro'
the throng,

So that some glanced behind, as
half aware
A hideous shape of dread were
standing there.

XXXIV.

As when a crowd of pale men
gather round,
Watching an eddy in the leaden
deep,
From which they deem the body of
one drowned
Will be cast forth, from face to
face doth creep
An eager dread that holds all
tongues fast bound
Until the horror, with a ghastly
leap,
Starts up, its dead blue arms
stretched aimlessly,
Heaved with the swinging of the
careless sea,—

XXXV.

So in the faces of all these there
grew,
As by one impulse, a dark, freez-
ing awe,
Which, with a fearful fascination
drew
All eyes toward the altar; damp
and raw
The air grew suddenly, and no man
knew
Whether perchance his silent
neighbour saw
The dreadful thing which all were
sure would rise
To scare the strained lids wider
from their eyes.

XXXVI.

The incense trembled as it upward
sent
Its slow, uncertain thread of
wandering blue,
As 'twere the only living element
In all the church, so deep the
stillness grew;
It seemed one might have heard it,
as it went,
Give out an audible rustle, curl-
ing through

The midnight silence of that awe-
struck air,
More hushed than death, though so
much life was there.

XXXVII.

Nothing they saw, but a low voice
was heard
Threading the ominous silence of
that fear.
Gentle and terrorless as if a bird,
Wakened by some volcano's
glare, should cheer
The murky air with his song; yet
every word
In the cathedral's farthest arch
seemed near,
As if it spoke to every one apart,
Like the clear voice of conscience
in each heart.

XXXVIII.

"O Rest, to weary hearts thou art
most dear!
O Silence, after life's bewildering
din,
Thou art most welcome, whether
in the sear
Days of our age thou comest, or
we win
Thy poppy-wreath in youth! then
wherefore here
Linger I yet, once free to enter in
At that wished gate which gentle
Death doth ope,
Into the boundless realm of
Strength and Hope?

XXXIX.

"Think not in death my love could
ever cease;
If thou wast false, more need
there is for me
Still to be true; that slumber were
not peace,
If 'twere unvisited with dreams
of thee:
And thou hadst never heard such
words as these,
Save that in heaven I must for
ever be
Most comfortless and wretched,
seeing this
Our unbaptized babe shut out from
bliss.

XL.

"This little spirit with imploring
eyes
Wanders alone the dreary wild
of space;
The shadow of his pain for ever lies
Upon my soul in this new dwell-
ing-place;
His loneliness makes me in Para-
dise
More lonely, and, unless I see
his face,
Even here for grief could I lie down
and die,
Save for my curse of immortality.

XLI.

"World after world he sees around
him swim
Crowded with happy souls, that
take no heed
Of the sad eyes that from the
night's faint rim
Gaze sick with longing on them
as they speed
With golden gates, that only shut
out him;
And shapes sometimes from
Hell's abysses freed
Flap darkly by him, with enor-
mous sweep
Of wings that roughen wide the
pitchy deep.

XLII.

"I am a mother,—spirits do not
shake
This much of earth from them,
—and I must pine
Till I can feel his little hands, and
take
His weary head upon this heart
of mine;
And, might it be, full gladly for
his sake
Would I this solitude of bliss
resign,
And be shut out of Heaven to dwell
with him
For ever in that silence drear and
dim.

XLIII.

"I strove to hush my soul, and
would not speak

At first, for thy dear sake ; a
 woman's love
 Is mighty, but a mother's heart is
 weak,
 And by its weakness overcomes ;
 I strove
 To smother bitter thoughts with
 patience meek,
 But still in the abyss my soul
 would rove,
 Seeking my child, and drove me
 here to claim
 The rite that gives him peace in
 Christ's dear name.

XLIV.

"I sit and weep while blessed
 spirits sing ;
 I can but long and pine the
 while they praise,
 And, leaning o'er the wall of
 Heaven, I fling
 My voice to where I deem my
 infant strays,
 Like a robbed bird that cries in
 vain to bring
 Her nestlings back beneath her
 wings' embrace ;
 But still he answers not, and I but
 know
 That Heaven and earth are both
 alike in woe."

XLV.

Then the pale priests, with cere-
 mony due,
 Baptized the child within its
 dreadful tomb
 Beneath that mother's heart, whose
 instinct true
 Star-like had battled down the
 triple gloom
 Of sorrow, love, and death : young
 maidens, too,
 Strewed the pale corpse with
 many a milk-white bloom
 And parted the bright hair, and
 on the breast
 Crossed the unconscious hands in
 sign of rest.

XLVI.

Some said, that, when the priest
 had sprinkled o'er
 The consecrated drops, they
 seemed to hear

A sigh, as of some heart from
 travail sore
 Released, and then two voices
 singing clear,
Misereatur Deus, more and more
 Fading far upward, and their
 ghastly fear
 Fell from them with that sound,
 as bodies fall
 From souls upspringing to celestial
 hall.

PROMETHEUS.

ONE after one the stars have
 risen and set,
 Sparkling upon the hoarfrost on
 my chain :
 The Bear, that prowled all night
 about the fold
 Of the North-star, hath shrunk
 into his den,
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps
 of the Dawn,
 Whose blushing smile floods all the
 Orient ;
 And now bright Lucifer grows less
 and less,
 Into the heaven's blue quiet deep
 withdrawn.
 Sunless and starless all, the desert
 sky
 Arches above me, empty as this
 heart
 For ages hath been empty of all joy,
 Except to brood upon its silent
 hope,
 As o'er its hope of day the sky
 doth now.
 All night have I heard voices :
 deeper yet
 The deep low breathing of the
 silence grew,
 While all about, muffled in awe,
 there stood
 Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-
 felt at heart,
 But, when I turned to front them,
 far along
 Only a shudder through the mid-
 night ran,
 And the dense stillness walled me
 closer round.
 But still I heard them wander up
 and down

That solitude, and flappings of dusk wings
 Did mingle with them, whether of those hags
 Let slip upon me once from Hades deep,
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
 I could but guess; and then toward me came
 A shape as of a woman: very pale
 It was, and calm; its cold eyes did not move,
 And mine moved not, but only stared on them.
 Their fixed awe went through my brain like ice;
 A skeleton hand seemed clutching at my heart,
 And a sharp chill, as if a dank night-fog
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:
 And then, methought, I heard a freezing sigh,
 A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from blue lips
 Stiffening in death, close to mine ear. I thought
 Some doom was close upon me, and I looked
 And saw the red moon through the heavy mist,
 Just setting, and it seemed as it were falling,
 Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
 And palsy-struck it looked. Then all sounds merged
 Into the rising surges of the pines,
 Which, leagues below me, clothing the gaunt loins
 Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
 Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
 Sad as the wail that from the populous earth
 All day and night to high Olympus soars,
 Fit incense to thy wicked throne,
 O Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more in scorn
 From off my lips, for I will tell thy doom.

And are these tears? Nay, do not triumph, Jove!
 They are wrung from me but by the agonies
 Of prophecy, like those sparse drops which fall
 From clouds in travail of the lightning, when
 The great wave of the storm high-curved and black
 Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break.
 Why art thou made a god of, thou poor type
 Of anger, and revenge, and cunning force?
 True Power was never born of brutish Strength,
 Nor sweet Truth suckled at the shaggy dugs
 Of that old she-wolf. Are thy thunderbolts,
 That quell the darkness for a space, so strong
 As the prevailing patience of meek Light,
 Who, with the invincible tenderness of peace,
 Wins it to be a portion of herself?
 Why art thou made a god of, thou, who hast
 The never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
 That birthright of all tyrants, worse to bear
 Than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
 Thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
 What kind of doom it is whose omen flits
 Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
 The fearful shadow of the kite. What need
 To know that truth whose knowledge cannot save?
 Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
 When thine is finished, thou art known no more:
 There is a higher purity than thou,
 And higher purity is greater strength:

Thy nature is thy doom, at which
thy heart
Trembles behind the thick wall of
thy might.
Let man but hope, and thou art
straightway chilled
With thought of that drear silence
and deep night
Which, like a dream, shall swallow
thee and thine :
Let man but will, and thou art god
no more,
More capable of ruin than the gold
And ivory that image thee on earth.
He who hurled down the monstrous
Titan-brood
Blinded with lightnings, with rough
thunder stunned,
Is weaker than a simple human
thought.
My slender voice can shake thee,
as the breeze,
That seems but apt to stir a
maiden's hair,
Sways huge Oceanus from pole to
pole ;
For I am still Prometheus, and
foreknow
In my wise heart the end and doom
of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser
grown
By years of solitude,—that holds
apart
The past and future, giving the
soul room
To search into itself,—and long
commune
With this eternal silence ;—more
a god,
In my long-suffering and strength
to meet
With equal front the direst shafts
of fate,
Than thou in thy faint-hearted
despotism,
Girt with thy baby-toys of force
and wrath.
Yes, I am that Prometheus who
brought down
The light to man, which thou, in
selfish fear,
Hadst to thyself usurped,—his by
sole right.

For Man hath right to all save
Tyranny,—
And which shall free him yet from
thy frail throne.
Tyrants are but the spawn of
Ignorance,
Begotten by the slaves they
trample on,
Who, could they win a glimmer of
the light,
And see that Tyranny is always
weakness,
Or Fear with its own bosom ill at
ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the
sand-wove chain
Which their own blindness feigned
for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands,
but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless
base.
The tyrant trembles, if the air but
stirs
The innocent ringlets of a child's
free hair,
And crouches, when the thought of
some great spirit,
With world-wide murmur, like a
rising gale,
Over men's hearts, as over stand-
ing corn,
Rushes, and bends them to its own
strong will.
So shall some thought of mine yet
circle earth,
And puff away thy crumbling
altars, Jove !

And, wouldst thou know of my
supreme revenge,
Poor tyrant! even now dethroned
in heart,
Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever
are,
Listen! and tell me if this bitter
peak,
This never-glutted vulture, and
these chains
Shrink not before it; for it shall
befit
A sorrow - taught, unconquered
Titan-heart.
Men, when their death is on them,
seem to stand

On a precipitous crag that overhangs	By its own labour, lightened with glad hymns
The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,	To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
As in a glass, the features dim and vast	Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea,—
Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,	Even the spirit of free love and peace,
Of what have been. Death ever fronts the wise;	Duty's sure recompense through life and death,—
Not fearfully, but with clear promises	These are such harvests as all master-spirits
Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,	Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
Their outlook widens, and they see beyond	Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs;
The horizon of the Present and the Past,	These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
Even to the very source and end of things.	They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge :
Such am I now : immortal woe hath made	For their best part of life on earth is when,
My heart a seer, and my soul a judge	Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
Between the substance and the shadow of Truth. •	Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,	Part of the necessary air men breathe :
By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure	When, like the moon, herself behind a cloud,
Of such as I am, this is my revenge,	They shed down light before us on life's sea,
Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch,	That cheers us to steer onward still in hope.
Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.	Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,	Their holy sepulchres ; the chainless sea,
Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee,—	In tempest or wide calm, repeats their thoughts ;
The songs of maidens pressing with white feet	The lightning and the thunder, all free things,
The vintage on thine altars poured no more,—	Have legends of them for the ears of men.
The murmurous bliss of lovers, underneath	All other glories are as falling stars,
Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy bunches press	But universal Nature watches theirs :
Not half so closely their warm cheeks, unpaled	Such strength is won by love of human kind.
By thoughts of thy brute lust,—the hive-like hum	
Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil	Not that I feel that hunger after fame,
Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own	Which souls of a half-greatness are beset with ;

But that the memory of noble
 deeds
 Cries shame upon the idle and the
 vile,
 And keeps the heart of Man for-
 ever up
 To the heroic level of old time.
 To be forgot at first is little pain
 To a heart conscious of such high
 intent
 As must be deathless on the lips of
 men ;
 But, having been a name, to sink
 and be
 A something which the world can
 do without,
 Which, having been or not, would
 never change
 The lightest pulse of fate,—this is
 indeed
 A cup of bitterness the worst to
 taste,
 And this thy heart shall empty to
 the dregs.
 Endless despair shall be thy Cau-
 casus,
 And memory thy vulture ; thou
 wilt find
 Oblivion far lonelier than this
 peak,—
 Behold thy destiny ! Thou think'st
 it much
 That I should brave thee, miserable
 god !
 But I have braved a mightier than
 thou,
 Even the tempting of this soaring
 heart,
 Which might have made me,
 scarcely less than thou,
 A god among my brethren weak
 and blind,—
 Scarce less than thou, a pitiable
 thing
 To be down-trodden into darkness
 soon.
 But now I am above thee, for thou
 art
 The bungling workmanship of fear,
 the block
 That aves the swart Barbarian ;
 but I
 Am what myself have made,—a
 nature wise
 With finding in itself the types of
 all,—

With watching from the dim verge
 of the time
 What things to be are visible in the
 gleams
 Thrown forward on them from the
 luminous past,—
 Wise with the history of its own
 frail heart,
 With reverence and with sorrow,
 and with love,
 Broad as the world, for freedom
 and for man.

Thou and all strength shall
 crumble, except Love,
 By whom, and for whose glory, ye
 shall cease :
 And, when thou art but a dim
 moaning heard
 From out the pitiless gloom of
 Chaos, I
 Shall be a power and a memory,
 A name to fright all tyrants with,
 a light
 Unsetting as the pole-star, a great
 voice
 Heard in the breathless pauses of
 the fight
 By Truth and Freedom ever waged
 with Wrong,
 Clear as a silver trumpet, to
 awake
 Huge echoes that from age to age
 live on
 In kindred spirits, giving them a
 sense
 Of boundless power from boundless
 suffering wrung :
 And many a glazing eye shall smile
 to see
 The memory of my triumph (for to
 meet
 Wrong with endurance, and to
 overcome
 The present with a heart that looks
 beyond,
 Are triumph), like a prophet eagle,
 perch
 Upon the sacred banner of the
 Right.
 Evil springs up, and flowers, and
 bears no seed,
 And feeds the green earth with its
 swift decay
 Leaving it richer for the growth of
 truth ;

But Good, once put in action or in
 thought,
 Like a strong oak, doth from its
 boughs shed down
 The ripe germs of a forest. Thou,
 weak god,
 Shalt fade and be forgotten! but
 this soul,
 Fresh-living still in the serene
 abyss,
 In every heaving shall partake,
 that grows
 From heart to heart among the
 sons of men,—
 As the ominous hum before the
 earthquake runs
 Far through the Ægean from
 roused isle to isle,—
 Foreboding wreck to palaces and
 shrines,
 And mighty rents in many a
 cavernous error
 That darkens the free light to
 man:—This heart,
 Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as
 the truth
 Grows but more lovely 'neath the
 beaks and claws
 Of Harpies blind that fain would
 soil it, shall
 In all the throbbing exultations
 share
 That wait on Freedom's triumphs,
 and in all
 The glorious agonies of martyr-
 spirits,—
 Sharp lightning-throes to split the
 jagged clouds
 That veil the future, showing them
 the end,—
 Pain's thorny crown for constancy
 and truth,
 Girding the temples like a wreath
 of stars.
 This is a thought, that, like the
 fabled laurel,
 Makes my faith thunder-proof;
 and thy dread bolts
 Fall on me like the silent flakes of
 snow
 On the hoar brows of aged Cau-
 casus:
 But, O thought far more blissful!
 they can rend
 This cloud of flesh, and make my
 soul a star.

Unleash thy crouching thunders
 now, O Jove!
 Free this high heart, which, a poor
 captive long,
 Doth knock to be let forth, this
 heart which still,
 In its invincible manhood, over-
 tops
 Thy puny godship, as this moun-
 tain doth
 The pines that moss its roots. Oh,
 even now,
 While from my peak of suffering I
 look down.
 Beholding with a far-spread gush
 of hope
 The sunrise of that Beauty, in
 whose face,
 Shone all around with love, no
 man shall look
 But straightway like a god he is
 uplift
 Unto the throne long empty for
 his sake,
 And clearly oft foreshadowed in
 wide dreams
 By his free inward nature, which
 nor thou,
 Nor any anarch after thee, can
 bind
 From working its great doom,—
 now, now set free
 This essence, not to die, but to
 become
 Part of that awful Presence which
 doth haunt
 The palaces of tyrants, to hunt off,
 With its grim eyes and fearful
 whisperings
 And hideous sense of utter loneli-
 ness,
 All hope of safety, all desire of
 peace,
 All but the loathed forefeeling of
 blank death,—
 Part of that spirit which doth ever
 brood
 In patient calm on the unpilfered
 nest
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty
 thoughts grow fledged
 To sail with darkening shadow o'er
 the world.
 Filling with dread such souls as
 dare not trust
 In the unfailing energy of Good,

Until they swoop, and their pale
quarry make
Of some o'erbloated wrong,—that
spirit which
Scatters great hopes in the seed-
field of man,
Like acorns among grain, to grow
and be
A roof for freedom in all coming
time!

But no, this cannot be; for ages
yet,
In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
The angry Caspian to the Euxine
shout,
And Euxine answer with a muffled
roar,
On either side storming the giant
walls
Of Caucasus with leagues of climb-
ing foam
(Less, from my height, than flakes
of downy snow),
That draw back baffled but to hurl
again,
Snatched up in wrath and horrible
turmoil,
Mountain on mountain, as the
Titans erst,
My brethren, scaling the high seat
of Jove,
Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoul-
ders broad
In vain emprise. The moon will
come and go
With her monotonous vicissitude;
Once beautiful, when I was free to walk
Among my fellows, and to inter-
change
The influence benign of loving
eyes,
But now by aged use grown wear-
some;—
False thought! most false! for how
could I endure
These crawling centuries of lonely
woe
Unshamed by weak complaining,
but for thee,
Loneliest, save me, of all created
things,
Mild-eyed Astarte, my best com-
forter,

With thy pale smile of sad be-
nignity!

Year after year will pass away
and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dumb sum-
mer clouds,
Which I have watched so often
darkening o'er
The vast Sarmatian plain, league-
wide at first,
But, with still swiftness, lessening
on and on
Till cloud and shadow meet and
mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward. Yes, for
ages yet
Must I lie here upon my altar
huge,
A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will
be,
As it hath been, his portion; end-
less doom,
While the immortal with the mor-
tal linked
Dreams of its wings and pines for
what it dreams,
With upward yearn unceasing.
Better so:
For wisdom is meek sorrow's pa-
tient child,
And empire over self, and all the
deep
Strong charities that make men
seem like gods;
And love, that makes them be
gods, from her breasts
Sucks in the milk that makes man-
kind one blood.
Good never comes unmixed, or so
it seems,
Having two faces, as some images
Are carved, of foolish gods; one
face is ill;
But one heart lies beneath, and
that is good,
As are all hearts, when we explore
their depths.
Therefore, great heart, bear up!
thou art but type
Of what all lofty spirits endure,
that fain
Would win men back to strength
and peace through love:

Each hath his lonely peak, and on
 each heart
 Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears
 lifelong
 With vulture beak; yet the high
 soul is left;
 And faith, which is but hope
 grown wise; and love
 And patience, which at last shall
 overcome.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

THERE came a youth upon the
 earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing
 worth,
 Whether to plough, or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
 He stretched some chords, and
 drew
 Music that made men's bosoms
 swell
 Fearless, or brimmed their eyes
 with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being
 soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he
 smoothed,
 And made him viceroy o'er his
 sheep.

His words were simple words
 enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was
 rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless
 youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their
 law.

They knew not how he learned at
 all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves
 fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones,
 and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was
 wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's
 eyes,
 They laughed and called him good-
 for-nought.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live
 upon,
 More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

THE TOKEN.

It is a mere wild rosebud,
 Quite sallow now and dry,
 Yet there's something wondrous in
 it,
 Some gleams of days gone by,
 Dear sights and sounds that are to
 me
 The very moons of memory,
 And stir my heart's blood far be-
 low
 Its short-lived waves of joy and
 woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
 All sweet times be o'er;
 They only smile, and, murmuring
 "Thither!"
 Stay with us no more:
 And yet oftentimes a look or smile,
 Forgotten in a kiss's while,

Years after from the dark will
start,
And flash across the trembling
heart.

Thou hast given me many roses,
But never one, like this,
O'erfloods both sense and spirit
With such a deep wild bliss ;
We must have instincts that glean
up
Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
Whose taste shall give us all that
we
Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home :
As now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered
o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAIL- ROAD CAR.

HE spoke of Burns : men rude
and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise
of one
Whose heart was made of manly,
simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And when he read, they forward
leaned,
Drinking with thirsty hearts and
ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory
never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and
hard,
As if in him who read they felt and
saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,

A sight to make our faith more
pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry
hence
Promptings their former life
above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open
wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth
seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into
high-souled deeds,
ith wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of
ours
Some wild germs of a higher
birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart
bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that
cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught
poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a
home,
That cast in shadow all the golden
lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or
high,

Thy skyey arches with exulting
span
O'er-roof infinity !

All thoughts that mould the age
begin
Deep down within the primitive
soul,
And from the many slowly upward
win
To one who grasps the whole :

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's
tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose
surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of
wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—
wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought,
stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray, who deems
That every hope, which rises and
grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered
impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in com-
mon souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the
message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through
pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two
or three
High souls, like those far stars that
come in sight
Once in a century ;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and
then

Shall waken their free nature in
the weak
And friendless sons of men ;

To write some earnest verse or
line,
Which, seeking not the praise of
art,
Shall make a clearer faith and
manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or
prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last
with those
Who live and speak for aye.

RHŒCUS.

GOD sends His teachers unto every
age,
To every clime, and every race of
men,
With revelations fitted to their
growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the
realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole
race :
Therefore each form of worship
that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to
grasp
The master-key of knowledge, re-
verence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and
of right ;
Else never had the eager soul, which
loathes
The slothful down of pampered
ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful
rest.

There is an instinct in the human
heart
Which makes that all the fables it
hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief,
And strengthen it by beauty's right
divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic
gift,

Which, like the hazel twig, in
 faithful hands,
 Points surely to the hidden springs
 of truth.
 For, as in Nature, nought is made
 in vain,
 But all things have within their
 hull of use,
 A wisdom and a meaning which
 may speak
 Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
 To make its inspirations suit its
 creed,
 And from the niggard hands of
 falsehood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there
 ever is
 A sympathy with Nature, which
 reveals,
 Not less than her own works, pure
 gleams of light
 And earnest parables of inward
 lore.
 Hear now this fairy legend of old
 Greece,
 As full of freedom, youth, and
 beauty still
 As the immortal freshness of that
 grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic
 frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wan-
 dering in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to
 its fall,
 And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with
 admiring care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep
 loitered on.
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice
 behind,
 That murmured "Rhæcus!" 'Twas
 as if the leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had
 murmured it,
 And, while he paused bewildered,
 yet again
 It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer
 than a breeze.
 He started and beheld with dizzy
 eyes

What seemed the substance of a
 happy dream
 Stand there before him, spreading
 a warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the
 shadowy oak.
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet all
 too fair
 To be a woman, and with eyes too
 meek
 For any that were wont to mate
 with gods.
 All naked like a goddess stood she
 there,
 And like a goddess all too beautiful
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness
 of shame.
 "Rhæcus, I am the Dryad of this
 tree,"
 Thus she began, dropping her low-
 toned words
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops
 of dew,
 "And with it I am doomed to live
 and die;
 The rain and sunshine are my ca-
 terers,
 Nor have I other bliss than simple
 life;
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I
 can give,
 And with a thankful joy it shall
 be thine."

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at
 the heart,
 Yet, by the prompting of such
 beauty bold,
 Answered: "What is there that
 can satisfy
 The endless craving of the soul but
 love?
 Give me thy love, or but the hope
 of that
 Which must be evermore my
 nature's goal."
 After a little pause she said again,
 But with a glimpse of sadness in
 her tone,
 "I give it, Rhæcus, though a peril-
 ous gift;
 An hour before the sunset meet me
 here."
 And straightway there was nothing
 he could see

But the green glooms beneath the
shadowy oak,
And not a sound came to his strain-
ing ears
But the low trickling rustle of the
leaves,
And far away upon an emerald
slope
The falter of an idle shepherd's
pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness
and faith,
Men did not think that happy
things were dreams
Because they overstepped the nar-
row bourn
Of likelihood, but reverently
deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beau-
tiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he
was blest,
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him
as he walked,
The clear, broad sky looked bluer
than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had
not wings,
Such sunshine seemed to glitter
through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt
and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful
heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt
too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome
whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly
bound in that,
Like the contented peasant of a
vale,
Deemed it the world, and never
looked beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing
at the dice,
He joined them, and forgot all else
beside.

The dice were rattling at the
merriest,

And Rhœcus, who had met but
sorry luck,
Just laughed in triumph at a happy
throw,
When through the room there
hummed a yellow bee
That buzzed about his ear with
down-dropped legs
As if to light. And Rhœcus
laughed and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was
with loss,
"By Venus! does he take me for
a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough,
impatient hand.
But still the bee came back, and
thrice again
Rhœcus did beat him off with grow-
ing wrath.
Then through the window flew the
wounded bee,
And Rhœcus, tracking him with
angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of
Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting
sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from
his heart,
As if its very walls had caved
away.
Without a word he turned, and,
rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and
the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the
wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward
broad and dim,
Darkened wellnigh unto the city's
wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he
reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard
once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!"
close at hand:
Whereat he looked around him, but
could see
Nought but the deepening glooms
beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus!
nevermore

Shalt thou behold me or by day or
 night,
 Me, who would fain have blessed
 thee with a love
 More ripe and bounteous than ever
 yet
 Filled up with nectar any mortal
 heart :
 But thou didst scorn my humble
 messenger,
 And sent'st him back to me with
 bruised wings.
 We spirits only show to gentle
 eyes,
 We ever ask an undivided love,
 And he who scorns the least of
 Nature's works
 Is thenceforth exiled and shut out
 from all.
 Farewell! for thou canst never see
 me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and
 groaned aloud,
 And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive
 me yet
 This once, and I shall never need
 it more!"
 "Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis
 thou art blind,
 Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
 But have no skill to heal thy spirit's
 eyes;
 Only the soul hath power o'er it-
 self."
 With that again there murmured
 "Nevermore!"
 And Rhœcus after heard no other
 sound,
 Except the rattling of the oak's
 crisp leaves,
 Like the long surf upon a distant
 shore,
 Raking the sea-worn pebbles up
 and down.
 The night had gathered round him:
 o'er the plain
 The city sparkled with its thou-
 sand lights,
 And sounds of revel fell upon his
 ear
 Harshly and like a curse; above,
 the sky,
 With all its bright sublimity of
 stars,

Deepened, and on his forehead
 smote the breeze :
 Beauty was all around him and de-
 light,
 But from that eve he was alone on
 earth.

THE FALCON.

I KNOW a falcon swift and peerless
 As e'er was cradled in the pine;
 No bird had ever eye so fearless,
 Or wing so strong as this of
 mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
 A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
 Than him, a little burning islet,
 A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth
 tower,
 By a glorious upward instinct
 drawn;
 No bee nestles deeper in the flower
 Than he in the bursting rose of
 dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that
 singeth,
 Shudders to see him overhead;
 The rush of his fierce swoopin,
 bringeth
 To innocent hearts no thrill of
 dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness
 shiver,
 For still between them and the
 sky
 The falcon Truth hangs poised for
 ever
 And marks them with his venge-
 ful eye.

TRIAL.

I.

WHETHER the idle prisoner through
 his grate
 Watches the waving of the grass-
 tuft small,
 Which, having colonized its rift i'
 the wall,
 Takes its free risk of good or evil
 fate,

And from the sky's just helmet
draws its lot
Daily of shower or sunshine, cold
or hot;—
Whether the closer captive of a
creed,
Cooped up from birth to grind out
endless chaff,
Sees through his treadmill-bars the
noonday laugh,
And feels in vain his crumpled
pinions breed;—
Whether the Georgian slave look
up and mark,
With bellying sails puffed full, the
tall cloud-bark
Sink northward slowly, — thou
alone seem'st good,
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose
desire
Can light in muddiest souls quick
seeds of fire,
And strain life's chords to the old
heroic mood.

II.

Yet are there other gifts more fair
than thine,
Nor can I count him happiest who
has never
Been forced with his own hand his
chains to sever,
And for himself find out the way
divine;
He never knew the aspirer's glori-
ous pains,
He never earned the struggle's
priceless gains.
Oh, block by block, with sore and
sharp endeavour,
Lifelong we build these human
natures up
Into a temple fit for freedom's
shrine,
And trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial
wine.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE
CURTAIN.

WE see but half the causes of our
deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer
life,

And heedless of the encircling
spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and
sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide
purposes.
From one stage of our being to the
next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender
bridge,
The momentary work of unseen
hands,
Which crumbles down behind us;
looking back,
We see the other shore, the gulf
between,
And, marvelling how we won to
where we stand,
Content ourselves to call the
builder Chance.
We trace the wisdom to the apple's
fall,
Not to the birth-throes of a mighty
Truth
Which, for long ages in blank
Chaos dumb,
Yet yearned to be incarnate, and
had found
At last a spirit meet to be the
womb
From which it might be born to
bless mankind,—
Not to the soul of Newton, ripe
with all
The hoarded thoughtfulness of
earnest years,
And waiting but one ray of sun-
light more
To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray?
We call our sorrows Destiny, but
ought
Rather to name our high successes
so.
Only the instincts of great souls
are Fate,
And have predestined sway: all
other things,
Except by leave of us, could never
be.
For destiny is but the breath of
God
Still moving in us, the last frag-
ment left

Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
 Within our thought, to beckon us
 beyond
 The narrow circle of the seen and
 known,
 And always tending to a noble end,
 As all things must that overrule
 the soul,
 And for a space unseat the helms-
 man, Will.
 The fate of England and of freedom
 once
 Seemed wavering in the heart of
 one plain man :
 One step of his, and the great dial-
 hand,
 That marks the destined progress
 of the world
 In the eternal round from wisdom
 on
 To higher wisdom, had been made
 to pause
 A hundred years. That step he
 did not take, —
 He knew not why, nor we, but only
 God, —
 And lived to make his simple oaken
 chair
 More terrible and grandly beauti-
 ful,
 More full of majesty than any
 throne,
 Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-
 visaged men,
 Looking to where a little craft lay
 moored,
 Swayed by the lazy current of the
 Thames,
 Which weltered by in muddy list-
 lessness.
 Grave men they were, and bat-
 tlings of fierce thought
 Had trampled out all softness from
 their brows,
 And ploughed rough furrows there
 before their time,
 For other crop than such as home-
 bred Peace
 Sows broadcast in the willing soil
 of Youth.
 Care, not of self, but of the com-
 mon-weal,
 Had robbed their eyes of youth,
 and left instead

A look of patient power and iron
 will,
 And something fiercer, too, that
 gave broad hint
 Of the plain weapons girded at
 their sides.
 The younger had an aspect of com-
 mand, —
 Not such as trickles down, a slender
 stream,
 In the shrunk channel of a great
 descent,
 But such as lies entowered in heart
 and head,
 And an arm prompt to do the 'hests
 of both.
 His was a brow where gold were
 out of place,
 And yet it seemed right worthy of
 a crown
 (Though he despised such), were
 it only made
 Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
 That would have matched his
 sinewy brown face.
 The elder, although such he hardly
 seemed
 (Care makes so little of some five
 short years),
 Had a clear, honest face, whose
 rough-hewn strength
 Was mildened by the scholar's
 wiser heart
 To sober courage, such as best befits
 The unsullied temper of a well-
 taught mind,
 Yet so remained that one could
 plainly guess
 The hushed volcano smouldering
 underneath.
 He spoke : the other, hearing, kept
 his gaze
 Still fixed, as on some problem in
 the sky.

“O CROMWELL, we are fallen on
 evil times !
 There was a day when England had
 wide room
 For honest men as well as foolish
 kings :
 But now the uneasy stomach of the
 time
 Turns squeamish at them both.
 Therefore let us

Seek out that savage clime, where
 men as yet
 Are free: there sleeps the vessel
 on the tide,
 Her languid canvas drooping for
 the wind;
 Give us but that and what need we
 to fear
 This Order of the Council? The
 free waves
 Will not say, No, to please a way-
 ward king,
 Nor will the winds turn traitors at
 his beck:
 All things are fitly cared for, and
 the Lord
 Will watch as kindly o'er the
 exodus
 Of us His servants now, as in old
 time.
 We have no cloud or fire, and
 haply we
 May not pass dry-shod through the
 ocean-stream;
 But, saved or lost, all things are in
 His hand."
 So spake he, and meantime the
 other stood
 With wide gray eyes still reading
 the blank air,
 As if upon the sky's blue wall he
 saw
 Some mystic sentence, written by
 a hand,
 Such as of old made pale the Assy-
 rian king,
 Girt with his satraps in the blazing
 feast.

"HAMPDEN! a moment since,
 my purpose was
 To fly with thee,—for I will call it
 flight,
 Nor flatter it with any smother
 name,—
 But something in me bids me not
 to go;
 And I am one, thou knowest, who,
 unmoved
 By what the weak deem omens,
 yet give heed
 And reverence due to whatsoe'er
 my soul
 Whispers of warning to the inner
 ear.

Moreover, as I know that God
 brings round
 His purposes in ways undreamed
 by us,
 And makes the wicked but His
 instruments
 To hasten their own swift and sud-
 den fall,
 I see the beauty of His providence
 In the King's order: blind he will
 not let
 His doom part from him, but must
 bid it stay
 As 'twere a cricket, whose enliven-
 ing chirp
 He loved to hear beneath his very
 hearth.
 Why should we fly? Nay, why
 not rather stay
 And rear again our Zion's crumbled
 walls,
 Not, as of old the walls of Thebes
 were built,
 By minstrel twanging, but, if need
 should be,
 With the more potent music of our
 swords?
 Think'st thou that score of men be-
 yond the sea
 Claim more God's care than all of
 England here?
 No: when He moves His arm, it is
 to aid
 Whole peoples, heedless if a few
 be crushed,
 As some are ever, when the destiny
 Of man takes one stride onward
 nearer home.
 Believe it, 'tis the mass of men He
 loves;
 And, where there is most sorrow
 and most want,
 Where the high heart of man is
 trodden down
 The most, 'tis not because He hides
 His face
 From them in wrath, as purblind
 teachers prate:
 Not so: there most is He, for there
 is He
 Most needed. Men who seek for
 Fate abroad
 Are not so near His heart as they
 who dare
 Frankly to face her where she faces
 them,

On their own threshold, where their
souls are strong
To grapple with and throw her; as
I once,
Being yet a boy, did cast this puny
king,
Who now has grown so dotard as
to deem
That he can wrestle with an angry
realm,
And throw the brawned Antæus of
men's rights.
No, Hampden! they have half-
way conquered Fate
Who go half-way to meet her,—as
will I.
Freedom hath yet a work for me
to do;
So speaks that inward voice which
never yet
Spake falsely, when it urged the
spirit on
To noble deeds for country and
mankind.
And, for success, I ask no more
than this,—
To bear unflinching witness to the
truth.
All true whole men succeed; for
what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the
thought,
The inward surety, to have carried
out
A noble purpose to a noble
end,
Although it be the gallows or the
block?
'Tis only Falsehood that doth ever
need
These outward shows of gain to
bolster her,
Be it we prove the weaker with
our swords;
Truth only needs to be for once
spoke out,
And there's such music in her, such
strange rhythm,
As makes men's memories her joy-
ous slaves,
And clings around the soul, as the
sky clings
Round the mute earth, for ever
beautiful,
And, if o'erclouded, only to burst
forth

More all-embracingly divine and
clear:
Get but the truth once uttered,
and 'tis like
A star new-born, that drops into
its place,
And which, once circling in its
placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can
shake.

"What should we do in that
small colony
Of pinched fanatics, who would
rather choose
Freedom to clip an inch more from
their hair,
Than the great chance of setting
England free?
Not there, amid the stormy wilder-
ness,
Should we learn wisdom; or if
learned, what room
To put it into act,—else worse than
nought?
We learn our souls more, tossing
for an hour
Upon the huge and ever-vexed sea
Of human thought, where king-
doms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the
stream,
Than in a cycle of New England
sloth,
Broke only by some petty Indian
war,
Or quarrel for a letter more or less
In some hard word, which, spelt
in either way,
Not their most learned clerks can
understand.
New times demand new measures
and new men;
The world advances, and in time
outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days
were best;
And, doubtless, after us, some
purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men
than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth
of truth.
We cannot bring Utopia by force;
But better, almost, be at work in
sin,

Than in a brute inaction browse and sleep.
 No man is born into the world, whose work
 Is not born with him : there is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
 And blessèd are the horny hands of toil !
 The busy world shoves angrily aside
 The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
 Until occasion tells him what to do ;
 And he who waits to have his task marked out
 Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
 Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds :
 Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
 Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
 Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
 And roll their white surf higher every day.
 One age moves onward, and the next builds up
 Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
 The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
 Rearing from out the forests they had felled
 The goodly framework of a fairer state ;
 The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
 Are seldom wielded by the self-same hand ;
 Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
 Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
 From the choice spirits of the after-time.
 My soul is not a palace of the past,
 Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
 Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,

That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
 The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change ;
 Then let it come : I have no dread of what
 Is called for by the instinct of mankind ;
 Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more or less.
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
 With endless change, is fitted to the hour ;
 Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the past.
 He who would win the name of truly great
 Must understand his own age and the next,
 And make the present ready to fulfil
 Its prophecy, and with the future merge
 Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
 The future works out great men's destinies ;
 The present is enough for common souls,
 Who, never looking forward, are indeed
 Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their age
 Are petrified for ever : better those
 Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
 From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
 And set him onward in his darksome way.
 I do not fear to follow out the truth,
 Albeit along the precipice's edge.
 Let us speak plain : there is more force in names
 Than most men dream of ; and a lie may keep
 Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.

Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and
 maintain
 That only freedom comes by grace
 of God,
 And all that comes not by His
 grace must fall;
 For men in earnest have no time
 to waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked
 truth.

“I will have one more grapple
 with the man
 Charles Stuart: whom the boy
 o’ercame,
 The man stands not in awe of. I,
 perchance,
 Am one raised up by the Almighty
 arm
 To witness some great truth to all
 the world.
 Souls destined to o’erleap the vulgar
 lot,
 And mould the world unto the
 scheme of God,
 Have a fore-consciousness of their
 high doom,
 As men are known to shiver at the
 heart
 When the cold shadow of some com-
 ing ill
 Creeps slowly o’er their spirits un-
 awares.
 Hath Good less power of prophecy
 than Ill?
 How else could men whom God hath
 called to sway
 Earth’s rudder, and to steer the bark
 of Truth,
 Beating against the tempest tow’rd
 her port,
 Bear all the mean and buzzing griev-
 ances,
 The petty martyrdoms, wherewith
 Sin strives
 To weary out the tethered hope of
 Faith,
 The sneers, the unrecognized look
 of friends,
 Who worship the dead corpse of old
 king Custom,
 Where it doth lie in state within the
 Church,
 Striving to cover up the mighty
 ocean

With a man’s palm, and making even
 the truth
 Lie for them, holding up the glass
 reversed,
 To make the hope of man seem far-
 ther off?
 My God! when I read o’er the bitter
 lives
 Of men whose eager hearts were
 quite too great
 To beat beneath the cramped mode
 of the day,
 And see them mocked at by the
 world they love,
 Hagglng with prejudice for penny-
 worths
 Of that reform which their hard toil
 will make
 The common birthright of the age
 to come,—
 When I see this, spite of my faith
 in God,
 I marvel how their hearts bear up
 so long;
 Nor could they but for this same
 prophecy,
 This inward feeling of the glorious
 end.

“Deem me not fond; but in my
 warmer youth,
 Ere my heart’s bloom was soiled and
 brushed away,
 I had great dreams of mighty things
 to come;
 Of conquest, whether by the sword
 or pen
 I knew not; but some conquest I
 would have,
 Or else swift death: now wiser
 grown in years,
 I find youth’s dreams are but the
 flutterings
 Of those strong wings whereon the
 soul shall soar
 In after-time to win a starry throne;
 And so I cherish them, for they were
 lots,
 Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of
 Fate.
 Now will I draw them, since a man’s
 right hand
 A right hand guided by an earnest
 soul,
 With a true instinct, takes the
 golden prize

From out a thousand blanks. What
men call luck
Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
The fealty life pays its rightful
kings.
The helm is shaking now, and I will
stay
To pluck my lot forth; it were sin
to flee!"

So they two turned together; one
to die,
Fighting for freedom on the bloody
field;
The other, far more happy, to be-
come
A name earth wears for ever next
her heart;
One of the few that have a right to
rank
With the true Makers: for his spirit
wrought
Order from Chaos; proved that
right divine
Dwelt only in the excellence of
truth;
And far within old Darkness' hos-
tile lines
Advanced and pitched the shining
tents of Light.
Nor shall the grateful Muse forget
to tell,
That—not the least among his many
claims
To deathless honour—he was MIL-
TON'S friend,
A man not second among those who
lived
To show us that the poet's lyre de-
mands
An arm of tougher sinew than the
sword.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.*

ἀλλοεινὰ μὲν μοι καὶ λέγειν ἐστὶν τὰδε
ἄλλος δὲ σιγᾶν.

ÆSCHYLUS, Prom. Vincit. 197, 198.

THE old Chief feeling now well-
nigh his end,

* For the leading incidents in this
tale I am indebted to the very valu-
able "Algie Researches" of Henry R.
Schoolcraft, Esq.

Called his two eldest children to his
side,
And gave them, in few words, his
parting charge!
"My son and daughter, me ye see
no more;
The happy hunting-grounds await
me, green
With change of spring and summer
through the year:
But, for remembrance, after I am
gone,
Be kind to little Sheemah for my
sake:
Weakling he is and young, and
knows not yet
To set the trap, or draw the sea-
soned bow;
Therefore of both your loves he hath
more need,
And he, who needeth love, to love
hath right;
It is not like our furs and stores of
corn,
Whereto we claim sole title by our
toil,
But the Great Spirit plants it in our
hearts,
And waters it, and gives it sun, to be
The common stock and heritage of
all:
Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that
yourselves
May not be left deserted in your
need."

Alone, beside a lake, their wig-
wam stood,
Far from the other dwellings of
their tribe;
And, after many moons, the loneli-
ness
Wearied the elder brother, and he
said,
"Why should I dwell here all alone,
shut out
From the free natural joys that fit
my age?
Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled
to hunt,
Patient of toil and hunger, and not
yet
Have seen the danger which I dared
not look
Full in the face; what hinders me
to be

A mighty Brave and Chief among
 my kin?"
 So, taking up his arrows and his
 bow,
 As if to hunt, he journeyed swiftly
 on,
 Until he gained the wigwams of his
 tribe,
 Where, choosing out a bride, he soon
 forgot,
 In all the fret and bustle of new life
 The little Sheemah and his father's
 charge.

Now when the sister found her
 brother gone,
 And that, for many days, he came
 not back,
 She wept for Sheemah more than
 for herself;
 For Love bides longest in a woman's
 heart,
 And flutters many times before he
 flies,
 And then doth perch so nearly, that
 a word
 May lure him back, as swift and glad
 as light;
 And Duty lingers even when Love
 is gone,
 Oft looking out in hope of his re-
 turn;
 And, after Duty hath been driven
 forth,
 Then Selfishness creeps in the last
 of all,
 Warming her lean hands at the
 lonely hearth,
 And crouching o'er the embers, to
 shut out
 Whatever paltry warmth and light
 are left,
 With avaricious greed, from all be-
 side.
 So, for long months, the sister
 hunted wide,
 And cared for little Sheemah ten-
 derly;
 But, daily more and more, the
 loneliness
 Grew wearisome, and to herself she
 sighed,
 "Am I not fair? at least the glassy
 pool,
 That hath no cause to flatter, tells
 me so;

But, oh, how flat and meaningless
 the tale,
 Unless it tremble on a lover's
 tongue!
 Beauty hath no true glass, except
 it be
 In the sweet privacy of loving eyes."
 Thus deemed she idly, and forgot
 the lore,
 Which she had learned of nature
 and the woods,
 That beauty's chief reward is to it-
 self,
 And that the eyes of Love reflect
 alone
 The inward fairness, which is
 blurred and lost
 Unless kept clear and white by
 Duty's care.
 So she went forth and sought the
 haunts of men,
 And being wedded, in her household
 cares,
 Soon like the elder brother, quite
 forgot
 The little Sheemah and her father's
 charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within
 the lodge,
 Waited and waited, with a shrink-
 ing heart,
 Thinking each rustle was his sister's
 step,
 Till hope grew less and less, and
 then went out,
 And every sound was changed from
 hope to fear.
 Few sounds there were:—the
 dropping of a nut,
 The squirrel's chirrup, and the jay's
 harsh scream,
 Autumn's sad remnants of blithe
 Summer's cheer,
 Heard at long intervals, seemed
 but to make
 The dreadful void of silence
 silter.
 Soon what small store his sister left
 was gone,
 And, through the Autumn he made
 shift to live
 On roots and berries gathered in
 much fear
 Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he
 heard oftentimes,

Hollow and hungry, at the dead of night.
 But Winter came at last, and, when the snow,
 Thick-heaped for gleaming leagues o'er hill and plain,
 Spread its unbroken silence over all,
 Made bold by hunger, he was fain to glean
 (More sick at heart than Ruth and all alone)
 After the harvest of the merciless wolf,
 Grim Boaz, who, sharp-ribbed and gaunt, yet feared
 A thing more wild and starving than himself;
 Till by degrees, the wolf and he grew friends,
 And shared together all the winter through.

Late in the spring, when all the ice was gone,
 The elder brother, fishing in the lake,
 Upon whose edge his father's wigwam stood,
 Heard a low moaning noise upon the shore:
 Half like a child it seemed, half like a wolf,
 And straightway there was something in his heart
 That said, "It is thy brother Sheemah's voice."
 So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he saw,
 Within a little thicket close at hand
 A child that seemed fast changing to a wolf,
 From the neck downward, gray with shaggy hair,
 That still crept on and upward as he looked.
 The face was turned away, but well he knew
 That it was Sheemah's, even his brother's face.
 Then with his trembling hands he hid his eyes,
 And bowed his head so that he might not see
 The first look of his brother's eyes, and cried,

"O Sheemah! O my brother, speak to me!
 Dost thou not know me, that I am thy brother!
 Come to me, little Sheemah, thou shalt dwell
 With me henceforth, and know no care or want!"
 Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
 'Twere hard to summon up a human voice,
 And, when he spake, the sound was of a wolf's:
 "I know thee not, nor art thou what thou say'st;
 I have none other brethren than the wolves,
 And, till thy heart be changed from what it is,
 Thou art not worthy to be called their kin."
 Then groaned the other, with a choking tongue,
 "Alas! my heart is changed right bitterly;
 'Tis shrunk and parched within me even now!"
 And, looking upward fearfully, he saw
 Only a wolf that shrank away and ran,
 Ugly and fierce, to hide among the woods.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain;
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air,
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains,—
 Answer! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free!

Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must
 think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

COLUMBUS.

THE cordage creaks and rattles in
 the wind,
 With whims of sudden hush; the
 reeling sea
 Now thumps like solid rock beneath
 the stern,
 Now leaps with clumsy wrath,
 strikes short, and, falling
 Crumbled to whispering foam, slips
 rustling down
 The broad backs of the waves,
 which jostle and crowd
 To fling themselves upon that un-
 known shore,
 Their used familiar since the dawn
 of time,
 Whither this foredoomed life is
 guided on
 To sway on triumph's hushed,
 aspiring poise
 One glittering moment, then to
 break fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual
 swing,
 The melancholy wash of endless
 waves,
 The sigh of some grim monster un-
 descried,
 Fear-painted on the canvas of the
 dark,
 Shifting on his uneasy pillow of
 brine!
 Yet night brings more companions
 than the day

To this drear waste; new con-
 stellations burn,
 And fairer stars, with whose calm
 height my soul
 Finds nearer sympathy than with
 my herd
 Of earthen souls, whose vision's
 scanty ring
 Makes me its prisoner to beat my
 wings
 Against the cold bars of their unbe-
 lief,
 Knowing in vain my own free
 heaven beyond.
 O God! this world so crammed
 with eager life,
 That comes and goes and wanders
 back to silence
 Like the idle wind, which 'yet
 man's shaping mind
 Can make his drudge to swell the
 longing sails
 Of highest endeavour,—this mad,
 unthrift world,
 Which, every hour, throws life
 enough away
 To make her deserts kind and
 hospitable,
 Lets her great destinies be waved
 aside
 By smooth, lip-reverent, formal in-
 fidels,
 Who weigh the God they believe not
 with gold,
 And find no spot in Judas save that
 he,
 Driving a duller bargain than he
 ought,
 Saddled his guild with too cheap
 precedent.
 O Faith! if thou art strong, thine
 opposite
 Is mighty also, and the dull fool's
 sneer
 Hath ofttimes shot chill palsy
 through the arm
 Just lifted to achieve its crowning
 deed,
 And made the firm-based heart, that
 would have quailed
 The rack or fagot, shudder like a
 leaf
 Wrinkled with frost and loose upon
 its stem.
 The wicked and the weak, by some
 dark law,

Have a strange power to shut and
rivet down
Their own horizon round us, to
unwing
Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to
blur
With surly clouds the Future's
gleaming peaks,
Far seen across the brine of thank-
less years.
If the chosen soul could never be
alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to
God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed
or done ;
Among dull hearts a prophet never
grew ;
The nurse of full-grown souls is
solitude.

The old world is effete ; there
man with man
Jostles, and, in the brawl for means
to live,
Life is trod underfoot,—Life, the
one block
Of marble that's vouchsafed where-
from to carve
Our great thoughts, white and
godlike, to shine down
The future,—Life, the irredeemable
block,
Which one o'er-hasty chisel-dint
oft mars,
Scanting our room to cut the
features out
Of our full hope, so forcing as to
crown
With a mean head the perfect limbs,
or leave
The god's face glowing o'er a satyr's
trunk,
Failure's brief epitaph.

Yes, Europe's world
Reels on to judgment ; there the
common need,
Losing God's sacred use, to be a
bond
'Twixt Me and Thee, sets each one
scowlingly
O'er his own selfish hoard at bay ;
no state,
Knit strongly with eternal fibres up

Of all men's separate and united
weals,
Self-poised and sole as stars, yet
one as light,
Holds up a shape of large Humanity,
To which by natural instinct every
man
Pays loyalty exulting, by which all
Mould their own lives, and feel
their pulses filled
With the red, fiery blood of the
general life,
Making them mighty in peace, as
now in war
They are, even in the flush of vic-
tory, weak,
Conquering that manhood which
should them subdue.
And what gift bring I to this untried
world ?
Shall the same tragedy be played
anew,
And the same lurid curtain drop at
last
On one dread desolation, one fierce
crash
Of that recoil which on its makers
God
Lets Ignorance and Sin and Hunger
make,
Early or late ? Or shall that
commonwealth
Whose potent unity and concentric
force
Can draw these scattered joints and
parts of men
Into a whole ideal man once more,
Which sucks not from its limbs the
life away,
But sends its flood-tide and creates
itself
Over again in every citizen,
Be there built up ? For me, I have
no choice ;
I might turn back to other destinies,
For one sincere key opes all For-
tune's doors ;
But whoso answers not God's
earliest call
Forfeits or dulls that faculty
supreme
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain
of its ends.
Here am I ; for what end God knows,
not I ;

Westward still points the inexorable
soul :
Here am I, with no friend but the
sad sea,
The beating heart of this great
enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen
in swift death ;
This have I mused on, since mine
eye could first
Among the stars distinguish and
with joy
Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the
north,
On some blue promontory of heaven
lighted
That juts far out into the upper sea ;
To this one hope my heart hath
clung for years,
As would a foundling to the talis-
man
Hung round his neck by hands he
knew not whose ;
A poor, vile thing, and dross to all
beside,
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
By the sad pressure of a mother's
hand,
And unto him it still is tremulous
With palpitating haste and wet with
tears,
The key to him of hope and human-
ness,
The coarse shell of life's pearl,
Expectancy.
This hope hath been to me for love
and fame,
Hath made me wholly lonely on the
earth,
Building me up as in a thick-ribbed
tower,
Wherewith enwalled my watching
spirit burned,
Conquering its little island from the
Dark,
Sole as a scholar's lamp, and heard
men's steps,
In the far hurry of the outward
world,
Pass dimly forth and back, sounds
heard in dream.
As Ganymede by the eagle was
snatched up
From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-
bearer,
So was I lifted by my great design :

And who hath trod Olympus, from
his eye
Fades not that broader outlook of
the gods ;
His life's low valleys overbrow
earth's clouds,
And that Olympian spectre of the
past
Looms towering up in sovereign
memory,
Beckoning his soul from meaner
heights of doom.
Had but the shadow of the Thun-
derer's bird,
Flashing athwart my spirit, made of
me
A swift-betraying vision's Gany-
mede,
Yet to have greatly dreamed pre-
cludes low ends ;
Great days have ever such a morn-
ing-red,
On such a base great futures are
built up,
And aspiration, though not put in
act,
Comes back to ask its plighted
troth again,
Still watches round its grave the
unlaid ghost
Of a dead virtue, and makes other
hopes,
Save that implacable one, seem thin
and bleak
As shadows of bare trees upon the
snow,
Bound freezing there by the unpy-
ing moon.

While other youths perplexed their
mandolins,
Praying that Thetis would her fin-
gers twine,
In the loose glories of her lover's
hair,
And wile another kiss to keep
back day,
I, stretched beneath the many-cen-
tured shade
Of some writhed oak, the wood's
Laocoön,
Did of my hope a dryad mistress
make,
Whom I would woo to met me
privily,

Or underneath the stars, or when
the moon
Flecked all the forest floor with
scattered pearls.
O days! whose memory tames to
fawning down
The surly fell of Ocean's bristled
neck!

I know not when this hope en-
thrall'd me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved
to hear
The tall pine-forests of the Apen-
nine
Murmur their hoary legends of the
sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear
beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night
shut down
O'er the huge whisper of great
watery wastes,
The while a pair of herons trail-
ingly
Flapped inland, where some league-
wide river hurled
The yellow spoil of unconjectured
realms
Far through a gulf's green silence,
never scarred
By any but the North-wind's hurrying
keels.
And not the pines alone; all sights
and sounds
To my world-seeking heart paid
fealty,
And catered for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter,
Who in his soft hand crushed a
violet,
Godlike foremusing the rough thun-
der's gripe;
Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing
o'er
That iron bridge the Tuscan built
to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-
chains
Whose adamantine links, his man-
acles,
The western main shook growling,
and still gnawed.
I brooded on the wise Athenian's
tale

Of happy Atlantis, and heard
Björne's keel
Crunch the gray pebbles of the
Vinland shore:
For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central
deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of
things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

Ah me! old hermits sought for
solitude
In caves and desert places of the
earth,
Where their own heart-beat was the
only stir
Of living thing that comforted the
year;
But the bald pillar-top of Simeon,
In midnight's blankest waste, were
populous
Matched with the isolation drear
and deep
Of him who pines among the swarm
of men,
At once a new thought's king and
prisoner,
Feeling the truer life within his life,
The fountain of his spirit's pro-
phesy,
Sinking away and wasting, drop by
drop,
In the ungrateful sands of sceptic
ears.
He in the palace-aisles of untrod
woods
Doth walk a king; for him the
pent-up cell
Widens beyond the circles of the
stars,
And all the sceptered spirits of the
past
Come thronging in to greet him as
their peer;
But in the market-place's glare and
throng
He sits apart, an exile, and his brow
Aches with the mocking memory of
its crown.
But to the spirit select there is no
choice;
He cannot say, This will I do, or
that,
For the cheap means putting
Heaven's ends in pawn,

And battering his bleak rocks, the
 freehold stern
 Of destiny's first-born, for smother
 fields
 That yield no crop of self-denying
 will;
 A hand is stretched to him from out
 the dark,
 Which grasping without question,
 he is led
 Where there is work that he must
 do for God.
 The trial still is the strength's com-
 plement,
 And the uncertain, dizzy path that
 scales
 The sheer heights of supremest
 purposes
 Is steep to the angel than the child.
 Chances have laws as fixed as
 planets have,
 And disappointment's dry and bit-
 ter root,
 Envy's harsh berries, and the chok-
 ing pool
 Of the world's scorn are the right
 mother-milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer
 their kind,
 And break a pathway to those un-
 known realms
 That in the earth's broad shadow lie
 enthralled:
 Endurance is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great
 hearts;
 These are their stay, and when the
 leaden world
 Sets its hard face against their fate-
 ful thought,
 And brute strength, like a scornful
 conqueror,
 Clangs his hugh mace down in the
 other scale,
 The inspired soul but flings his
 patience in,
 And slowly that outweighs the
 ponderous globe,—
 One faith against a whole earth's
 unbelief,
 One soul against the flesh of all
 mankind.
 Thus ever seems it when my soul
 can hear
 The voice that errs not; then my
 triumph gleams,

O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and
 all night
 My heart flies on before me as I
 sail;
 Far on I see my life-long enterprise,
 Which rose like Ganges 'mid the
 freezing snows
 Of a world's solitude, sweep
 broadening down,
 And, gathering to itself a thousand
 streams,
 Grow sacred ere it mingle with the
 sea;
 I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
 With blocks Cyclopean hewn of
 solid night,
 Fade like a wreath of unreturning
 mist
 Before the irreversible feet of
 light,—
 And lo, with what clear omen in
 the east
 On day's gray threshold stands the
 eager dawn,
 Like young Leander rosy from the
 sea
 Glowing at Hero's lattice!

One day more
 These muttering shoal brains leave
 the helm to me:
 God, let me not in their dull ooze
 be stranded;
 Let not this one frail bark, to hol-
 low which
 I have dug out the pith and sinewy
 heart
 Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
 Cast up to warp and blacken in the
 sun,
 Just as the opposing wind 'gins
 whistle off
 His check-swollen pack, and from
 the leaning mast
 Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day!—
 Remember whose and not how short
 it is!
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
 A lavish day! One day, with life
 and heart,
 Is more than time enough to find a
 world.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE
AT HAMBURG.

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas
soared upward to the skies,
Like some huge piece of Nature's
make, the growth of centuries;
You could not deem its crowding
spires a work of human art,
They seemed to struggle lightward
from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks
in crystal or in oak,
Than, through the pious builder's
hand, in that gray pile she
spoke;
And as from acorn springs the oak,
so, freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart this hymn to
God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of
chance, so perfect, yet so rough,
A whim of Nature crystallised
slowly in granite tough;
The thick spires yearned towards
the sky in quaint harmonious
lines,
And in broad sunlight basked and
slept, like a grove of blasted
pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree
lay claim with better right
To all the adorning sympathies of
shadow and of light;
And, in that forest petrified, as
forester there dwells
Stout Herman, the old sacristan,
sole lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire
roared onward red as blood,
Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed
beneath the eddying flood;
For miles away the fiery spray
poured down its deadly rain,
And back and forth the billows
sucked, and paused and burst
again.

From square to square with tiger
leaps panted the lustful fire;
The air to leeward shuddered with
the gasps of its desire;

And church and palace, which even
now stood whelmed but to the
knee,
Lift their black roofs like breakers
lone amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and
watched with quiet look;
His soul had trusted God too long
to be at last forsook;
He could not fear, for surely God a
pathway would unfold
Through this red sea for faithful
hearts, as once He did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself,
or on his good saint call,
Before the sacrilegious flood o'er-
leaped the churchyard wall;
And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid
smoke and crackling glare,
His island tower scarce juts its
head above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak
his heart stood up sublime;
His first thought was for God above,
his next was for his chime:
"Sing now and make your voices
heard in hymns of praise,"
cried he,
"As did the Israelites of old, safe
walking through the sea!"

"Through this red sea our God
hath made the pathway 'safe
to shore;
Our promised land stands full in
sight; shout now as ne'er
before!"

And as the tower came crashing
down, the bells, in clear accord,
Pealed forth the grand old German
hymn,— "All good souls, praise
the Lord!"

THE SOWER.

I SAW a Sower walking slow
Across the earth, from east to
west;
His hair was white as mountain
snow,
His head drooped forward on his
breast,

With shrivelled hands he flung his
seed,
Nor ever turned to look behind;
Of sight or sound he took no heed;
It seemed he was both deaf and
blind.

His dim face showed no soul
beneath,
Yet in my heart I felt a stir,
As if I looked upon the sheath
That once had clasped Excalibur.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung,
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young.

"Then all was wheat without a
tare,
Then all was righteous, fair, and
true;
And I am he whose thoughtful
care
Shall plant the Old World in the
New.

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,
With busy hand, while all men
sleep;
In Europe now, from sea to sea,
The nations bless me as they reap."

Then I looked back along his path,
And heard the clash of steel on
steel
Where man faced man in deadly
wrath,
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying
peal.

The sky with burning towns flared
red,
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,
And brothers' blood, by brothers
shed,
Crept curdling over pavements
cold.

Then marked I how each germ of
truth
Which through the dotard's fingers
ran
Was mated with a dragon's tooth
Whence there sprung up an armed
man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;
Made signs, but these he could not
see;
And still, without a doubt or fear,
Broadcast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears the blast
Brought faintly back the words he
sung:
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was
young."

HUNGER AND COLD.

SISTERS two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
From of old:
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporise;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot
eyes,
Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled;
You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness;
You can visit sans court-dress,
Hunger and Cold!

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows
peer;
Little dream they you are near,
Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,

He reck's not a bloody smutch
 On his gold ;
 Everything to you defers,
 You are potent reasoners,
 At your whisper Treason stirs,
 Hunger and Cold !

Rude comparisons you draw,
 Words refuse to sate your maw,
 Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
 Cannot hold :
 You're not clogged with foolish
 pride,

But can seize a right denied :
 Somehow God is on your side,
 Hunger and Cold !

You respect no hoary wrong
 More for having triumphed long ;
 Its past victims, haggard throng,
 From the mould
 You unbury : swords and spears
 Weaker are than poor men's tears,
 Weaker than your silent years,
 Hunger and Cold !

Let them guard both hall and
 bower ;
 Through the window you will
 glower,
 Patient till your reckoning hour
 Shall be tolled ;
 Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
 Guiltless blood may chance be
 shed,
 But ye must and will be fed,
 Hunger and Cold !

God has plans man must not spoil,
 Some were made to starve and toil,
 Some to share the wine and oil,
 We are told :
 Devil's theories are these,
 Stifling hope and love and peace,
 Framed your hideous lusts to
 please,
 Hunger and Cold !

Scatter ashes on thy head,
 Tears of burning sorrow shed,
 Earth ! and be by Pity led
 To Love's fold ;
 Ere they block the very door
 With lean corpses of the poor,
 And will hush for naught but gore,
 Hunger and Cold !

1844.

THE LANDLORD.

WHAT boot your houses and your
 lands ?

In spite of close-drawn deed and
 fence,
 Like water 'twixt your cheated
 hands,
 They slip into the graveyard's
 sands,
 And mock your ownership's
 pretence.

How shall you speak to urge your
 right,
 Choked with that soil for which
 you lust ?
 The bit of clay, for whose delight
 You grasp, is mortgaged, too ;
 Death might
 Foreclose this very day in dust.

Fence as you please, this plain
 poor man,
 Whose only fields are in his wit,
 Who shapes the world, as best he
 can,
 According to God's higher plan,
 Owns you, and fences as is fit.

Though yours the rents, his incomes
 wax
 By right of eminent domain ;
 From factory tall to woodman's axe,
 All things on earth must pay their
 tax,
 To feed his hungry heart and
 brain.

He takes you from your easy-chair,
 And what he plans that you
 must do ;
 You sleep in down, eat dainty
 fare,—
 He mounts his crazy garret-stair
 And starves, the landlord over
 you.

Feeding the clods your idlesse
 drains,
 You make more green six feet of
 soil ;
 His fruitful word, like suns and
 rains,

Partakes the seasons' bounteous
pains,
And toils to lighten human toil.
Your lands, with force or cunning
got,
Shrink to the measure of the
grave;
But Death himself abridges not
The tenures of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

TO A PINE-TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance
and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands
thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in
the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'er-
maddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy
branches;
Thy heart with the terror is
gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread ava-
lanches,
When whole mountains swoop
valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the
valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings
implored,
Like an old king led forth from his
palace,
When his people to battle are
pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy
gloom
Thou dost sing of wild billows in
motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their
booming
In the tents of the Arabs of
ocean,
Whose finned isles are their
cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his
lyre,

With mad hand crashing melody
frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty
desire
To leap down on the eager
Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his
playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in
thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent
under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his
haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the
fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy
green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past
number!
The snowflakes alone make thee
hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches
in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendour
of winter,
'Mid thy snow-silvered hushed
precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan
and splinter,
And then plunge down the
muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of
summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas
of forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud
murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem,
who towerest
From thy bleak throne to
heaven.

SI DESCENDERO IN INFER-
NUM, ADES.

OH, wandering dim on the ex-
tremest edge
Of God's bright providence,
whose spirits sigh

Drearily in you, like the winter
 sedge
 That shivers o'er the dead pool
 stiff and dry,
 A thin, sad voice, when the bold
 wind roars by
 From the clear North of
 Duty,—

Still by cracked arch and broken
 shaft I trace
 That here was once a shrine and
 holy place
 Of the supernal Beauty,—
 A child's play-altar reared of
 stones and moss,
 With wilted flowers for offering
 laid across,
 Mute recognition of the all-ruling
 Grace.

How far are ye from the innocent,
 from those
 Whose hearts are as a little lane
 serene,
 Smooth-heaped from wall to wall
 with unbroke snows,
 Or in the summer blithe with
 lamb-cropped green,
 Save the one track, where naught
 more rude is seen
 Than the plump wain at even
 Bringing home four months' sun-
 shine bound in sheaves!—

How far are ye from those! yet
 who believes
 That ye can shut out heaven!
 Your souls partake its influence,
 not in vain
 Nor all unconscious, as that
 silent lane
 Its drift of noiseless apple-blooms
 receives.

Looking within myself, I note how
 thin
 A plank of station, chance, or
 prosperous fate,
 Doth fence me from the clutching
 waves of sin;
 In my own heart I find the worst
 man's mate,
 And see not dimly the smooth-
 hinged gate
 That opes to those abysses
 Where ye grope darkly,—ye who
 never knew

On your young hearts love's con-
 secrating dew,
 Or felt a mother's kisses,
 Or home's restraining tendrils
 round you curled;
 Ah! side by side with heart's
 ease in this world
 The fatal nightshade grows and
 bitter rue!

One band ye cannot break,—the
 force that clips
 And grasps your circles to the
 central light;
 Yours is the prodigal comet's long
 ellipse,
 Self-exiled to the farthest verge
 of night;
 Yet strives with you no less that
 inward might
 No sin hath e'er imbruted;
 The god in you the creed-dimmed
 eye eludes;
 The Law brooks not to have its
 solitudes
 By bigot feet polluted;—
 Yet they who watch your God-
 compelled return
 May see your happy perihelion
 burn
 Where the calm sun his unfledged
 planets broods.

TO THE PAST.

WONDROUS and awful are thy
 silent halls,
 O kingdom of the past!
 There lie the bygone ages in their
 palls,
 Guarded by shadows vast;
 There all is hushed and breath-
 less,
 Save when some image of old error
 falls
 Earth worshipped once as death-
 less.
 There sits drear Egypt, 'mid be-
 leaguering sands,
 Half woman and half beast,
 The burnt-out torch within her
 mouldering hands
 That once lit all the East;

A dotard bleared and hoary,
There Asser crouches o'er the
blackened brands
Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the
sea

Thy courts and temples stand;
Idle as forms on wind-waved
tapestry

Of saints and heroes grand,
Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
Or watch the loose shores crum-
bling silently
Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank
and dun,

Of their old godhead lorn,
Gaze on the embers of the sunken
sun,

Which they misdeem for morn;
And yet the eternal sorrow
In their unmonarched eyes says
day is done
Without the hope of morrow.

O realm of silence and of swart
eclipse,

The shapes that haunt thy
gloom

Make signs to us and move their
withered lips

Across the gulf of doom;
Yet all their sound and motion
Bring no more freight to us than
wraiths of ships
On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wan-
dereth

From out thy desolate halls,
If some grim shadow of thy living
death

Across our sunshine falls
And scares the world to error,
The eternal life sends forth melo-
dious breath
To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clamours, wars, and
world-noised deeds,

Are silent now in dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling
reeds

Beneath some sudden gust;

Thy forms and creeds have van-
ished,
Tossed out to wither like unsightly
weeds
From the world's garden ban-
ished.

Whatever of true life there was in
thee

Leaps in our age's veins;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled
empyry,

And shake thine idle chains;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy pro-
phets see,
Thy poets still are singing.

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our
strife and care,

Float the green Fortunate Isles,
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell,
and share

Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and
fair
That made the old time splendid.

TO THE FUTURE.

O LAND of Promise! from what
Pisgah's height

Can I behold thy stretch of peace-
ful bowers,

Thy golden harvests flowing out of
sight,

Thy nestled homes and sun-illu-
mined towers?

Gazing upon the sunset's high-
heaped gold,

Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that
unfold

Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems
to heaven,

Sometimes a glimpse is given
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy
more unstinted blisses.

O Land of Quiet! to thy shore the
surf

Of the perturbed Present rolls
and sleeps;

Our storms breathe soft as June
 upon thy turf
 And lure out blossoms ; to thy
 bosom leaps,
 As to a mother's, the o'erwearied
 heart,
 Hearing far off and dim the toiling
 mart,
 The hurrying feet, the curses
 without number,
 And, circled with the glow
 Elysian
 Of thine exulting vision,
 Out of its very cares woos charms
 for peace and slumber.

To thee the earth lifts up her
 fettered hands
 And cries for vengeance ; with a
 pitying smile
 Thou blestest her, and she forgets
 her bands,
 And her old woe-worn face a
 little while
 Grows young and noble ; unto thee
 the Oppressor
 Looks, and is dumb with awe ;
 The eternal law,
 Which makes the crime its own
 blindfold redresser,
 Shadows his heart with perilous
 foreboding,
 And he can see the grim-eyed
 Doom
 From out the trembling gloom
 Its silent-footed steeds towards his
 palace goading.

What promises hast thou for Poets'
 eyes,
 Aweary of the turmoil and the
 wrong !
 To all their hopes what overjoyed
 replies ;
 What undreamed ecstasies for
 blissful song !
 Thy happy plains no war-trump's
 brawling clangour
 Disturbs, and fools the poor to
 hate the poor ;
 The humble glares not on the high
 with anger ;
 Love leaves no grudge at less, no
 greed for more ;
 In vain strives Self the godlike
 sense to smother ;

From the soul's deeps
 It throbs and leaps ;
 The noble 'neath foul rags beholds
 his long-lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and
 his fires
 Unlock their fangs and leave his
 spirit free ;
 To thee the Poet 'mid his toil
 aspires,
 And grief and hunger climb about
 his knee,
 Welcome as children ; thou up-
 holdest
 The lone Inventor by his demon
 haunted ;
 The Prophet cries to thee when
 hearts are coldest,
 And gazing o'er the midnight's
 bleak abyss,
 Sees the drowsed soul awaken
 at thy kiss,
 And stretch its happy arms and
 leap up disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so
 loving-kindly
 The guilty thinks it pity ; taught
 by thee,
 Fierce tyrants drop the scourges
 wherewith blindly
 Their own souls they were scar-
 ring ; conquerors see
 With horror in their hands the ac-
 cursed spear
 That tore the meek One's side on
 Calvary,
 And from their trophies shrink
 with ghastly fear ;
 Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
 The beauty of man's soul to
 man revealing ;
 The arrows from thy quiver
 Pierce Error's guilty heart, but
 only pierce for healing.

Oh, whither, whither, glory-winged
 dreams,
 From out Life's sweat and tur-
 moil would ye bear me ?
 Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden
 gleams, —
 This agony of hopeless contrast
 spare me !

Fade, cheating glow, and leave me
to my night!
He is a coward who would bor-
row
A charm against the present
sorrow
From the vague Future's promise
of delight:
As life's alarms nearer roll,
The ancestral buckler calls,
Self-clanging, from the walls
In the high temple of the soul;
Where are most sorrows, there the
Poet's sphere is,
To feed the soul with patience,
To heal its desolations
With words of unshorn truth, with
love that never wearies.

HEBE.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descend-
ing;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley
bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching
bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed
grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned
o'er me;
The long-sought secret's golden
gates
On musical hinges swung before
me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her
grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a
lover
I sprang the proffered life to
clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage
up;
What boots it patch the goblet's
splinters?

Can Summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but
Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the
gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Pa-
tience;
Haste scatters on unthankful
sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that
woo,
And shuns the hands would seize
upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honour.

THE SEARCH.

I WENT to seek for Christ,
And Nature seemed so fair
That first the woods and fields my
youth enticed,
And I was sure to find Him
there:

The temple I forsook,
And to the solitude
Allegiance paid; but Winter came
and shook

The crown and purple from
my wood;
His snows, like desert sands, with
scornful drift,

Besieged the columned aisle and
palace gate;

My Thebes, cut deep with many a
solemn rift,

But epitaphed her own sepul-
chred state:

Then I remembered whom I went
to seek,

And blessed blunt Winter for his
counsel bleak.

Back to the world I turned,
For Christ, I said, is King;
So the cramped alley and the hut
I spurned,

As far beneath His sojourning:
'Mid power and wealth I
sought,

But found no trace of Him,

And all the costly offerings I had
brought
With sudden rust and mould
grew dim :
I found His tomb, indeed, where,
by their laws,
All must on stated days them-
selves imprison,
Mocking with bread a dead creed's
grinning jaws,
Witless how long the life had
thence arisen ;
Due sacrifice to this they set apart,
Prizing it more than Christ's own
living heart.

So from my feet the dust
Of the proud World I shook ;
Then came dear Love and shared
with me his crust,
And half my sorrow's burden
took.
After the World's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seemed Love's coarse
pillow to my head,
His cheap food seemed as manna
rare ;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and
bleeding feet,
Turned to the heedless city
whence I came,
Hard by I saw, and springs of
worship sweet
Gushed from my cleft heart,
smitten by the same ;
Love looked me in the face and
spake no words,
But straight I knew those foot-
prints were the Lord's.

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With naught to fence the weather
from his head,
The King I sought for meekly
stood ;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round His gracious
knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked
up and smiled
To bless the smile that set him
free ;
New miracles I saw His presence
do,—

No more I knew the hovel bare
and poor,
The gathered chips into a woodpile
grew,
The broken morsel swelled to
goodly store ;
I knelt and wept : my Christ no
more I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and
the weak.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom,
through the broad earth's aching
breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as
the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace
shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages
wrings earth's systems to and
fro ;
At the birth of each new Era, with
a recognising start,
Nation wildly looks at nation,
standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier
man-child leaps beneath the
Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth,
with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the
sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earth-
ward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied,
delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and
an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
the swift flash of right or
wrong ;

Whether conscious or unconscious,
yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
feels the gush of joy or
shame;—

In the gain or loss of one race all
the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation
comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with False-
hood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new
Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand,
and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by for ever
'twixt that darkness and that
light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people,
on whose party thou shalt
stand,

Ere the Doom from its worn san-
dals shakes the dust against
our land?

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast
now, I see around her throng

Troops of beautiful tall angels, to
enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and
the beacon-moments see,

That, like peaks of some sunk con-
tinent, jut through Oblivion's
sea;

Not an ear in court or market for
the low foreboding cry

Of those Crises, God's stern win-
nowers, from whose feet earth's
chaff must fly;

Never shows the choice momentous
till the judgment hath passed
by.

Careless seems the great Avenger;
history's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness
'twixt old systems and the
Word;

Truth for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne—

Yet that scaffold sways the future,
and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the Present what
is small and what is great,

Slow of faith how weak an arm
may turn the iron helm of fate,

But the soul is still oracular; amid
the market's din,

List the ominous stern whisper
from the Delphic cave within—

“They enslave their children's
children who make compromise
with sin.”

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops,
fellest of the giant brood,

Sons of brutish Force and Dark-
ness, who have drenched the
earth with blood,

Famished in his self-made desert
blinded by our purer day

Groges in yet unblasted regions
for his miserable prey:—

Shall we guide his gory fingers
where our helpless children
play?

Then to side with Truth is noble
when we share her wretched
crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses,
while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till
his Lord is crucified,

And the multitude make virtue of
the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes.
—they were souls that stood
alone,

While the men they agonised for
hurled the contumelious stone,

Stood serene, and down the future
saw the golden beam incline

To the side of perfect justice,
mastered by their faith divine,

By one man's plain truth to man-
hood and to God's supreme
design.

By the light of burning heretics
 Christ's bleeding feet I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with
 the cross that turns not back.
 And these mounts of anguish
 number how each generation
 learned

One new word of that grand *Credo*
 which in prophet-hearts hath
 burned

Since the first man stood God-con-
 quered with his face to heaven
 upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward:
 where to-day the martyr
 stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas
 with the silver in his hands;

Far in front the cross stands ready
 and the crackling fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday
 in silent awe return

To glean up the scattered ashes into
 History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit
 the idle slaves

Of a legendary virtue carved upon
 our fathers' graves,

Worshippers of light ancestral
 make the present light a
 crime;—

Was the Mayflower launched by
 cowards, steered by men be-
 hind their time?

Turn those tracks toward Past or
 Future that make Plymouth
 Rock sublime?

They were men of present valour,
 stalwart old iconoclasts,

Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that
 all virtue was the Past's;

But we make their truth our false-
 hood, thinking that hath made
 us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments,
 while our tender spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Im-
 pulse which drove them across
 the sea.

They have rights who dare main-
 tain them; we are traitors to
 our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes
 Freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
 Shall we make their creed our
 jailer? Shall we, in our haste
 to slay,

From the tombs of the old pro-
 phet's steal the funeral lamps
 away

To light up the martyr-fagots round
 the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties;
 Time makes ancient good un-
 couth;

They must upward still, and on-
 ward, who would keep abreast
 of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
 we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer
 boldly through the desperate
 winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal
 with the Past's blood-rusted
 key.

December, 1845.

AN INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE.

WHAT visionary tints the year
 puts on

When falling leaves falter
 through motionless air

Or numbly cling and shiver
 to be gone!

How shimmer the low flats and
 pastures bare,

As with her nectar Hebe
 Autumn fills

The bowl between me and
 those distant hills,

And smiles and shakes abroad her
 misty, tremulous hair!

No more the landscape holds
 its wealth apart,

Making me poorer in my poverty,
 But mingles with my senses

and my heart;

My own projected spirit seems
 to me

In her own reverie the world
 to steep;

'Tis she that waves to sympathetic sleep,
Moving, as she is moved, each field
and hill and tree.

How fuse and mix, with what
unfelt degrees,
Clasped by the faint horizon's
languid arms,
Each into each, the hazy distances:
The softened season all the landscape charms;
Those hills, my native village
that embay,
In waves of dreamier purple
roll away,
And floating in mirage seem all the
glimmering farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden
chickadee
Close at my side; far distant
sound the leaves;
The fields seem fields of dream,
where Memory
Wanders like gleaning Ruth;
and as the sheaves
Of wheat and barley wavered
in the eye
Of Boaz as the maiden's glow
went by,
So tremble and seem remote all
things the sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that
tells of scattered corn,
Passed breezily on by all his flapping
mates,
Faint and more faint, from
barn to barn is borne
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's
Straits:
Dimly I catch the throb of
distant flails;
Silently overhead the hen-hawk
sails,
With watchful, measuring eye, and
for his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent
now,
Seeks cedar-berries blue, his
autumn cheer;
The squirrel on the shingly
shag-bark's bough

Now saws, now lists with downward
eye and ear,
Then drops his nut, and, with
a chipping bound,
Whisks to his winding fastness
underground;
The clouds like swans drift down
the streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed
cedar shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss;
the ploughman's call
Creeps faint as smoke from
black, fresh-furrowed meadows;
The single crow a single caw lets
fall;
And all around me every bush
and tree
Says Autumn's here and Winter
soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep
and silence over all.

The birch, most shy and lady-like
of trees,
Her poverty as best she may
retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities
With some saved relics of her
wealth of leaves;
The swamp-oak, with his royal
purple on,
Glazes red as blood across the
sinking sun,
As one who prouder to a falling
fortune cleaves.

He looks a sachem, in red
blanket wrapt,
Who 'mid some council of the
sad-garbed whites,
Erect and stern, in his own
memories lapt,
With distant eye broods over
other sights,
Sees the hushed wood the city's
flare replace,
The wounded turf heal o'er the
railway's trace,
And roams the savage Past of his
undwindled rights.

The red-oak, softer grained,
yields all for lost,
And, with his crumpled foliage
stiff and dry,
After the first betrayal of the
frost,
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting
sky ;
The chestnuts, lavish of their
long-hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared
now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded
'neath her favouring eye.

The ash her purple drops for-
givingly
And sadly, breaking not the
general hush ;
The maple-swamps glow like a
sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its sepa-
rate flush ;
All round the wood's edge
creeps the skirting blaze
Of bushes low, as when, on
cloudy days,
Ere the rain falls, the cautious
farmer burns his brush.

O'er yon low wall, which
guards one unkempt zone,
Where vines and weeds and
scrub-oaks intertwine,
Safe from the plough, whose
rough, discordant stone
Is massed to one soft gray by
lichens fine,
The tangled blackberry, crossed
and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensan-
guined leaves ;
Hard by, with coral beads, the
prim black alders shine.

Pillaring with flame this
crumbling boundary,
Whose loose blocks topple 'neath
the ploughboy's foot,
Who, with each sense shut
fast except the eye,
Creeps close and scares the jay
he hoped to shoot,
The woodbine up the elm's
straight stem aspires,

Coiling it, harmless, with
autumnal fires ;
In the ivy's paler blaze the martyr
oak stands mute.

Below, the Charles—a stripe
of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees,
between
Whose gaps the misplaced sail
sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a
woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his
next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland
pond—
Slips seaward silently through
marshes purple and green.

Dear marshes! vain to him
the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various
incomes share,
From every season drawn, of
shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels
brown and bare ;
Each change of storm or sun-
shine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still
works her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad
expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run
with glimmering feet :
Here, yellower stripes track
out the creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hid-
den ditches meet ;
And purpler stains show where
the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a
cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the
next breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's
slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the
drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-
entangling sedge ;
Through emerald glooms the
lingering waters slide,

Or, sometimes wavering, throw
back the sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies
melt and run
Of dimpling light, and with the
current seem to glide.

In Summer 'tis a blithesome
sight to see,
As, step by step, with measured
swing, they pass,
The wide-ranked mowers
wading to the knee,
Their sharp scythes panting
through the thick-set grass;
Then, stretched beneath a
rick's shade in a ring,
Their nooning take, while one
begins to sing
A stave that droops and dies 'neath
the close sky of brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-
care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid-
quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's
tremulous brink,
And 'twixt the winrows most
demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business,
who provides
For his brown mate and fledg-
lings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a
farmer 'mid his crops.

Another change subdues them
in the Fall,
But saddens not; they still show
merrier tints,
Though sober russet seems to
cover all;
When the first sunshine through
their dewdrops glints,
Look how the yellow clearness,
streamed across,
Redeems with rarer hues the
season's loss,
As Dawn's feet there had touched
and left their rosy prints.

Or come when sunset gives its
freshened zest,

Lean o'er the bridge and let the
ruddy thrill,
While the shorn sun swells
down the hazy west,
Glow opposite;—the marshes
drink their fill
And swoon with purple veins,
then slowly fade
Through pink to brown, as
eastward moves the shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep,
of Simond's darkening hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter
wholly shuts,
Ere through the first dry snow
the runner grates,
And the loath cart-wheel
screams in slippery ruts,
While firmer ice the eager boy
awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap
beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with
his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off
his new-bought skates;—

Then, every morn, the river's
banks shine bright
With smooth plate-armour,
treacherous and frail,
By the frost's clinking ham-
mers forged at night,
'Gainst which the lauces of the
sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the
day
When guiltier arms in light
shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed,
• loosed from war's cramping
mail.

And now those waterfalls the
ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either
side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-
sparred grots they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the
sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue
the far-heard crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily
below,

Suddenly drops the gull and breaks
the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying
seasons three,
Their winter halo hath a fuller
ring;
This glory seems to rest im-
movably,—
The others were too fleet and
vanishing;
When the hid tide is at its
highest flow,
O'er marsh and stream one
breathless trance of snow
With brooding fulness awes and
hushes everything.

The sunshine seems blown off
by the bleak wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by
day;
Gropes to the sea the river
dumb and blind;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched
by the storm in play,
Show pearly breakers combing
o'er their lee,
White crests as of some just
enchanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and
hanging poised midway.

But when the eastern blow,
with rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies green
and rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds
of billows gaunt,
And the roused Charles re-
members in his veins
Old Ocean's blood and snaps
his gyves of frost,
That tyrannous silence on the
shores is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling
desolation reigns.

Edgewise or flat, in Druid-like
device,
With leaden pools between or
gullies bare,
The blocks lie strewn, a bleak
Stonehenge of ice;
No life, no sound, to break the
grim despair,

Save sullen plunge, as through
the sedges stiff
Down crackles riverward some
thaw-sapped cliff,
Or when the close-wedged fields of
ice crunch here and there.

But let me turn from fancy-pic-
tured scenes
To that whose pastoral calm before
me lies:
Here nothing harsh or rugged
intervenes;
The early evening with her misty
dyes
Smooths off the ravelled edges
of the nigh,
Relieves the distant with her
cooler sky,
And tones the landscape down, and
soothes the wearied eyes.

There gleams my native village,
dear to me,
Though higher change's waves
each day are seen,
Whelming fields famed in boy-
hood's history,
Sanding with houses the dim-
inished green;
There, in red brick, which soft-
ening Time defies,
Stand square and stiff the
Muses' factories;—
How with my life knit up is every
well-known scene!

Flow on, dear river! not alone
you flow
To outward sight, and through
your marshes wind;
Fed from the mystic springs of
long-ago,
Your twin flows silent through
my world of mind;
Grow dim, dear marshes in the
evening's gray!
Before my inner sight ye stretch
away,
And will forever, though these
fleshly eyes grow blind.

Beyond the hillock's house-be-
spotted swell,
Where Gothic chapels house the
horse and chaise,

Where quiet cits in Grecian
temples dwell,
Where Coptic tombs resound with
prayer and praise,
Where dust and mud the equal
year divide,
There gentle Allston lived, and
wrought, and died,
Transfiguring street and shop with
his illumined gaze.

Virgilium vidi tantum,—I have
seen

But as a boy, who looks alike on all,
That misty hair, that fine
Undine-like mien,
Tremulous as down to feeling's
faintest call;—
Ah, dear old homestead!
count it to thy fame
That thither many times the
Painter came;—
One elm yet bears his name, a
feathery tree and tall.

Swiftly the present fades in
memory's glow,—
Our only sure possession is the
past;
The village blacksmith died a
month ago,
And dim to me the forge's roaring
blast;
Soon fire-new mediævals we
shall see
Oust the black smithy from its
chestnut-tree,
And that hewn down, perhaps, the
beehive green and vast.

How many times, prouder than
king on throne,
Loosed from the village school-
dame's A's and B's,
Panting have I the creaking
bellows blown,
And watched the pent volcano's
red increase,
Then paused to see the ponder-
ous sledge, brought down
By that hard arm voluminous
and brown,
From the white iron swarm its
golden vanishing bees.

Dear native town! whose chok-
ing elms each year
With eddying dust before their
time turn gray,
Pining for rain,—to me thy dust
is dear;
It glorifies the eve of summer day,
And when the westering sun
half sunken burns,
The mote-thick air to deepest
orange turns,
The westward horseman rides thro'
clouds of gold away,

So palpable, I've seen those un-
shorn few,
The six old willows at the causey's
end
(Such trees Paul Potter never
dreamed nor drew),
Through this dry mist their check-
ering shadows send,
Striped, here and there, with
many a long-drawn thread,
Where streamed through leafy
chinks the trembling red,
Past which, in one bright trail, the
hangbird's flashes blend.

Yes, dearer far thy dust than
all that e'er,
Beneath the awarded crown of
victory,
Gilded the blown Olympic
charioteer;
Though lightly prized the rib-
boned parchments three,
Yet *collegisse juvat*, I am glad
That here what colleging was
mine I had,—
It linked another tie, dear native
town, with thee!

Nearer art thou than simply
native earth,
My dust with thine concedes a
deeper tie;
A closer claim thy soil may well
put forth,
Something of kindred more than
sympathy;
For in thy bounds I reverently
laid away
That blinding anguish of for-
saken clay,
That title I seemed to have in earth
and sea and sky,

That portion of my life more
 choice to me
 (Though brief, yet in itself so
 round and whole)
 Than all the imperfect residue
 can be ;—
 The Artist saw his statue of the
 soul
 Was perfect ; so, with one re-
 gretful stroke,
 The earthen model into frag-
 ments broke,
 And without her the impoverished
 seasons roll.

THE GROWTH OF THE LEGEND.

A FRAGMENT.

A LEGEND that grew in the forest's
 hush
 Slowly as tear-drops gather and gush,
 When a word some poet chanced to
 say
 Ages ago, in his careless way,
 Brings our youth back to us out of
 its shroud
 Clearly as under yon thunder-cloud
 I see that white sea-gull. It grew
 and grew,
 From the pine-trees gathering a
 sombre hue,
 Till it seems a mere murmur out of
 the vast
 Norwegian forests of the past ;
 And it grew itself like a true North-
 ern pine,
 First a little slender line,
 Like a mermaid's green eyelash, and
 then anon
 A stem that a tower might rest
 upon,
 Standing spear-straight in the
 waist-deep moss,
 Its bony roots clutching around and
 across,
 As if they would tear up earth's
 heart in their grasp
 Ere the storm should uproot them
 or make them unclasp ;
 Its cloudy boughs singing, as suit-
 eth the pine,
 To shrunk snow-bearded sea-kings
 old songs of the brine,

Till they straightened and let their
 staves fell to the floor,
 Hearing waves moan again on the
 perilous shore
 Of Vinland, perhaps, while their
 prow groped its way
 'Twixt the frothed gnashing tusks
 of some ship-crunching bay.

So, pine-like, the legend grew,
 strong-limbed and tall,
 As the Gypsy child grows that eats
 crusts in the hall ;
 It sucked the whole strength of
 the earth and the sky,
 Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter, all
 brought it supply ;
 'Twas a natural growth, and stood
 fearlessly there,
 True part of the landscape as sea,
 land, and air ;
 For it grew in good times, ere the
 fashion it was
 To force these wild births of the
 woods under glass,
 And so, if 'tis told as it should be
 told,
 Though 'twere sung under Venice's
 moonlight of gold,
 You would hear the old voice of its
 mother, the pine,
 Murmur sealike and northern
 through every line,
 And the verses should grow, self-
 sustained and free,
 Round the vibrating stem of the
 melody.
 Like the lithe moonlit limbs of the
 parent tree.

Yes, the pine is the mother of
 legends ; what food
 For their grim roots is left when
 the thousand-year'd wood,
 The dim-aisled cathedral whose
 tall arches spring
 Light, sinewy, graceful, firm-set as
 the wing
 From Michael's white shoulder, is
 hewn and defaced
 By iconoclast axes in desperate
 waste,
 And its wrecks seek the ocean it
 prophesied long,
 Cassandra-like, crooning its mys-
 tical song ?

Then the legends go with them,—
 even yet on the sea
 A wild virtue is left in the touch
 of the tree,
 And the sailor's night-watches are
 thrilled to the core
 With the lineal offspring of Odin
 and Thor.

Yes, wherever the pine-wood has
 never let in,
 Since the day of creation, the light
 and the din
 Of manifold life, but has safely con-
 veyed
 From the midnight primeval its
 armful of shade,
 And has kept the weird Past with
 its sagas alive
 'Mid the hum and the stir of To-
 day's busy hive,
 There the legend takes root in the
 age-gathered gloom,
 And its murmurous boughs for
 their sagas find room.

Where Aroostook, far-heard, seems
 to sob as he goes
 Groping down to the sea 'neath his
 mountainous snows;
 Where the lake's froze Sahara of
 never-tracked white,
 When the crack shoots across it,
 complains to the night
 With a long, lonely moan, that
 leagues northward is lost,
 As the ice shrinks away from the
 tread of the frost;
 Where the lumberers sit by the
 log-fires that throw
 Their own threatening shadows far
 round o'er the snow,
 When the wolf howls aloof, and
 the wavering glare
 Flashes out from the blackness the
 eyes of the bear,
 When the wood's huge recesses,
 half-lighted, supply
 A canvas where Fancy her mad
 brush may try,
 Blotting in giant Horrors that
 venture not down
 Through the right-angled streets of
 the brisk, whitewashed town,

But skulk in the depths of the
 measureless wood
 'Mid the Dark's creeping whispers
 that curdle the blood,
 When the eye, glanced in dread
 o'er the shoulder, may dream,
 Ere it shrinks to the camp-fire's
 companioning gleam,
 That it saw the fierce ghost of the
 Red Man crouch back
 To the shroud of the tree-trunk's
 invincible black;—
 There the old shapes crowd thick
 round the pine-shadowed camp,
 Which shun the keen gleam of the
 scholarly lamp,
 And the seed of the legend finds
 true Norland ground,
 While the border-tale's told and
 the canteen flits round.

A CONTRAST.

THY love thou sentest oft to me,
 And still as oft I thrust it back;
 Thy messengers I could not see
 In those who everything did lack,
 The poor, the outcast, and the
 black,

Pride held his hand before mine
 eyes,
 The world with flattery stuffed
 mine ears;
 I looked to see a monarch's guise,
 Nor dreamed thy love would
 knock for years,
 Poor, naked, fettered, full of
 tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
 Thou with a smile didst take it in,
 And entertain'dst it royally,
 Though grimed with earth, with
 hunger thin,
 And leprous with the taint of
 sin.

Now every day thy love I meet,
 As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
 With weary step and bleeding feet,
 Still knocking at the heart of
 pride
 And offering grace, though still
 denied.

EXTREME UNCTION.

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul
would be

Alone with the consoler, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will
see

This crumbling clay yield up its
breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper
stains

Than holy oil can cleanse away,
Hands that have plucked the
world's coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers
of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray
eyes

Some faith from youth's tradi-
tions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dust-
ward dries
Has been a heart once, has been
young;

On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme
commands.

But look! whose shadows block
the door?

Who are those two that stand
aloof?

See! on my hands this freshening
gore

Writes o'er again its crimson
proof!

My looked-for death-bed guests are
met;

There my dead Youth doth wring
its hands,

And there, with eyes that goad me
yet,

The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and
says,

"I gave thee the great gift of
life;

Wast thou not called in many
ways?

Are not my earth and heaven at
strife?

I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-
fold?"

Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is
gold"?

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly
grows,

Than I with every brother-man:
Now here I gasp; what lose my
kind,

When this fast ebbing breath
shall part?

What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad
heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the
earth

Without a place to lay his head;
He found free welcome at my
hearth,

He shared my cup and broke my
bread:

Now, when I hear those steps sub-
lime,

That bring the other world to
this,

My snake-turned nature, sunk in
slime,

Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall
be,"

And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;

He sunned me with His ripening
looks,

And Heaven's rich instincts in
me grew,

As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them
blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for four-
score years

A spark of the eternal God;

And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses
given?

Heaven's light hath but revealed a
track
Whereby to crawl away from
heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose
night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious
hold
The keys of darkness and of
morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open
set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness
yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here
below
Grope shuddering at the gates
of night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast
mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise
again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-
stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

THE OAK.

WHAT gnarlèd stretch, what depth
of shade, is his!
There needs no crown to mark
the forest's king:
How in his leaves outshines full
summer's bliss!
Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him
their tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant
royalty

Accepts, as overpayeth what is
lent;
All nature seems his vassal proud
to be,
And cunning only for his orna-
ment.
How towers he, too, amid the
billowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the
summer's throne,
Whose plain, uncinctured front
more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier
leaves are flown.
His boughs make music of the
winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some
cathedral front
Where clinging snow-flakes with
quaint art repair
The dints and furrows of time's
envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the
rude March wind
Persuade to seem glad breaths of
summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would
be unkind,
To swell his revenues with proud
increase!
He is the gem; and all the land-
scape wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the
sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless
all beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen
thence.

So, from oft converse with life's
wintry gales,
Should man learn how to clasp
with tougher roots
The inspiring earth; how other-
wise avails
The leaf-creating sap that sun-
ward shoots?
So every year that falls with noise-
less flake
Should fill old scars up on the
stormward side,
And make hoar age revered for
age's sake,
Not for traditions of youth's
leafy pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a
churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of
sturdier growth;
So between earth and heaven stand
simply great,
That these shall seem but their
attendants both;
For nature's forces with obedient
zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and
oaken will,
As quickly the pretender's cheat
they feel,
And turn mad Pucks to flout
and mock him still.

Lord! all Thy works are lessons;
each contains
Some emblem of man's all-con-
taining soul;
Shall he make fruitless all Thy
glorious pains,
Delving within Thy grace an eye-
less mole?
Make me the least of Thy Dodona
grove,
Cause me some message of Thy
truth to bring;
Speak but a word through me, nor
let Thy love
Among my boughs disdain to
perch and sing.

AMBROSE.

NEVER surely was holier man
Than Ambrose since the world
began;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the
father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings
oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax
made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watch-
ings long
He sought to know 'tween right
and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed
Word
To make it yield the sense of the
Lord,

That he might build a storm-proof
creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord*
thus saith :
To himself he fitted the doorway's
size,
Meted the light to the need of his
eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward
sign,
That the work of his fingers was
divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those
shall die
The eternal death who believe not
as I ;"
And some were boiled, some
burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his
heart's desire,
For the good of men's souls, might
be satisfied
By the drawing of all to the
righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking
the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a
tree;
It had never been granted him to
see
So shining a face, and the good
man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe
as he ought.

So he set himself by the young
man's side,
And the state of his soul with
questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was
hardened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one
true creed;
And the spirit of Ambrose waxed
sore to find
Such face the porch of so narrow
a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that answers his own
desire,

So each," said the youth, "in the
law shall find
The figure and features of his
mind;
And to each in His mercy hath God
allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with
zeal
And holy wrath for the young
man's weal;
"Believest thou then, most
wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a dividual essence in
truth?
I fear me thy heart is too cramped
with sin
To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them
where they stood
A fountain of waters sweet and
good;
The youth to the streamlet's brink
drew near
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of
creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the
brook.

"As into these vessels the water I
pour,
There shall one hold less, another
more,
And the water unchanged, in every
case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make
through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water
of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood
alone,
The youth and the stream and the
vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of hum-
bled grace,
He had talked with an angel face
to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the
tree.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O DWELLERS in the valley-land,
Who in deep twilight grope and
cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal
hour,
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle
too?
That light dare not o'erleap the
brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with
you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in
night,
In God's ripe fields the day is
cried,
And reapers, with their sickles
bright,
Troop, singing, down the moun-
tain-side:
Come up and feel what health there
is
In the frank Dawn's delighted
eyes,
As bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of earth she
dries!

The Lord wants reapers: Oh, mount
up,
Before Night comes, and says,
"Too late!"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye
wait;
'Tis from these heights alone your
eyes
The advancing spears of day can
see,
That o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain-
height,
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with
gold;

But we, who in the shadow sit,
 Know also when the day is nigh,
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With His inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have
 ours;

God lacks not early service here,
 But what are thine eleventh hours
 He counts with us for morning
 cheer;

Our day, for Him, is long enough,
 And when He giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error
 through.

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to
 preach;

Keep back no syllable of fire,
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy
 speech.

Yet God deems not thine aerie
 sight

More worthy than our twilight
 dim;

For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding
 Him.

THE CAPTIVE.

It was past the hour of trysting,
 But she lingered for him still;
 Like a child, the eager streamlet
 Leaped and laughed adown the
 hill,

Happy to be free at twilight
 From its toiling at the mill.

Then the great moon on a sudden
 Ominous, and red as blood,
 Startling as a new creation,
 O'er the eastern hill-top stood,
 Casting deep and deeper shadows
 Through the mystery of the wood.

Dread closed huge and vague about
 her,
 And her thoughts turned fear-
 fully

To her heart, if there some shelter
 From the silence there might be,
 Like bare cedars leaning inland
 From the blighting of the sea.

Yet he came not, and the stillness
 Dampened round her like a tomb;
 She could feel cold eyes of spirits
 Looking on her through the gloom,
 She could hear the groping foot-
 steps
 Of some blind, gigantic doom.

Suddenly the silence wavered
 Like a light mist in the wind,
 For a voice broke gently through it,
 Felt like sunshine by the blind,
 And the dread, like mist in sunshine,
 Furl'd serenely from her mind.

"Once my love, my love for ever,
 Flesh or spirit still the same,
 If I missed the hour of trysting,
 Do not think my faith to blame;
 I, alas! was made a captive,
 As from Holy Land I came.

"On a green spot in the desert,
 Gleaming like an emerald star,
 Where a palm-tree, in lone silence,
 Yearning for its mate afar,
 Droops above a silver rannel,
 Slender as a scimitar,

"There thou'lt find the humble
 postern
 To the castle of my foe;
 If thy love burn clear and faithful,
 Strike the gateway, green and low,
 Ask to enter, and the warder
 Surely will not say thee no."

Slept again the aspen silence,
 But her loneliness was o'er;
 Round her heart a motherly
 patience
 Wrapt its arms for evermore;
 From her soul ebb'd back the
 sorrow,
 Leaving smooth the golden shore.

Donned she now the pilgrim scallop,
 Took the pilgrim staff in hand,
 Like a cloud-shade, flitting east-
 ward,
 Wandered she o'er sea and land;
 And her footsteps in the desert
 Fell like cool rain on the sand.

Soon, beneath the palm-tree's
 shadow,
 Knelt she at the postern low:

And thereat she knocketh gently,
Fearing much the warder's No ;
All her heart stood still and listened,
As the doors swung backward slow.

There she saw no surly warder
With an eye like bolt and bar ;
Through her soul a sense of music
Throbbed, and, like a guardian
Lar,
On the threshold stood an angel,
Bright and silent as a star.

Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
And her spirit, lily-wise,
Blossomed when he turned upon
her
The deep welcome of his eyes,
Sending upward to that sunlight
All its dew for sacrifice.

Then she heard a voice come onward
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the
dew ;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew.

Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a glancing surf ;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf ;
'Neath the palm next day some
Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf.

THE BIRCH-TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes
the sunshine,
Among the leaves that palpitate
for ever ;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had
prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous
inland river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah !
dumb, dumb for ever !

While all the forest, witched with
slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy
silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and
pulse suspended,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy
islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid
the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-
nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a
Dryad,
Dripping about thy slim white
stem, whose shadow
Slopes quivering down the water's
dusky quiet,
Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge
would some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic
lovers ;
Thy white bark has their secrets in
its keeping ;
Reuben writes here the happy
name of Patience,
And thy lithe boughs hang mur-
muring and weeping
Above her, as she steals the mys-
tery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved
maiden,
So frankly coy, so full of trembly
confidences ;
Thy shadow scarce seems shade,
thy pattering leaflets
Sprinkle their gathered sunshine
o'er my senses,
And Nature gives me all her
summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or
sorrow tremble,
Thou sympathisest still ; wild and
unquiet,
I fling me down ; thy ripple, like a
river,
Flows valleyward, where calmness
is, and by it
My heart is floated down into the
land of quiet.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH.

I SAT one evening in my room,
In that sweet hour of twilight
When blended thoughts, half light,
half gloom,
Throng through the spirit's sky-
light;
The flames by fits curled round the
bars,
Or up the chimney crinkled,
While embers dropped like falling
stars,
And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned
low,
And, o'er my senses stealing,
Crept something of the ruddy glow
That bloomed on wall and ceil-
ing;
My pictures (they are very few,
The heads of ancient wise men)
Smoothed down their knotted
fronts, and grew
As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish
chair
Felt thrills through wood and
leather,
That had been strangers since
whilere,
'Mid Andalusian heather,
The oak that made its sturdy frame
His happy arms stretched over
The ox whose fortunate hide be-
came
The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark,
That brought our sires intrepid,
Capacious as another ark
For furniture decrepit;
For, as that saved of bird and beast
A pair for propagation,
So has the seed of these increased
And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery
seats;
But those slant precipices
Of ice the northern voyager meets
Less slippery are than this is;

To cling therein would pass the
wit

Of royal man or woman,
And whatso'er can stay in it
Is more or less than human.

I offer to all bores this perch,
Dear well-intentioned people,
With heads as void as week-day
church,
Tongues longer than the steeple;
To folks with missions, whose
gaunt eyes
See golden ages rising,—
Salt of the earth! in what queer
Guys
Thou'rt fond of crystallising!

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer
hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature
forms
Merely to fill the street with,
Once turned to ghosts by hungry
worms,
Are serious things to meet with;
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I'm not averse to
A quiet shade, even they are folks
One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has
come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried?
There is a buccaneerish air
About this garb outlandish—
Just then the ghost drew up his
chair
And said, "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly
bored
With toasts, and songs, and
speeches,
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches:

They understand us Pilgrims!
 they,
 Smooth men with rosy faces,
 Strength's knots and gnarls all
 pared away,
 And varnish in their places!

"We had some toughness in our
 grain,

The eye to rightly see us is
 Not just the one that lights the
 brain

Of drawing-room Tyrtæuses:
They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
 Their birthright high and holy!
 A mountain-stream that ends in
 mud
 Methinks is melancholy.

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
 That were not good at bending;
 The homespun dignity of man
 He thought was worth defending;
 He did not, with his pinchbeck ore,
 His country's shame forgotten,
 Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
 When all within was rotten.

"These loud ancestral boasts of
 yours,

How can they else than vex us?
 Where were your dinner orators
 When slavery grasped at Texas?
 Dumb on his knees was every one
 That now is bold as Cæsar;
 Mere pegs to hang an office on
 Such stalwart men as these are."

"Good sir," I said, "you seem
 much stirred;

The sacred compromises"—
 "Now God confound the dastard
 word!

My gall thereat arises:
 Northward it hath this sense alone,
 That you, your conscience blind-
 ing,
 Shall bow your fool's nose to the
 stone,
 When Slavery feels like grinding.

"'Tis shame to see such painted
 sticks

In Vane's and Winthrop's places,
 To see your spirit of Seventy-six
 Drag humbly in the traces,

With Slavery's lash upon her back,
 And herds of office-holders
 To shout applause, as, with a crack,
 It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout!—
 No, by my faith in God's Word!"

Half rose the ghost, and half drew
 out

The ghost of his old broadsword,
 Then thrust it slowly back again,
 And said, with reverent gesture,
 "No, Freedom, no! blood should
 not stain

The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
 The mount of prophesying:

In this bleak wilderness I hear
 A John the Baptist crying;
 Far in the east I see upleap
 The streaks of first forewarning,
 And they who sowed the light
 shall reap
 The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
 Light in our day of sorrow,
 Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
 The glory of thy morrow;
 I hear great steps, that through the
 shade

Draw nigher still and nigher,
 And voices call like that which
 bade
 The prophet come up higher."

I looked, no form mine eyes could
 find

I heard the red cock crowing,
 And through my window-chinks
 the wind

A dismal tune was blowing;
 Thought I: My neighbour Buck-
 ingham

Hath somewhat in him gritty,
 Some Pilgrim-stuff that hates all
 sham,
 And he will print my ditty.

ON THE CAPTURE OF FUGI- TIVE SLAVES NEAR WASH- INGTON.

LOOK on who will in apathy, and
 stifle they who can,

The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;

Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease

Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these !

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast

Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest ;

And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,

'Tis but my Bay-State dialect,—our fathers spake the same !

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone

To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,

While we look coldly on and see law-shielded ruffians slay

The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day !

Are we pledged to craven silence ? Oh, fling it to the wind,

The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind,

That makes us cringe and temporise, and dumbly stand at rest,

While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast !

Though we break our father's promise, we have nobler duties first ;

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed ;

Man is more than Constitutions ; better rot beneath the sod,

Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God !

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer, more

To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core ;

Our country claims our fealty ; we grant it so, but then

Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done,

To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free

With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.

Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,

From soul to soul o'er all the world leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,

With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart :

When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,

The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go

And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh ;

If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,

Through a Red Sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win

Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin ;

But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,

Erelong the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May, Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's
ample round
May match in wealth, thou art
more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-
blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er draw the
Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of In-
dian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of
ease ;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which
she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish
hand,
Though most hearts never un-
derstand
To take it at God's value, but
pass by
The offered wealth with unre-
warded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine
Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer
clime ;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not
space or time :
Not in mid June the golden-
cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like warm
ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when
first
From the dark green thy yellow
circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on
the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle
graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thou-
sand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters
blue
That from the distance sparkle
through

Some woodland gap, and of a sky
above,
Where one white cloud like a stray
lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts
are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the
robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day
long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which
he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted
ears
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature
seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so com-
mon art !
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam
Of heaven, and could some won-
drous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting
wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's
book.

THE GHOST-SEER.

YE who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left nor right
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
Some weak phantom, which your
doubt
Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness,
Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-built dungeon here,
Where ye sell your God-given lives
Just for gold to buy you gyves,—
Ye without a shudder meet,
In the city's noonday street,

Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night!

See ye not that woman pale?
There are bloodhounds on her trail!
Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean
(For the soul their scent is keen),
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,
They have followed far and fast;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl.
Ah, poor girl! she had a right
To a blessing from the light;
Title-deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth;
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all Nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there.
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with firelight warm,
Which, outside the window-glass,
Doubled all the cold, alas!
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wail
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.
Till the floor becomes her bier,
She shall feel their pantings near,
Close upon her very heels,
Spite of all the din of wheels;
Shivering on her pallet poor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin!

Hark! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would
flush
But to have her garment brush
Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And, in midnights chill and murk,
Stitched her life into the work,
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,

Satirising her despair
With the emblems woven there.
Little doth the wearer heed
Of the heart-break in the brede;
A hyena by her side
Skulks, down-looking,—it is Pride.
He digs for her in the earth,
Where lie all her claims of birth,
With his foul paws rooting o'er
Some long-buried ancestor,
Who, perhaps, a statue won
By the ill deeds he had done,
By the innocent blood he shed,
By the desolation spread
Over happy villages,
Blotting out the smile of peace.

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood;
At the bank his name is good;
At the bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream,
But it has the cold, hard glint
Of new dollars from the mint.
Open now your spirit's eyes,
Look through that poor clay disguise,
Which has thickened, day by day,
Till it keeps all light at bay,
And his soul in pitchy gloom
Gropes about its narrow tomb,
From whose dank and slimy walls
Drop by drop the horror falls.
Look! a serpent lank and cold
Hugs his spirit fold on fold;
From his heart, all day and night,
It doth suck God's blessed light.
Drink it will, and drink it must,
Till the cup holds naught but dust;
All day long he hears it hiss,
Writhing in its fiendish bliss;
All night long he sees its eyes
Flicker with foul ecstasies,
As the spirit ebbs away
Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
Of the trust he has betrayed,
Shuddering if perchance a gleam
Of old nobleness should stream

Through the pent, unwholesome
room,
Where his shrunk soul cowers in
gloom,

Spirit sad beyond the rest
By more instinct for the best?
'Tis a poet who was sent
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to see
Golden glimpses of To Be,
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near;
Who was sent to be the tongue
Of the weak and spirit-wrung,
Whence the fiery-winged Despair
In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To base use or glorious:

He who might have been a lark
Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies,
Of the spirit's full sunrise,
Chose to be a bird of night,
That, with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's idolatry.
'Tis his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near,
And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping downward to his heel,
All their grace and import lost,
Burdening his weary ghost:
Ever walking by his side
He must see his angel guide,
Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away,
Or drops blunted from the wall
Built around him by his fall.
Then the mountains, whose white
peaks

Catch the morning's earliest
streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the glad some tidings bring
Of the sunlight's hastening:
Never can these hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet like his!

But enough! Oh, do not dare
From the next the veil to tear,
Woven of station, trade, or dress,
More obscene than nakedness,
Wherewith plausible culture
drapes
Fallen Nature's myriad shapes!
Let us rather love to mark
How the unextinguished spark
Will shine through the thin dis-
guise
Of our customs, pomps, and lies,
And, not seldom blown to flame,
Vindicate its ancient claim.

STUDIES FOR TWO HEADS.

I.

SOME sort of heart I know is hers,—
I chanced to feel her pulse one
night;
A brain she has that never errs,
And yet is never nobly right;
It does not leap to great results,
But, in some corner out of sight,
Suspects a spot of latent blight,
And, o'er the impatient infinite,
She bargains, haggles, and consults.

Her eye,—it seems a chemic test,
And drops upon you like an acid;
It bites you with unconscious zest,
So clear and bright, so coldly
placid;
It holds you quietly aloof,
It holds,—and yet it does not
win you;
It merely puts you to the proof
And sorts what qualities are in
you;
It smiles, but never brings you
nearer;
It lights,—her nature draws not
nigh:
'Tis but that yours is growing
clearer
To her assays;—yes, try and try,
You'll get no deeper than her
eye.

There! you are classified: she's gone
Far, far away into herself;
Each with its Latin label on,
Your poor components, one by one,
Are laid upon their proper shelf

In her compact and ordered mind,
And what of you is left behind
Is no more to her than the wind ;
In that clear brain, which, day
and night,

No movement of the heart e'er
jostles,
Her friends are ranged on left and
right,—

Here, silex, hornblende, sienite ;
There, animal remains and fossils.

And yet, O subtle analyst,
That canst each property detect
Of mood or grain, that canst un-
twist

Each tangled skein of intellect,
And with thy scalpel eyes lay bare
Each mental nerve more fine than
air,—

O brain exact, that in thy scales
Canst weigh the sun and never err,
For once thy patient science fails,
One problem still defies thy
art ;—

Thou never canst compute for her
The distance and diameter
Of any simple human heart.

II.

Hear him but speak, and you will
feel

The shadows of the Portico
Over your tranquil spirit steal,
To modulate all joy and woe
To one subdued, subduing glow ;
Above all squabbling business-
hours,

Like Phidian Jove's, his beauty
lowers,

His nature satirises ours ;
A form and front of Attic grace,
He shames the higgling market-
place,

And dwarfs our more mechanic
powers.

What throbbing verse can fitly
render

That face so pure, so trembling-
tender?

Sensation glimmers through its
rest,

It speaks unmanacled by words,
As full of motion as a nest

That palpitates with unfledged
birds ;

'Tis likest to Bethesda's stream,
Forewarned through all its thrilling
springs,

White with the angel's coming
gleam,

And rippled with his fanning
wings.

Hear him unfold his plots and
plans,

And larger destinies seem man's ;
You conjure from his glowing face

The omen of a fairer race ;
With one grand trope he boldly
spans

The gulf wherein so many fall,
'Twixt possible and actual ;
His first swift word, talaria-shod,
Exuberant with conscious God,
Out of the choir of planets blots
The present earth with all its
spots.

Himself unshaken as the sky,
His words, like whirlwinds, spin
on high

Systems and creeds pellmell to-
gether ;

'Tis strange as to a deaf man's eye,
While trees uprooted splinter by,
The dumb turmoil of stormy
weather ;

Less of iconoclast than shaper,
His spirit, safe behind the reach
Of the tornado of his speech,
Burns calmly as a glow-worm's
taper.

So great in speech, but, ah ! in act
So overrun with vermin troubles,
The coarse, sharp-cornered, ugly
fact

Of life collapses all his bubbles :
Had he but lived in Plato's day,

He might, unless my fancy errs,
Have shared that golden voice's
sway

O'er barefooted philosophers.
Our nipping climate hardly suits
The ripening of ideal fruits :

His theories vanquish us all sum-
mer,

But winter makes him dumb and
dumber ;

To see him 'mid life's needful things
Is something painfully bewildering ;

He seems an angel with clipt wings
Tied to a mortal wife and children,

And by a brother seraph taken
In the act of eating eggs and bacon.
Like a clear fountain, his desire

Exults and leapstoward the light,
In every drop it says, "Aspire!"
Striving for more ideal height ;

And as the fountain, falling thence,
Crawls baffled through the common gutter,

So, from his speech's eminence,
He shrinks into the present tense.
Unkinged by foolish bread and butter.

Yet smile not, worldling, for in deeds

Not all of life that's brave and wise is ;

He strews an ampler future's seeds,
'Tis your fault if no harvest rises ;
Smooth back the sneer ; for is it naught

That all he is and has is Beauty's ?
By soul the soul's gains must be wrought,

The Actual claims our coarser thought,
The Ideal hath its higher duties.

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOTTO.

CAN this be thou who, lean and pale,

With such immitigable eye
Didst look upon those writhing souls in bale,

And note each vengeance, and pass by
Unmoved, save when thy heart by chance

Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's glee,

Subdue and mount thy wild-horse knee

And with proud hands control its fiery prance ?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth, round brow,

And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now

In some sea-lulled Hesperides,
Thou movest through the jarring street,

Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy Land ;—

No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips

That prophesies the coming doom,

The soft, gray herald-shadow ere the eclipse

Notches the perfect disk with gloom ;

A something that would banish thee,

And thine untamed pursuer be,
From men and their unworthy fates,

Though Florence had not shut her gates,

And Grief had loosed her clutch and let thee free.

Ah ! he who follows fearlessly
The beckonings of a poet-heart

Shall wander, and without the world's decree,

A banished man in field and mart ;

Harder than Florence' walls the bar

Which with deaf sternness holds him far

From home and friends till death's release,

And makes his only prayer for peace,

Like thine, scarred veteran of a lifelong war !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

DEATH never came so nigh to me before,

Nor showed me his mild face : oft had I mused

Of calm and peace and deep forgetfulness,
 Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at rest,
 And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf,
 Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
 Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends;
 But these were idle fancies, satisfied
 With the mere husk of this great mystery,
 And dwelling in the outward shows of things.
 Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,
 Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth
 Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to bloom,
 With earth's warm patch of sunshine well content:
 'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
 Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
 Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
 The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold
 When he is sent to summon those we love,
 But all God's angels come to us disguised;
 Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
 One after other lift their frowning masks,
 And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
 All radiant with the g'ory and the calm
 Of having looked upon the front of God.
 With every anguish of our earthly part
 The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant
 When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
 Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent

To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
 He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest,—
 Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
 But to benigner regions beckons us,
 To destinies of more rewarded toil.
 In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
 It grates on us to hear the flood of life
 Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
 The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine
 Whirs the light humming-bird; the cricket chirps;
 The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear;
 Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm to farm,
 His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
 Answer, till far away the joyance dies:
 We never knew before how God had filled
 The summer air with happy living sounds;
 All round us seems an overplus of life,
 And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.
 It is most strange, when the great miracle
 Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had
 Our inwardest experience of God,
 When with His presence still the room expands,
 And is awed after Him, that naught is changed,
 That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
 And the mad world still dances heedless on
 After its butterflies, and gives no sign.
 'Tis hard at first to see it all aright;
 In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
 Her scattered troop: yet, through the clouded glass
 Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look

Undazzled on the kindness of God's
face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven
alone shines through.

It is no little thing when a fresh
soul
And a fresh heart, with their un-
measured scope
For good, not gravitating earth-
ward yet,
But circling in diviner periods,
Are sent into the world,—no little
thing
When this unbounded possibility
Into the outer silence is withdrawn.
Ah! in this world, where every
guiding thread
Ends suddenly in the one sure
centre, death,
The visionary hand of Might-have-
been
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the
brim!

How changed, dear friend, are thy
part and thy child's!
He bends above *thy* cradle now, or
holds
His warning finger out to be thy
guide;
Thou art the nursing now; he
watches thee
Slow learning, one by one, the
secret things
Which are to him used sights of
every day;
He smiles to see thy wondering
glances con
The grass and pebbles of the spirit-
world.
To thee miraculous; and he will
teach
Thy knees their due observances
of prayer.
Children are God's apostles, day
by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and
hope, and peace;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left
undone.
To me, at least, his going hence
hath given
Serenest thoughts and nearer to the
skies,

And opened a new fountain in my
heart
For thee, my friend, and all: and
oh, if Death
More near approaches meditates,
and clasps
Even now some dearer, more re-
luctant hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith,
that I may see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with
loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner
shrine
Doth waken Thy beloved with a
kiss.

EURYDICE.

HEAVEN'S cup held down to me I
drain,
The sunshine mounts and spurs
my brain;
Bathing in grass, with thirsty eye
I suck the last drop of the sky;
With each hot sense I draw to the
lees
The quickening outdoor influences,
And empty to each radiant comer
A supernaculum of summer:
Not, Bacchus, all thy grosser juice
Could bring enchantment so pro-
fuse,
Though for its press each grape-
bunch had
The white feet of an Oread.

Through our coarse art gleam, now
and then,
The features of angelic men:
Neath the lewd Satyr's veiling
paint
Gloweth forth the Sibyl, Muse, or
Saint;
The dauber's blotchno more obscures
The mighty master's portraitures.
And who can say what luckier
beam
The hidden glory shall redeem,
For what chance clod the soul may
wait
To stumble on its nobler fate,
Or why, to his unwarned abode,
Still by surprises comes the God?

Some moment, nailed on Sorrow's
 cross,
 May meditate a whole youth's
 loss,
 Some windfall joy, we know not
 whence,
 Redeem a lifetime's rash expense,
 And, suddenly wise, the soul may
 mark,
 Stripped of their simulated dark,
 Mountains of gold that pierce the
 sky,
 Girdling its valleyed poverty.

I feel ye, childhood's hopes, return,
 With olden heats my pulses burn,—
 Mine be the self-forgetting sweep,
 The torrent impulse swift and
 wild,
 Wherewith Taghkanic's rock-born
 child
 Dares gloriously the dangerous
 leap,
 And, in his sky-descended mood,
 Transmutes each drop of sluggish
 blood,
 By touch of bravery's simple wand,
 To amethyst and diamond,
 Proving himself no bastard slip,
 But the true granite-cradled one,
 Nursed with the rock's primeval
 drip,
 The cloud-embracing mountain's
 son!

Prayer breathed in vain! no wish's
 sway
 Rebuilds the vanished yesterday;
 For plated wares of Sheffield stamp
 We gave the old Aladdin's lamp;
 'Tis we are changed; ah! whither
 went
 That undesigned abandonment,
 That wise, unquestioning content,
 Which could erect its microcosm
 Out of a weed's neglected blossom,
 Could call up Arthur and his peers
 By a low moss's clump of spears,
 Or, in its shingle trireme launched,
 Where Charles in some green inlet
 branched,
 Could venture for the golden fleece
 And dragon-watched Hesperides,
 Or, from its ripple-shattered fate,
 Ulysses' chances re-create?

When, heralding life's every phase,
 There glowed a goddess-veiling
 haze,
 A plenteous, forewarning grace,
 Like that more tender dawn that
 flies
 Before the full moon's ample rise?
 Methinks thy parting glory shines
 Through yonder grove of singing
 pines;
 At that elm-vista's end I trace
 Dimly thy sad leave-taking face,
 Eurydice! Eurydice!
 The tremulous leaves repeat to me
 Eurydice! Eurydice!
 No gloomier Orcus swallows thee
 Than the unclouded sunset's glow;
 Thine is at least Elysian woe;
 Thou hast Good's natural decay,
 And fadest like a star away
 Into an atmosphere whose shine
 With fuller day o'ermasters thine,
 Entering defeat as 'twere a shrine;
 For us,—we turn life's diary o'er
 To find but one word,—Nevermore.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
 Lights on to sing, then leaves
 unbent,
 So is my memory thrilled and
 stirred;—
 I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts un-
 riven,
 The blue dome's measureless
 content,
 So my soul held that moment's
 heaven;—
 I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring
 heaps
 The orchards full of bloom and
 scent,
 So clove her May my wintry
 sleeps;—
 I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
 Through the low doorway of my
 tent;

The tent is struck, the vision
stays ;—

I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly
dim,

And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will
brim,

Only to think she came and went.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of Nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she
came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her
hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her
eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled
also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins
to me !

She had been with us scarce a
twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her
cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a change-
ling,

A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full
blossom,

And smiles as she never smiled :
When I wake in the morning, I
see it

Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip
earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to pros-
per
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first
was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's
gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

THE PIONEER.

WHAT man would live coffined
with brick and stone,
Imprisoned from the influences
of air,
And cramped with selfish land-
marks everywhere,
When all before him stretches,
furrowless and lone,
The unmapped prairie none can
fence or own ?

What man would read and read
the self-same faces,
And, like the marbles which the
windmill grinds,
Rub smooth for ever with the
same smooth minds,
This year retracing last year's, every
year's dull traces,

When there are woods and un-
man-stifled places?

What man o'er one old thought
would pore and pore,
Shut like a book between its
covers thin
For every fool to leave his
dog's-ears in,
When solitude is his, and God for
evermore,
Just for the opening of a paltry
door?

What man would watch life's oozy
element
Creep Letheward forever, when
he might
Down some great river drift
beyond men's sight,
To where the unethroned forest's
royal tent
Broods with its hush o'er half a
continent?

What man with men would push
and altercate,
Piecing out crooked means for
crooked ends,
When he can have the skies
and woods for friends,
Snatch back the rudder of his un-
dismantled fate,
And in himself be ruler, church,
and state?

Cast leaves and feathers rot in
last year's nest,
The winged brood, flown thence,
new dwellings plan;
The serf of his own Past is not
a man;
To change and change is life, to
move and never rest;—
Not what we are, but what we
hope, is best.

The wild, free woods make no
man halt or blind;
Cities rob men of eyes and
hands and feet,
Patching one whole of many in-
complete;
The general preys upon the indi-
vidual mind,
And each alone is helpless as the
wind.

Each man is some man's servant;
every soul
Is by some other's presence quite
discrowned;
Each owes the next through all
the imperfect round,
Yet not with mutual help; each
man is his own goal,
And the whole earth must stop
to pay his toll.

Here, life the undiminished man
demands;
New faculties stretch out to
meet new wants;
What Nature asks, that Nature
also grants;
Here man is lord, not drudge, of eyes
and feet and hands,
And to his life is knit with hourly
bands.

Come out, then, from the old
thoughts and old ways,
Before you harden to a crystal
cold
Which the new life can shatter,
but not mould;
Freedom for you still waits, still,
looking backward, stays,
But widens still the irretrievable
space.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come
thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so
kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and
strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what
Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;—

Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward
will

With our poor earthward
striving ;

We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living ;

But would we learn that heart's
full scope

Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to
hope

And realise our longing.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons

The moments when we tread His
ways,

But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also
wrought

Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in
thought,

How'er we fail in action.

ODE TO FRANCE.

FEBRUARY 1848.

I.

As, flake by flake, the beetling
avalanches

Build up their imminent crags of
noiseless snow,

Till some chance thrill the loosened
ruin launches

And the blind havoc leaps un-
warned below,

So grew and gathered through the
silent years

The madness of a People, wrong
by wrong.

There seemed no strength in the
dumb toiler's tears,

No strength in suffering ; but the
Past was strong :

The brute despair of trampled cen-
turies

Leaped up with one hoarse yell
and snapped its bands,

Groped for its right with horny,
callous hands,

And stared around for God with
bloodshot eyes.

What wonder if those palms
were all too hard

For nice distinctions,—if that
Mænad throng—

They whose thick atmosphere no
bard

Had shivered with the lightning of
his song,

Brutes with the memories and de-
sires of men,

Whose chronicles were writ with
iron pen

In the crooked shoulder and the
forehead low,

Set wrong to balance wrong,

And physicked woe with woe?

II.

They did as they were taught ; not
theirs the blame

If men who scattered firebrands
reaped the flame :

They trampled Peace beneath
their savage feet,

And by her golden tresses drew
Mercy along the pavement of the
street.

O Freedom ! Freedom ! is thy
morning-dew

Sogory red ? Alas ! thy light had
ne'er

Shone in upon the chaos of their
lair !

They reared to thee such symbol as
they knew,

And worshipped it with flame and
blood,

A Vengeance, axe in hand, that
stood

Holding a tyrant's head up by the
clotted hair.

III.

What wrongs the Oppressor suf-
fered, these we know ;

These have found piteous voice
in song and prose ;

But for the Oppressed, their dark-
ness and their woe,

Their grinding centuries,—what
Muse had those ?

Though hall and palace had nor
eyes nor ears,

Hardening a people's heart to
senseless stone,
Thou knewest them, O Earth, that
drank their tears,
O Heaven, that heard their in-
articulate moan!
They noted down their fetters, link
by link;
Coarse was the hand that scrawled,
and red the ink;
Rude was their score, as suits
unlettered men,
Notched with a headsman's axe
upon a block:
What marvel if, when came the
avenging shock,
'Twas Até, not Urania, held the
pen?

IV.

With eye averted, and an anguished
frown,
Loathingly glides the Muse
through scenes of strife,
Where, like the heart of Vengeance,
up and down
Throbs in its framework the
blood-muffled knife;
Slow are the steps of Freedom,
but her feet
Turn never backward: hers no
bloody glare;
Her light is calm, and innocent,
and sweet,
And where it enters, there is no
despair:
Not first on palace and cathedral
spire
Quivers and gleams that uncon-
suming fire;
While these stand black against
her morning skies,
The peasant sees it leap from peak
to peak
Along his hills; the craftsman's
burning eyes
Own with cool tears its influence
mother-meek;
It lights the poet's heart up like
a star;
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it
still afar,
And twined with golden threads
his futile snare,
That swift, convicting glow all
round him ran;

'Twas close beside him there,
Sunrise whose Memnon is the soul
of man.

V.

O Broker-King, is this thy wis-
dom's fruit?
A dynasty plucked out as 'twere
a weed
Grown rankly in a night, that
leaves no seed!
Could eighteen years strike down
no deeper root?
But now thy vulture eye was
turned on Spain,—
A shout from Paris, and thy crown
falls off,
Thy race has ceased to reign,
And thou become a fugitive and
scoff:
Slippery the feet that mount by
stairs of gold,
And weakest of all fences one of
steel;—
Go and keep school again, like
him of old,
The Syracusan tyrant;—thou mayst
feel
Royal amid a birch-swayed com-
monweal!

VI.

Not long can he be ruler who
allows
His time to run before him; thou
wast naught
Soon as the strip of gold about thy
brows
Was no more emblem of the
People's thought:
Vain were thy bayonets against
the foe
Thou hadst to cope with; thou
didst wage
War not with Frenchmen merely;
—no,
Thy strife was with the Spirit of
the Age,
The invisible Spirit whose first
breath divine
Scattered thy frail endeavour,
And, like poor last year's leaves,
whirled thee and thine
Into the Dark for ever!

VII.

Is here no triumph? Nay, what
 though
 The yellow blood of Trade mean-
 while should pour
 Along its arteries a shrunken
 flow,
 And the idle canvas droop around
 the shore?
 These do not make a state,
 Nor keep it great;
 I think God made
 The earth for man, not trade;
 And where each humblest human
 creature
 Can stand, no more suspicious or
 afraid,
 Erect and kingly in his right of
 nature,
 To heaven and earth knit with
 harmonious ties,—
 Where I behold the exultation
 Of manhood glowing in those eyes
 That had been dark for ages,
 Or only lit with bestial loves and
 rages,
 There I behold a Nation:
 The France which lies
 Between the Pyrenees and Rhine
 Is the least part of France;
 I see her rather in the soul whose
 shine
 Burns through the craftsman's
 grimy countenance,
 In the new energy divine
 Of Toil's enfranchised glance.

VIII.

And if it be a dream,—
 If the great Future be the little
 Past
 'Neath a new mask, which drops
 and shows at last
 The same weird, mocking face
 to balk and blast,—
 Yet, Muse, a gladder measure suits
 the theme,
 And the Tyrtæan harp
 Loves notes more resolute and
 sharp,
 Throbbing, as throbs the bosom,
 hot and fast:
 Such visions are of morning,
 Theirs is no vague forewarn-
 ing,

The dreams which nations dream
 come true,
 And shape the world anew;
 If this be a sleep,
 Make it long, make it deep,
 O Father, who sendest the harvests
 men reap!
 While Labour so sleepeth,
 His sorrow is gone,
 No longer he weepeth,
 But smileth and steepeth
 His thoughts in the dawn;
 He heareth Hope yonder
 Rain, lark-like, her fancies,
 His dreaming hands wander
 'Mid heart's-ease and pansies;
 "'Tis a dream! 'Tis a vision!"
 Shrieks Mammon aghast;
 "The day's broad derision
 Will chase it at last;
 Ye are mad, ye have taken
 A slumbering kraken
 For firm land of the Past!"
 Ah! if he awaken,
 God shield us all then,
 If this dream rudely shaken
 Shall cheat him again!

IX.

Since first I heard our North-
 wind blow,
 Since first I saw Atlantic throw
 On our fierce rocks his thunder-
 ous snow,
 I loved thee, Freedom; as a boy,
 The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
 Did with a Grecian joy
 Through all my pulses run;
 But I have learned to love thee now
 Without the helm upon thy gleam-
 ing brow,
 A maiden mild and undefiled,
 Like her who bore the world's re-
 deem-
 ing child;
 And surely never did thine altars
 glance
 With purer fires than now in
 France;
 While, in their bright white
 flashes,
 Wrong's shadow backward cast
 Waves cowering o'er the ashes
 Of the dead, blaspheming Past,
 O'er the shapes of fallen giants,
 His own unburied brood,

Whose dead hands clench defiance
 At the overpowering Good :
 And down the happy future runs
 a flood
 Of prophesying light ;
 It shows an Earth no longer stained
 with blood,
 Blossom and fruit where now we
 see the bud
 Of Brotherhood and Right.

ANTI-APIS.

PRAISEST Law, friend? We, too,
 love it much, as they that love
 it best ;
 'Tis the deep, august foundation
 whereon Peace and Justice
 rest ;
 On the rock primeval, hidden in
 the Past its bases be,
 Block by block the endeavouring
 Ages built it up to what we see.

But dig down : the Old unbury ;
 thou shalt find on every stone
 That each Age hath carved the
 symbol of what god to them
 was known.

Ugly shapes and brutish some-
 times, but the fairest that they
 knew ;

If their sight were dim and earth-
 ward, yet their hope and aim
 were true.

Surely as the unconscious needle
 feels the far-off loadstar draw,
 So strives every gracious nature to
 at-one itself with law ;
 And the elder Saints and Sages laid
 their pious framework right,
 By a theocratic instinct covered
 from the people's sight.

As their gods were, so their laws
 were ; Thor the strong could
 reave and steal,
 So through many a peaceful inlet
 tore the Norseman's eager
 keel ;

But a new law came when Christ
 came, and not blameless, as
 before,

Can we, paying Him our lip-tithes,
 give our lives and faiths to
 Thor.

Law is holy : ay, but what law ?
 Is there nothing more divine
 Than the patched-up broils of Con-
 gress,—venal, full of meat and
 wine ?

Is there, say you, nothing higher ?
 Naught, God save us ! that
 transcends

Laws of cotton texture, wove by
 vulgar men for vulgar ends ?

Did Jehovah ask their counsel, or
 submit to them a plan,
 Ere He filled with loves, hopes,
 longings, this aspiring heart of
 man ?

For their edict does the soul wait,
 ere it swing round to the pole
 Of the true, the free, the God-
 willed, all that makes it be a
 soul ?

Law is holy ; but not your law, ye
 who keep the tablets whole
 While ye dash the Law to pieces,
 shatter it in life and soul ;
 Bearing up the Ark is lightsome,
 golden Apis hid within,
 While we Levites share the offer-
 ings, richer by the people's sin.

Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's ?
 yes, but tell me, if you can,
 Is this superscription Cæsar's here
 upon our brother man ?
 Is not here some other's image, dark
 and sullied though it be,
 In this fellow-soul that worships,
 struggles Godward even as we ?

It was not to such a future that the
 Mayflower's prow was turned ;
 Not to such a fate the martyrs
 clung, exulting as they burned ;
 Not by such laws are men fashioned,
 earnest, simple, valiant, great
 In the household virtues, whereon
 rests the unconquerable state.

Ah ! there is a higher gospel, over-
 head the God-roof springs,

And each glad, obedient planet like
 a golden shuttle sings
 Through the web which Time is
 weaving in his never-resting
 loom,—
 Weaving seasons many-coloured,
 bringing prophecy to doom.

Think you Truth a farthing rush-
 light to be pinched out when
 you will
 With your deft official fingers, and
 your politician's skill?
 Is your God a wooden fetish, to be
 hidden out of sight,
 That his block eyes may not see
 you do the thing that is not
 right?

But the Destinies think not so; to
 their judgment-chamber lone
 Comes no noise of popular clamour,
 there Fame's trumpet is not
 blown;
 Your majorities they reck not;—
 that you grant, but then you
 say
 That you differ with them some-
 what,—which is stronger, you
 or they?

Patient are they as the insects that
 build islands in the deep:
 They hurl not the bolted thunder,
 but their silent way they keep;
 Where they have been that we
 know; where empires towered
 that were not just;
 Lo! the skulking wild fox scratches
 in a little heap of dust.

1851.

A PARABLE.

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go
 and see
 How the men, My brethren, believe
 in Me."
 He passed not again through the
 gate of birth,
 But made Himself known to the
 children of earth.
 Then said the chief priests, and
 rulers, and kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all
 good things;
 Go to, let us welcome with pomp
 and state
 Him who alone is mighty and
 great."

With carpets of gold the ground
 they spread
 Wherever the Son of Man should
 tread,
 And in palace-chambers lofty and
 rare
 They lodged Him, and served Him
 with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches
 dim
 Their jubilant floods in praise of
 Him;
 And in church, and palace, and
 judgment-hall,
 He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they
 led,
 The Lord in sorrow bent down His
 head,
 And from under the heavy founda-
 tion-stones
 The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and
 judgment-hall
 He marked great fissures that rent
 the wall,
 And opened wider and yet more
 wide
 As the living foundation heaved
 and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones
 and altars, then,
 On the bodies and souls of living
 men?
 And think ye that building shall
 endure
 Which shelters the noble and
 crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of
 gold
 Yehave fenced My sheep from their
 Father's fold;
 I have heard the dropping of their
 tears

In heaven these eighteen hundred
years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours
the guilt;
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images, how they
stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our
land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword
and flame
To hold Thine earth for ever the
same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to
keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy
sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard
man,
And a motherless girl, whose
fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and
sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their gar-
ment-hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here,"
said He,
"The images ye have made of me!"

ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION
OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE
COCHITUATE WATER INTO THE
CITY OF BOSTON.

My name is Water: I have sped
Through strange, dark ways, un-
tried before,
By pure desire of friendship led,
Cochituate's ambassador;
He sends four royal gifts by me:
Long life, health, peace and purity.

I'm Ceres' cup-bearer; I pour,
For flowers and fruits and all
their kin,
Her crystal vintage, from of yore
Stored in old Earth's selectest bin,

Flora's Falernian ripe, since God
The wine-press of the deluge trod.

In that far isle whence, iron-willed,
The New World's sires their bark
unmoored,
The fairies' acorn-cups I filled
Upon the toadstool's silver board,
And 'neath Herne's oak, for Shake-
speare's sight,
Strewed moss and grass with
diamonds bright.

No fairies in the Mayflower came,
And, lightsome as I sparkle here,
For Mother Bay State, busy dame,
I've toiled and drudged this many
a year,
Throbb'd in her engines' iron veins,
Twirled myriad spindles for her
gains.

I, too, can weave: the warp I set
Through which the sun his shut-
tle throws,
And, bright as Noah saw it, yet
For you the arching rainbow
glows,
A sight in Paradise denied
To unfallen Adam and his bride.

When Winter held me in his grip,
You seized and sent me o'er the
wave,
Ungrateful! in a prison-ship;
But I forgive; not long a slave,
For, soon as summer south-winds
blew,
Homeward I fled, disguised as dew.

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure, and of gain,
But lightly from all bonds I flit,
Nor lose my mirth, nor feel a
stain;
From mill and wash-tub I escape,
And take in heaven my proper
shape.

So, free myself, to-day, elate
I come from far o'er hill and
mead,
And here, Cochituate's envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Ganymede,
And brim your cups with nectar
true,
That never will make slaves of you.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF TWO
ENGLISH SOLDIERS ON CONCORD
BATTLE-GROUND.

THE same good blood that now re-
fills

The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
The same whose vigour westward
thrills,

Bursting Nevada's silver chains,
Poured here upon the April grass,
Freckled with red the herbage new;
On reeled the battle's trampling
mass,

Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain;—that sturdy
blood

Was meant to make the earth more
green,

But in a higher, gentler mood
Than broke this April noon serene;
Two graves are here: to mark the
place,

At head and foot, an unhewn stone,
O'er which the herald lichens trace
The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and
true

To the hired soldier's bull-dog
creed;

What brought them here they
never knew,

They fought as suits the English
breed:

They came three thousand miles,
and died,

To keep the Past upon its throne;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her
moan.

The turf that covers them no thrill
Sends up to fire the heart and
brain;

No stronger purpose nerves the will,
No hope renews its youth again;
From farm to farm the Concord
glides,

And trails my fancy with its flow;
O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk
slides,

Twinned in the river's heaven
below.

But go, whose Bay State bosom
stirs,

Proud of thy birth and neighbour's
right,

Where sleep the heroic villagers
Borne red and stiff from Concord
fight;

Thought Reuben, snatching down
his gun,

Or Seth, as ebb'd the life away,
What earthquake rifts would shoot
and run

World-wide from that short April
fray?

What then? With heart and hand
they wrought,

According to their village light;
'Twas for the Future that they
fought,

Their rustic faith in what was
right.

Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
Unsummoned, in the humble sock;
Theirs the fifth act; the curtain
first

Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices; if they
threw

Dice charged with fates beyond
their ken,

Yet to their instincts they were
true,

And had the genius to be men.

Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
Of even foot-soldiers for the
Right!—

For centuries dead, ye are not lost,
Your graves send courage forth,
and might.

TO —.

WE, too, have autumns, when our
leaves

Drop loosely through the damp-
ened air,

When all our good seems bound in
sheaves,

And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns
Without our will they come and
go;

At noon our sudden summer burns,
E'er sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer
cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual
spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past
spring-tides
We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving
beam
We cower and strain our wasted
sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam
by seam,
In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were
young—
When Spring to womanly Sum-
mer turning,
Her dew-drops on each grass-blade
strung,
In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That earth could be remade to-
morrow ;—
Ah, why be ever undeceived ?
Why give up faith for sorrow ?

Oh thou, whose days are yet all
spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past re-
trieving ;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing ;
The victory's in believing.

FREEDOM.

ARE we, then, wholly fallen ? Can
it be
That thou, North wind, that from
thy mountains bringest
Their spirit to our plains, and thou,
blue sea,
Who on our rocks thy wreaths of
freedom flingest,

As on an altar,—can it be that ye
Have wasted inspiration on dead
ears,

Dulled with the too familiar clank
of chains ?

The people's heart is like a harp for
years

Hung where some petrifying tor-
rent rains

Its slow-incrusting spray : the
stiffened chords

Faint and more faint make answer
to the tears

That drip upon them : idle are all
words :

Only a silver plectrum wakes the
tone

Deep buried 'neath that ever-
thickening stone.

We are not free : Freedom doth
not consist

In musing with our faces toward
the Past,

While petty cares, and crawling
interests, twist

Their spider-threads about us,
which at last

Grow strong as iron chains, to
cramp and bind

In formal narrowness heart, soul,
and mind.

Freedom is recreated year by year,
In hearts wide open on the God-
ward side,

In souls calm-cadenced as the
whirling sphere,

In minds that sway the future like
a tide.

No broadest creeds can hold her,
and no codes ;

She chooses men for her august
abodes,

Building them fair and fronting to
the dawn ;

Yet, when we seek her, we but find
a few

Light footprints, leading morn-
ward through the dew :

Before the day had risen, she was
gone.

And we must follow : swiftly runs
she on,

And, if our steps should slacken in
despair,

Half turns her face, half smiles
 through golden hair,
 For ever yielding, never wholly
 won :
 That is not love which pauses in
 the race
 Two close-linked names on fleeting
 sand to trace ;
 Freedom gained yesterday is no
 more ours ;
 Men gather but dry seeds of last
 year's flowers ;
 Still there's a charm ungranted,
 still a grace,
 Still rosy Hope, the free, the un-
 attained,
 Makes us Possession's languid hand
 let fall ;
 'Tis but a fragment of ourselves is
 gained,—
 The Future brings us more, but
 never all.

And, as the finder of some un-
 known realm,
 Mounting a summit whence he
 thinks to see
 On either side of him the imprison-
 ing sea,
 Beholds, above the clouds that
 overwhelm
 The valley-land, peak after snowy
 peak
 Stretch out of sight, each like a
 silverhelm
 Beneath its plume of smoke, sub-
 lime and bleak,
 And what he thought an island
 finds to be
 A continent to him first oped,—so
 we
 Can from our height of Freedom
 look along
 A boundless Future, ours if we be
 strong ;
 Or if we shrink, better remount
 our ships
 And, fleeing God's express design,
 trace back
 The hero-freighted Mayflower's
 prophet-track
 To Europe, entering her blood-red
 eclipse.

1848.

BIBLIOLATRES.

BOWING thyself in dust before a
 Book,
 And thinking the great God is
 thine alone,
 O rash iconoclast, thou wilt not
 brook
 What gods the heathen carves in
 wood and stone,
 As if the Shepherd who from outer
 cold
 Leads all his shivering lambs to
 one sure fold
 Were careful for the fashion of his
 crook.

There is no broken reed so poor
 and base,
 No rush, the bending tilt of swamp-
 fly blue,
 But he therewith the ravening
 wolf can chase,
 And guide his flock to springs and
 pastures new ;
 Through ways unlooked for, and
 through many lands,
 Far from the rich folds built with
 human hands,
 The gracious footprints of his love
 I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of
 the clod,
 That from his hand the crook
 would snatch away
 And shake instead thy dry and
 sapless rod,
 To scare the sheep out of the whole-
 some day ?
 Yea, what-art thou, blind, uncon-
 verted Jew,
 That with thy idol-volume's covers
 two
 Wouldst make a jail to coop the
 living God ?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain
 organ-tones
 By prophet ears from Hor and
 Sinai caught,
 Thinking the cisterns of those
 Hebrew brains
 Drew dry the springs of the All-
 knower's thought,
 Nor shall thy lips be touched with
 living fire,

Who blow'st old altar-coals with
sole desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken
chains.

God is not dumb, that He should
speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the
wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul
is poor;
There towers the mountain of the
Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but
he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal
ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its
thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is
writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves
of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a
verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or
moan.
While swings the sea, while mists
the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on
cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the
nations sit.

BEAVER BROOK.

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies
the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's
cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that
hems
The road along the mill-pond's
brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-
stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the
din:
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is
here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing
bound
Floods the dull wheel with light
and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath
drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and
whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier
eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
For evermore each form of use.

And more; methought I saw that
flood,
Which now so dull and darkling
steals,
Thick, here and there, with human
blood,
To turn the world's laborious
wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty
rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins
make mirth,
And labour meet delight half-way.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

KOSSUTH.

A RACE of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her
cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophetspends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest
worth;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Hath saved the land he strove to
save;
No Cossack hordes, on traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt
his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blott'st
the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence
bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump where
through
Our God sent forth awakening
breath;

Came chains? Came death? The
strain He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and
death."

TO LAMARTINE.

1848.

I DID not praise thee when the
crowd,
'Witched with the moment's
inspiration,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas
loud,
And stamped their dusty
adoration;
I but looked upward with the
rest,
And, when they shouted Greatest,
whispered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to
thee,
Their fickle wreaths about thee
flinging;
So on some marble Phœbus the
high sea
Might leave his worthless sea-
weed clinging,
But pious hands, with reverent
care,
Make the pure limbs once more
sublimely bare.

Now thou'rt thy plain, grand self
again,
Thou art secure from pane-
gyric,—
Thou who gav'st politics an epic
strain,
And actedst Freedom's noblest
lyric;
This side the Blessed Isles, no
tree
Grows green enough to make a
wreath for thee.

Nor can blame cling to thee ; the
 snow
 From ~~greenish~~ footprints takes
 no staining,
 But, leaving the gross soils of earth
 below,
 Its spirit mounts, the skies re-
 gaining,
 And unresentful falls again,
 To beautify the world with dew
 and rain.

The highest duty to mere man
 vouchsafed
 Was laid on thee,—out of wild
 chaos,
 When the roused popular ocean
 foamed and chafed,
 And vulture War from his
 Imaus
 Snuffed blood, to summon homely
 Peace,
 And show that only order is release.

To carve thy fullest thought, what
 though
 Time was not granted ? Aye in
 history,
 Like that Dawn's face which baffled
 Angelo
 Left shapeless, grander for its
 mystery,
 Thy great Design shall stand, and
 day
 Flood its blind front from Orient
 far away.

Who says thy day is o'er ? Control,
 My heart, that bitter first
 emotion ;
 While men shall reverence the
 steadfast soul,
 The heart in silent self-de-
 votion
 Breaking, the mild, heroic mien,
 Thou'lt need no prop of marble,
 Lamartine.

If France reject thee, 'tis not thine,
 But her own, exile that she
 utters ;
 Ideal France, the deathless, the
 divine,
 Will be where thy white
 pennon flutters,

As once the nobler Athens went
 With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting meteward hath To-day
 For measuring spirits of thy
 stature ;
 Only the Future can reach up to lay
 The laurel on that lofty nature,
 Bard, who with some diviner art
 Hast touched the bard's true lyre,
 a nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened
 chords,
 Crashed now in discords fierce
 by others,
 Gave forth one note beyond all
 skill of words,
 And chimed together, We are
 brothers.
 O poem unsurpassed ! it ran
 All round the world, unlocking
 man to man.

France is too poor to pay alone
 The service of that ample spirit ;
 Paltry seem low dictatorship and
 throne,
 If balanced with thy simple
 merit.
 They had to thee been rust and
 loss ;
 Thy aim was higher,—thou hast
 climbed a Cross !

TO JOHN G. PALFREY.

THERE are who triumph in a
 losing cause,
 Who can put on defeat, as 'twere a
 wreath
 Unwithering in the adverse popular
 breath,
 Safe from the blasting dema-
 gogue's applause ;
 'Tis they who stand for Freedom
 and God's laws.

And so stands Palfrey now, as
 Marvell stood,
 Loyal to Truth dethroned, nor
 could be wooed
 To trust the playful tiger's velvet
 paws

And if the second Charles brought
in decay

Of ancient virtue, if it well might
wring

Souls that had broadened 'neath a
nobler day,

To see a losel, marketable king,
Fearfully watering with his realm's
best blood

Cromwell's quenched bolts, that
erst had cracked and flamed,
Scaring, through all their depths of
courtier mud,

Europe's scrowndbloodsuckers,—
how more ashamed

Ought we to be, who see Cor-
ruption's flood

Still rise o'er last year's mark, to
mine away

Our brazen idols' feet of
treacherous clay?

Oh utter degradation! Freedom
turned

Slavery's vile bawd, to cozen and
betray

To the old lecher's clutch a
maiden prey,

If so a loathsome pander's fee be
earned!

And we are silent,—we who daily
tread

A soil sublime, at least, with heroes'
graves!—

Beckon no more, shades of the
noble dead!

Be dumb, ye heaven-touched lips of
winds and waves!

Or hope to rouse some Coptic dul-
lard, hid

Ages ago, wrapt stiffly, fold on fold,
With cerements close, to wither in
the cold

Forever hushed, and sunless pyra-
mid!

Beauty and Truth, and all that
these contain,

Drop not like ripened fruit about our
feet;

We climb to them through years
of sweat and pain;

Without long struggle none did
e'er attain

The downward look from Quiet's
blissful seat:

Though present loss may be the
hero's part,

Yet none can rob him of the victor
heart

Whereby the broad-realmed future
is subdued,

And Wrong, which now insults
from triumph's car,

Sending her vulture hope to raven
far,

Is made unwilling tributary of Good.

O Mother State, how quenched thy
Sinai fires!

Is there none left of thy stanch
Mayflower breed?

No spark among the ashes of thy
sires,

Of Virtue's altar-flame the kind-
ling seed?

Are these thy great men, these that
cringe and creep,

And writhe through slimy ways
to place and power?—

How long, O Lord, before thy wrath
shall reap

Our frail-stemmed summer pros-
perings in their flower?

Oh, for one hour of that undaunted
stock

That went with Vane and Sydney
to the block!

Oh, for a whiff of Naseby, that would
sweep,

With its stern Puritan besom, all
this chaff

From the Lord's threshing-floor!
Yet more than half

The victory is attained, when one
or two,

Through the fool's laughter and
the traitor's scorn,

Beside thy sepulchre can bide the
morn,

Crucified Truth, when thou shalt
rise anew.

TO W. L. GARRISON.

"Sometime afterwards, it was re-
ported to me by the city officers that
they had ferreted out the paper and its
editor; that his office was an obscure
hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro
boy, and his supporters a few very

insignificant persons of all colours."—
Letter of H. G. Otis.

In a small chamber, friendless and
 unseen,
 Toiled o'er his types one poor, un-
 learned young man ;
 The place was dark, unfurnished,
 and mean ;—
 Yet there the freedom of a race
 began.

Help came but slowly ; surely no
 man yet
 Put lever to the heavy world with
 less :
 What need of help ? He knew how
 types were set,
 He had a dauntless spirit, and a
 press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery
 pith,
 The compact nucleus, round which
 systems grow !
 Mass after mass becomes inspired
 therewith,
 And whirls impregnate with the
 central glow.

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye
 still born
 In the rude stable, in the manger
 nursed !
 What humble hands unbar those
 gates of morn
 Through which the splendours of
 the New Day burst !

What ! shall one monk, scarce known
 beyond his cell,
 Front Rome's far-reaching bolts,
 and scorn her frown ?
 Brave Luther answered YES ; that
 thunder's swell
 Rocked Europe, and discharmed
 the triple crown.

Whatever can be known of earth we
 know,
 Sneered Europe's wise men in
 their snail-shells curled ;
 No ! said one man in Genoa, and
 that No
 Out of the dark created this New
 World,

Who is it will not dare himself to
 trust ?

Who is it hath not strength to
 stand alone ?

Who is it thwarts and bilks the in-
 ward MUST ?

He and his works, like sand, from
 earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles,
 look here !

See one straightforward con-
 science put in pawn

To win a world ; see the obedient
 sphere

By bravery's simple gravitation
 drawn !

Shall we not heed the lesson taught
 of old,

And by the Present's lips repeated
 still,

In our own single manhood to be
 bold,

Fortressed in conscience and im-
 pregnable will ?

We stride the river daily at its
 spring,

Nor, in our childish thoughtless-
 ness, foresee,

What myraid vassal streams shall
 tribute bring,

How like an equal it shall greet
 the sea.

Oh small beginnings, ye are great
 and strong,

Based on a faithful heart and
 weariless brain !

Ye build the future fair, ye con-
 quer wrong,

Ye earn the crown, and wear it
 not in vain.

ON THE DEATH OF C. T. TORREY.

Woe worth the hour when it is
 crime

To plead the poor dumb bond-
 man's cause,

When all that makes the heart sub-
 lime,

The glorious throbs that conquer
 time,

Are traitors to our cruel laws !

He strove among God's suffering
poor

One gleam of brotherhood to
send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give the truth one martyr more,
Then shut,—and here behold the
end!

O Mother State! when this was
done,
No pitying throe thy bosom
gave;

Silent thou saw'st the death-shroud
spun,
And now thou givest to thy son
The stranger's charity,—a grave.

Must it be thus for ever? No!
The hand of God sows not in
vain;

Long sleeps the darkling seed
below,
The seasons come, and change, and
go,
And all the fields are deep with
grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
Man's heart still struggles, still
aspires;

His grave shall quiver yet, while
deep

Through the brave Bay State's
pulses leap
Her ancient energies and fires.

When hours like this the senses'
gush

Have stilled, and left the spirit
room,

It hears amid the eternal hush
The swooping pinions' dreadful
rush,

That bring the vengeance and the
doom;—

Not man's brute vengeance, such as
rends

What rivets man to man apart,—
God doth not so bring round His
ends,

But waits the ripened time, and
sends

His mercy to the oppressor's
heart.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.

I DO not come to weep above thy
pall,

And mourn the dying-out of noble
powers;

The poet's clearer eye should see,
in all

Earth's seeming woe, the seed of
Heaven's flowers.

Truth needs no champions: in the
infinite deep

Of everlasting Soul her strength
abides,

From Nature's heart her mighty
pulses leap,

Through Nature's veins her
strength, undying, tides.

Peace is more strong than war, and
gentleness,

Where force were vain, makes
conquest o'er the wave;

And love lives on and hath a power
to bless,

When they who loved are hidden
in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of
death-strewn fields,

And Glory's epitaph is writ in
blood;

But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wel-
lington hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal
years,

And read for ever in the storied
page

One lengthened roll of blood, and
wrong, and tears,—

One onward step of Truth from
age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants
link their chain;

The poet sings through narrow
dungeon-grates;

Man's hope lies quenched;—and,
lo! with steadfast gain

Freedom doth forge her mail of
adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; faggot,
rack, and cross
Make up the groaning record of
the past;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless
loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the
soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought
for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it
became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy
youth,
When he who called it forth is
but a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee
wholly gone;
The better part of thee is with us
still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside
hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the
Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good
things;
What words thou spak'st for
Freedom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy
Love hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope
could hardly fly.

And often, from that other world,
on this
Some gleams from great souls
gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a
clearer bliss,
And clothe the Right with lustre
more divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher
sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving
tasks,
And strength to perfect what it
dreaded of here
Is all the crown and glory that it
asks.

For sure, in Heaven's wide
chambers, there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful
deeds;
Else were our summons thither but
a doom
To life more vain than this in
clayey weeds.

From off the starry mountain-peak
of song,
Thy spirit shows me, in the
coming time,
An earth unwithered by the foot
of wrong,
A race revering its own soul
sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms,
what crimes, may come,
Thou knowest not, nor I; but
God will lead
The prodigal soul from want and
sorrow home,
And Eden ope her gates to
Adam's seed.

Farewell! good man, good angel
now! this hand
Soon, like thine own, shall lose
its cunning too;
Soon shall this soul, like thine,
bewildered stand,
Then leap to thread the free,
unfathomed blue:

When that day comes, oh, may
this hand grow cold,
Busy, like thine, for Freedom
and the Right;
Oh, may this soul, like thine, be
ever bold
To face dark Slavery's encroach-
ing blight!

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy
bier;
Let worthier hands than these
thy wreath intwine;
Upon thy hearse I shed no useless
tear,—
For us weep rather thou in calm
divine!
1842.

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

ANOTHER star 'neath Time's horizon
dropped,

To gleam o'er unknown lands
and seas ;

Another heart that beat for
freedom stopped,—

What mournful words are these !

O Love Divine, that claspest our
tired earth,

And lullest it upon thy heart,

Thou knowest how much a gentle
soul is worth

To teach men what thou art !

His was a spirit that to all thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain :

Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep
Quiet's door

And call him home again ?

Freedom needs all her poets : it is
they

Who give her aspirations wings,

And to the wiser law of music sway

Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art
thou unkind,

O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will
That gracious natures leave their
love behind

To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on
other tombs,

Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of
minster-glooms

With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-
lived stone,

No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple
lines alone

To mark his resting-place :—

“ Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to
thee

His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly
great was he,

Go, ask it of the poor.”

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

— 0 —

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

OVER his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far
 away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they
 list,
 And builds a bridge from Dream-
 land for his lay;
 Then, as the touch of his loved in-
 strument
 Gives hope and fervour, nearer
 draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral
 flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his
 dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splen-
 dours lie;
 Daily, with souls that cringe and
 plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.
 Over our manhood bend the skies;
 Against our fallen and traitor
 lives
 The great winds utter prophecies;
 With our faint hearts the moun-
 tain strives;
 Its arms outstretched, the druid
 wood
 Waits with its benedicite;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth
 gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner
 to die in,
 The priest has his fee who comes
 and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we
 lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things
 sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce
 of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we
 pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
 tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given
 away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the
 asking;
 No price is set on the lavish
 summer;
 June may be had by the poorest
 comer.

And what is so rare as a day in
 June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be
 in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear
 lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we
 listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it
 glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches
 and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for
 light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and
 flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and
 valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows
 green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in
 its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade
 too mean
 To be some happy creature's
 palace;

The little bird sits at his door in
the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the
leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it
receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her
wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast
flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she
to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which
song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebb'd
away
Comes flooding back with a ripply
cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek
and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop
overfills it,
We are happy now because God
wills it;
No matter how barren the past may
have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the
leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel
right well
How the sap creeps up and the
blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we can-
not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is
growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our
ear,
That dandelions are blossoming
near,
That maize has sprouted, that
streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his
house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good
news back,
For other couriers we should not
lack;
We could guess it all by yon
heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanti-
cleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the
year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not
how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be
true
As for grass to be green or skies
to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whither the clouds have
fled?
In the unscarred heaven they
leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they
have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and
ache;
The soul partakes the season's
youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of pas-
sion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and
smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed
with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his
vow?

PART FIRST.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a
vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew
dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II.

The crows flapped over by twos
and threes,

In the pool drownsed the cattle up to
their knees,

The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the
year,

And the very leaves seemed to sing
on the trees :

The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and
gray :

'Twas the proudest hall in the
North Countree,

And never its gates might opened
be,

Save to Lord or Lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults
defied ;

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her
pavilions tall

Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight ;

Green and broad was every tent,

And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a
surly clang,

And through the dark arch a
charger sprang,

Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden
knight,

In his gilded mail, that flamed so
bright

It seemed the dark castle had
gathered all

Those shafts the fierce sun had shot
over its wall

In his siege of three hundred
summers long,

And, binding them all in one blaz-
ing sheaf,

Had cast them forth : so, young
and strong,

And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his un-
scarred mail,

To seek in all climes for the Holy
Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream
and tree,

And morning in the young
knight's heart ;

Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine
free,

And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things
up

Full as the rain fills the pitcher-
plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through
the darksome gate.

He was 'ware of a leper, crouched
by the same,

Who begged with his hand and
moaned as he sate ;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal
came ;

The sunshine went out of his soul
with a thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan
shrink and crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood
still

Like a frozen waterfall ;

For this man, so foul and bent of
stature,

Rasped harshly against his dainty
nature,

And seemed the one blot on the
summer morn,—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in
scorn.

VI.

The leper raised not the gold from
the dust :

"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his
door :

That is no true alms which the
hand can hold ;

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty ;

But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of
sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining
Beauty

Which runs through all and doth
all unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of
his alms,

The heart outstretches its eager
palms,
For a god goes with it and makes
its store
To the soul that was starving in
darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

DOWN swept the chill wind from
the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand
summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the
wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleaved boughs and
pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built
a roof
'Neath which he could house him,
winter-proof;
All night by the white star's frosty
gleams
He groined his arches and matched
his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal
spars
As the lashes of light that trim the
stars:
He sculptured every summer de-
light
In his halls and chambers out of
sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-
crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-
stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork
knew
But silvery mosses that downward
grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp
relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern
leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth
and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine
through, and here,
He had caught the nodding bul-
rush tops

And hung them thickly with
diamond drops,
That crystallised the beams of moon
and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of
ice;
'Twas as if every image that
mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the
summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and
sky,
Lest the happy model should be
lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy
masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.
Within the hall are song and
laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red
and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and
rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and
holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chim-
ney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring
tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and
flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the
wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned
sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries
blind;
And swift little troops of silent
sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering
away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's
tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.
But the wind without was eager
and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes
a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,

Whose burden still, as he might
 guess,
 Was—"Shelterless, shelterless,
 shelterless!"
 The voice of the seneschal flared
 like a torch
 As he shouted the wanderer away
 from the porch,
 And he sat in the gateway and saw
 all night
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and
 bold,
 Through the window-slits of the
 castle old,
 Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

THERE was never a leaf on bush or
 tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudder-
 ingly;
 The river was dumb and could not
 speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud
 had spun;
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed
 off the cold sun;
 Again it was morning, but shrunk
 and cold,
 As if her veins were sapless and old,
 And she rose up decrepitley
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own
 hard gate,
 For another heir in his earldom
 sate;
 An old, bent man, worn out and
 frail,
 He came back from seeking the
 Holy Grail;
 Little he recked of his earldom's
 loss,
 No more on his surcoat was blazoned
 the cross,
 But deep in his soul the sign he
 wore,
 The badge of the suffering and the
 poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
 For it was just at the Christmas
 time;
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier
 clime,
 And sought for a shelter from cold
 and snow
 In the light and warmth of long-
 ago;
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
 O'er the edge of the desert, black
 and small,
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by
 one,
 He can count the camels in the sun,
 As over the red-hot sands they pass
 To where, in its slender necklace of
 grass,
 The little spring laughed and leapt
 in the shade,
 And with its own self like an infant
 played,
 And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an
 alms";—
 The happy camels may reach the
 spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the grew-
 some thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanch-
 ed
 bone,
 That cowers beside him, a thing as
 lone
 And white as the ice-isles of
 Northern seas
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold
 in thee
 An image of Him who died on the
 tree;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of
 thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world's
 buffets and scorns,—
 And to thy life were not denied
 The wounds in the hands and feet
 and side:

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
Behold, through him, I give to
thee ! ”

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up
in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and
straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier
guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in
gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy
Grail.
The heart within him was ashes
and dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's
brink,
And gaveth the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse
brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden
bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was
the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank
with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a
downcast face,
A light shone round about the
place ;
The leper no longer crouched at
his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and
straight
As the pillar that stood by the
Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than
leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as
snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and
quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float
down upon ;

And the voice that was calmer than
silence said,
“ Lo, it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the
Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which
thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me
but now ;
This crust is my body broken for
thee,
This water His blood that died on
the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's
need ;
Not what we give, but what we
share,—
For the gift without the giver is
bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms
feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour,
and me.”

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a
swoon :—
“ The Grail in my castle here is
found !
Hang my idle armour up on the
wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall ;
He must be fenced with stronger
mail
Who would seek and find the Holy
Grail.”

X.

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to
the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree
bough ;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is
o'er ;
When the first poor outcast went in
at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by sur-
prise ;
There is no spot she loves so well on
ground,

She lingers and smiles there the
whole year round ;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's
land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the
North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much
as he.

NOTE.—According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with His disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had

charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the foregoing poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign !

READER! *walk up at once (it will soon be too late)*
and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate

A

FABLE FOR CRITICS;

OR, BETTER,

*(I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike,
an old-fashioned title-page,
such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents),*

A GLANCE

AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES

(Mrs. Malaprop's word)

FROM

THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By A Wonderful Quiz,

*who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace,
on the top of the tub.*

Set forth in October, the 31st day,
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.

TO

CHARLES F. BRIGGS,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

IT being the commonest mode of procedure, I premise a few candid remarks

TO THE READER :—

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friends, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of saying they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I consulted them when it could make no confusion. For (though in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a Fable, a frail, slender thing, rhyme-y-winged, with a sting in its tail. But, by additions and alterings not previously planned, — digressions chance-hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand, — and dawdlings to suit every whimsey's demand (always freeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree), — it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbours, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh, and when, my strained arms with their grown burthen full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on

my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure, that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun *at* them or *with* them.

So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over sedulous about courting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my pot.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a LIST will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme), I will honestly give each

his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to CLUB their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a Mephistophelian standpoint, are meant to be faithful, and that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

A PRELIMINARY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION,

though it well may be reckoned, of all composition, the species at once most delightful and healthy, is a thing which an author, unless he be wealthy and willing to pay for that kind of delight, is not, in all instances, called on to write. Though there are, it is said, who, their spirits to cheer, slip in a new title-page three times a year, and in this way snuff up an imaginary savour of that sweetest of dishes, the popular favour,—much as if a starved painter should fall to and treat the Ugolino inside to a picture of meat.

You remember (if not, pray turn over and look) that, in writing the preface which ushered my book, I treated you, excellent Public, not merely with a cool disregard, but downright cavalierly. Now I would not take back the least thing I then

said, though I thereby could butter both sides of my bread, for I never could see that an author owed aught to the people he solaced, diverted, or taught; and, as for mere fame, I have long ago learned that the persons by whom it is finally earned are those with whom *your* verdict weighed not a pin, unsustained by the higher court sitting within.

But I wander from what I intended to say,—that you have, namely, shown such a liberal way of thinking, and so much æsthetic perception of anonymous worth in the handsome reception you gave to my book, spite of some private piques (having bought the first thousand in barely two weeks), that I think, past a doubt, if you measured the phiz of yours most devotedly, Wonderful Quiz, you would find that its vertical section was shorter, by an inch and two tenths, or 'twixt that and a quarter.

You have watched a child playing—in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and the ears, and the vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard? Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his invention, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit in barely ten minutes, all climes, and find North-western passages hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young Poet, fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, “Jack, let's play that I am a Genius!” Jacky straightway makes Aladdin's lamp out of a stone, and, for hours, they enjoy each his own supernatural powers. This is all very pretty and pleasant, but then suppose our two urchins have grown into men, and both have turned authors,—one says to his brother, “Let's play we're the American somethings or other,—

say Homer or Sophocles, Goethe or Scott (only let them be big enough, no matter what). Come, you shall be Byron or Pope, which you choose: I'll be Coleridge, and both shall write mutual reviews." So they both (as mere strangers) before many days send each other a cord of anonymous bays. Each, piling his epithets, smiles in his sleeve to see what his friend can be made to believe; each, reading the other's unbiassed review, thinks—Here's pretty high praise, but no more than is true. Well, we laugh at them both, and yet make no great fuss when the same farce is acted to benefit us. Even I, who, if asked, scarce a month since, what Fudge-meant, should have answered the dear Public's critical judgment, begin to think sharp-witted Horace spoke sooth when he said, that the Public *sometimes* hit the truth.

In reading these lines, you perhaps have a vision of a person in pretty good health and condition, and yet, since I put forth my primary edition, I have been crushed, scorched, withered, used up and put down (by Smith with the cordial assistance of Brown), in all, if you put any faith in my rhymes, to the number of ninety-five several times, and, while I am writing,—I tremble to think of it, for I may at this moment be just on the brink of it,—Molybdostom, angry at being omitted, has begun a critique,—am I not to be pitied?*

Now I shall not crush *them* since, indeed, for that matter, no pressure I know of could render them flatter; nor wither, nor scorch them,—no action of fire could make either them or their articles drier; nor waste time in putting them down—I am thinking not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking; for there's this contradiction about the whole bevy,—though

* The wise Scandinavians probably called their bards by the queer-looking title of Scald, in a delicate way, as it were, just to hint to the world the hot water they always get into.

without the least weight, they are awfully heavy. No, my dear honest bore, *surdo fabulam narras*, they are no more to me than a rat in the arras. I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don, or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John, and feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow, to think that they all will be lying to-morrow tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves, and forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves. Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar, I leave the whole pack of them outside the door. With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away to the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay; get *fou* with O'Shanter, and sober me then with that bulder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben; snuff Herbert, as holy as a flower on a grave; with Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave; with Marlowe or Kyd take a fine poet-rave; in Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace; with Lycidas welter on vexed Irish seas; with Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again, down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder-like brain, to that spiritual Peypys (Cotton's version) Montaigne; find a new depth in Wordsworth undreamed of before,—that divinely inspired, wise, deep, tender, grand—bore. Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off, Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff; the landscape, for ever consoling and kind, pours her wine and her oil on the smarts of the mind. The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems; the tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems, like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods, where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrudes; these are all my kind neighbours, and leave me no wish to say aught to you all, my poor critics, but—pish! I have buried the hatchet: I am twisting an allumette out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet. In your private capacities come when you please, I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe apiece.

As I ran through the leaves of my poor little book, to take a fond author's first tremulous look, it was quite an excitement to hunt the *errata*, sprawled in as birds' tracks are in some kind of strata (only these made things crookeder). Fancy an heir that a father had seen born well-featured and fair, turning suddenly wry-nosed, club-footed, squint-eyed, hair-lipped, wapper-jawed, carrot-haired, from a pride become an aversion,—my case was yet worse. A club-foot (by way of a change) in a verse, I might have forgiven, an *o*'s being wry, a limp in an *e*, or a cock in an *i*,—but to have the sweet babe of my brain served in *pi*! I am not queasy-stomached, but such a Thyestean banquet as that was quite out of the question.

In the edition now issued, no pains are neglected, and my verses, as orators say, stand corrected. Yet some blunders remain of the public's own make, which I wish to correct for my personal sake. For instance, a character drawn in pure fun and condensing the traits of a dozen in one, has been, as I hear, by some persons applied to a good friend of mine, whom to stab in the side, as

we walked along chatting and joking together, would not be *my* way. I can hardly tell whether a question will ever arise in which he and I should by any strange fortune agree, but meanwhile my esteem for him grows as I know him, and, though not the best judge on earth of a poem, he knows what it is he is saying and why, and is honest and fearless, two good points which I have not found so rife I can easily smother my love for them, whether on my side or t'other.

For my other *anonymi*, you may be sure that I know what is meant by a caricature, and what by a portrait. There are those who think it is capital fun to be spattering their ink on quiet, unquarrelsome folk, but the minute the game changes sides and the others begin it, they see something savage and horrible in it. As for me I respect neither women nor men for their gender, nor own any sex in a pen. I choose just to hint to some causeless unfriends that, as far as I know, there are always two ends (and one of them heaviest, too) to a staff, and two parties also to every good laugh.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

—o—

PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a
laurel-tree's shade,
Was reminded of Daphne, of whom
it was made,
For the god being one day too warm
in his wooing,
She took to the tree to escape his
pursuing;
Be the cause what it might, from
his offers she shrunk,
And, Genevra-like, shut herself up
in a trunk;
And, though 'twas a step into which
he had driven her,
He somehow or other had never
forgiven her;
Her memory he nursed as a kind of
a tonic,
Something bitter to chew when
he'd play the Byronic.
And I can't count the obstinate
nymphs that he brought over
By a strange kind of smile he put
on when he thought of her.
"My case is like Dido's," he some-
times remarked;
"When I last saw my love, she
was fairly embarked
In a laurel, as *she* thought—but
(ah, how Fate mocks!)
She has found it by this time a
very bad box;
Let hunters from me take this saw
when they need it,—
You're not always sure of your
game when you've treed it.
Just conceive such a change taking
place in one's mistress!
What romance would be left?—
who can flatter or kiss trees?
And, for mercy's sake, how could
one keep up a dialogue

With a dull wooden thing that will
live and will die a log,—
Not to say that the thought would
for ever intrude
That you've less chance to win her
the more she is wood?
Ah! it went to my heart, and the
memory still grieves,
To see those loved graces all tak-
ing their leaves;
Those charms beyond speech, so
enchanting but now,
As they left me for ever, each mak-
ing its bough!
If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes
more than was right,
Her new bark is worse than ten
times her old bite."

Now, Daphne—before she was
happily treeified—
Over all other blossoms the lily
had deified,
And when she expected the god on
a visit
('Twas before he had made his in-
tentions explicit),
Some buds she arranged with a
vast deal of care,
To look as if artlessly twined in
her hair,
Where they seemed, as he said,
when he paid his addresses,
Like the day breaking through the
long night of her tresses;
So whenever he wished to be quite
irresistible,
Like a man with eight trumps in
his hand at a whist-table
(I feared me at first that the rhyme
was untwistable,

Though I might have lugged in an
allusion to Cristabel),—
He would take up a lily, and
gloomily look in it,
As I shall at the ——, when they
cut up my book in it.

Well, here, after all the bad
rhyme I've been spinning,
I've got back at last to my story's
beginning :
Sitting there, as I say, in the shade
of his mistress,
As dull as a volume of old
Chester mysteries,
Or as those puzzling specimens
which, in old histories,
We read of his verses—the Oracles,
namely,—
(I wonder the Greeks should have
swallowed them tamely,
For one might bet safely whatever
he has to risk,
They were laid at his door by some
ancient Miss Asterisk,
And so dull that the men who re-
tailed them out-doors
Got the ill name of augurs, because
they were bores,—)
First, he mused what the animal
substance or herb is
Would induce a moustache, for you
know he's *imberbis* ;
Then he shuddered to think how
his youthful position
Was assailed by the age of his son
the physician ;
At some poems he glanced, had
been sent to him lately,
And the metre and sentiment
puzzled him greatly ;
“ Mehercle ! I'd make such pro-
ceeding felonious,—
Have they all of them slept in the
cave of Trophonius ?
Look well to your seat, 'tis like
taking an airing
On a corduroy road, and that out
of repairing ;
It leads one, 'tis true, through the
primitive forest,
Grand natural features, but then
one has no rest ;
You just catch a glimpse of some
ravishing distance,

When a jolt puts the whole of it
out of existence,—
Why not use their ears, if they
happen to have any ?
—Here the laurel leaves murmur-
ed the name of poor Daphne.

“ Oh, weep with me, Daphne,” he
sighed, “ for you know it's
A terrible thing to be pestered
with poets !
But, alas, she is dumb, and the
proverb holds good,
She never will cry till she's out of
the wood !
What wouldn't I give if I never
had known of her ?
'Twere a kind of relief had I some-
thing to groan over :
If I had but some letters of hers,
now, to toss over,
I might turn for the nonce a
Byronic philosopher,
And bewitch all the flats by be-
moaning the loss of her.
One needs something tangible,
though, to begin on,—
A loom, as it were, for the fancy to
spin on ;
What boots all your grist ? it can
never be ground
Till a breeze makes the arms of the
windmill go round,
(Or, if 'tis a water-mill, after the
metaphor,
And say it won't stir, save the
wheel be well wet afore,
Or lug in some stuff about water
“ so dreamily,”—
Is it not a metaphor, though, 'tis
a simile) ;
A lily, perhaps, would set *my* mill
a-going,
For just at this season, I think,
they are blowing.
Here, somebody, fetch one ; not
very far hence
They're in bloom by the score, 'tis
but climbing a fence ;
There's a poet hard by, who does
nothing but fill his
Whole garden, from one end to
t'other, with lilies ;
A very good plan, were it not for
satiety,

One longs for a weed here and there for variety;
 Though a weed is no more than a flower in disguise,
 Which is seen through at once, if love give a man eyes."

Now there happened to be among Phœbus's followers,
 A gentleman, one of the omnivorous swallows,
 Who bolt every book that comes out of the press,
 Without the least question of larger or less,
 Whose stomachs are strong at the expense of their head,—
 For reading new books is like eating new bread,
 One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
 Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.
 On a previous stage of existence, our Hero
 Had ridden outside, with the glass below zero;
 He had been, 'tis a fact you may safely rely on,
 Of a very old stock a most eminent scion,—
 A stock all fresh quacks their fierce boluses ply on,
 Who stretch the new boots Earth's unwilling to try on,
 Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts keep their eye on,
 Whose hair's in the mortar of every new Zion,
 Who, when whistles are dear, go directly and buy one,
 Who think slavery a crime that we must not say fie on,
 Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with the lion
 (Though they hunt lions also, whenever they spy one),
 Who contrive to make every good fortune a wry one,
 And at last choose the hard bed of honour to die on,
 Whose pedigree, traced to earth's earliest years,
 Is longer than anything else but their ears;—

In short he was sent into life with the wrong key,
 He unlocked the door, and stept forth a poor donkey.
 Though kicked and abused by his bipedal betters,
 Yet he filled no mean place in the kingdom of letters;
 Far happier than many a literary hack,
 He bore only paper-mill rags on his back
 (For it makes a vast difference which side the mill
 One expends on the paper his labour and skill);
 So, when his soul waited a new transmigration,
 And Destiny balanced 'twixt this and that station,
 Not having much time to expend upon bothers,
 Remembering he'd had some connection with authors,
 And considering his four legs had grown paralytic,—
 She set him on two, and he came forth a critic.

Through his babyhood no kind of pleasure he took
 In any amusement but tearing a book;
 For him there was no intermediate stage
 From babyhood up to straight-laced middle age;
 There were years when he didn't wear coat-tails behind,
 But a boy he could never be rightly defined;
 Like the Irish Good Folk, though in length scarce a span,
 From the womb he came gravely, a little old man;
 While other boy's trousers demanded the toil
 Of the motherly fingers on all kinds of soil,
 Red, yellow, brown, black, clayey, gravelly, loamy,
 He sat in the corner and read Viri Romæ.
 He never was known to unbend or to revel once;

In basè, marbles, hockey, or kick
up the devil once;
He was just one of those who ex-
cite the benevolence
Of your old prigs who sound the
soul's depths with a ledger,
And are on the look-out for some
young men to 'edger-
cate," as they call it, who won't be
too costly,
And who'll afterward take to the
ministry mostly;
Who always wear spectacles,
always look bilious,
Always keep on good terms with
each *mater-familias*
Throughout the whole parish, and
manage to rear
Ten boys like themselves, on four
hundred a year:
Who, fulfilling in turn the same
fearful conditions,
Either preach through their noses,
or go upon missions.

In this way our Hero got safely
to college,
Where he bolted alike both his
commons and knowledge;
A reading-machine, always wound
up and going,
He mastered whatever was not
worth the knowing,
Appeared in a gown, and a vest of
black satin,
To spout such a Gothic oration in
Latin
That Tully could never have made
out a word in it
(Though himself was the model the
author preferred in it),
And grasping the parchment which
gave him in fee
All the mystic and-so-forths con-
tained in A. B.,
He was launched (life is always
compared to a sea),
With just enough learning, and
skill for the using it,
To prove he'd a brain, by for ever
confusing it.
So worthy St. Benedict, piously
burning
With the holiest zeal against
secular learning,

Nesciensque scinter, as writers ex-
press it,
*Indoctusque sapienter a Roma re-
cessit.*

"Would be endless to tell you
the things that he knew,
All separate facts, undeniably true,
But with him or each other they'd
nothing to do;
No power of combining, arranging,
discerning,
Digested the masses he learned into
learning;
There was one thing in life he had
practical knowledge for
(And this, you will think, he need
scarce go to college for),—
Not a deed would he do, nor a word
would he utter,
Till he'd weighed its relations to
plain bread and butter.

When he left Alma Mater, he
practised his wits
In compiling the journals' historical
bits,—
Of shops broken open, men falling
in fits,
Great fortunes in England be-
queathed to poor printers,
And cold spells, the coldest for
many past winters,—
Then, rising by industry, knack,
and address,
Got notices up for an unbiassed
press,
With a mind so well poised, it
seemed equally made for
Applause or abuse, just which
chanced to be paid for.
From this point his progress was
rapid and sure,
To the post of a regular heavy
reviewer.

And here I must say he wrote ex-
cellent articles
On the Hebraic points or the force
of Greek particles,
They filled up the space nothing
else was prepared for;
And nobody read that which no-
body cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth
edition,

He could fill forty pages with safe
 erudition ;
 He could gauge the old books by
 the old set of rules,
 And his very old nothings pleased
 very old fools ;
 But give him a new book, fresh out
 of the heart,
 And you put him at sea without
 compass or chart,—
 His blunders aspired to the rank of
 an art ;
 For his lore was engraft, something
 foreign that grew in him,
 Exhausting the sap of the native
 and true in him,
 o that when a man came with a
 soul that was new in him,
 arving new forms of truth out of
 Nature's old granite,
 New and old at their birth, like Le
 Verrier's planet,
 Which, to get a true judgment,
 themselves must create
 In the soul of their critic the
 measure and weight,
 Being rather themselves a fresh
 standard of grace,
 To compute their own judge, and
 assign him his place,
 Our reviewer would crawl all about
 it and round it,
 And, reporting each circumstance
 just as he found it,
 Without the least malice,—his re-
 cord would be
 Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
 Which, supping on Wordsworth,
 should print, for our sakes,
 Recollections of nights with the Bard
 of the Lakes,
 Or, lodged by an Arab guide, ven-
 tured to render a
 General view of the ruins at Den-
 derah.

As I said, he was never precisely
 unkind,
 The defect in his brain was just ab-
 sence of mind ;
 If he boasted, 'twas simply that he
 was self-made,
 A position which I, for one, never
 gainsaid,
 My respect for my Maker supposing
 a skill

In his works which our Hero would
 answer but ill ;
 And I trust that the mould which
 he used may be cracked, or he,
 Made bold by success, may enlarge
 his phylactery,
 And set up a kind of a man-manu-
 factory,—
 An event which I shudder to think
 about, seeing
 That Man is a moral, accountable
 being.

He meant well enough, but was
 still in the way,
 As a dunce always is, let him be
 where he may ;
 Indeed, they appear to come into
 existence
 To impede other folks with their
 awkward assistance ;
 If you set up a dunce on the very
 North pole
 All alone with himself, I believe,
 on my soul,
 He'd manage to get betwixt some-
 body's shins,
 And pitch him down bodily, all in
 his sins,
 To the grave polar bears sitting
 round on the ice,
 All shortening their grace, to be in
 for a slice ;
 Or, if he found nobody else there to
 pother,
 Why, one of his legs would just trip
 up the other,
 For there's nothing we read of in
 torture's inventions,
 Like a well-meaning dunce, with the
 best of intentions.

A terrible fellow to meet in
 society,
 Not the toast that he buttered was
 ever so dry at tea,
 There he'd sit at the table and stir
 in his sugar,
 Crouching close for a spring, all the
 while, like a cougar ;
 Be sure of your facts, of your
 measures and weights,
 Of your time,—he's as fond as an
 Arab of dates ;—
 You'll be telling, perhaps, in your
 comical way,

Of something you've seen in the
course of the day;
And, just as your tapering out the
conclusion,
You venture an ill-fated classic
allusion,—
The girls have all got their laughs
ready, when, whack!
The cougar comes down on your
thunderstruck back!
You had left out a comma,—your
Greek's put in joint,
And pointed at cost of your story's
whole point.
In the course of the evening, you
venture on certain
Soft speeches to Anne, in the shade
of the curtain;
You tell her your heart can be lik-
ened to *one* flower,
“And that, oh most charming of
women's the sunflower,
Which turns”—here a clear nasal
voice, to your terror,
From outside the curtain, says,
“That's all an error.”
As for him, he's—no matter, he
never grew tender,
Sitting after a ball, with his feet on
the fender,
Shaping somebody's sweet features
out of cigar smoke
(Though he'd willingly grant you
that such doings are smoke);
All women he damns with *mutabile*
semper,
And if ever he felt something like
love's distemper,
'Twas towards a young lady who
spoke ancient Mexican,
And assisted her father in making
a lexicon;
Though I recollect hearing him get
quite ferocious
About Mary Clausum, the mistress
of Grotius,
Or something of that sort,—but, no
more to bore ye
With character-painting, I'll turn
to my story.

Now, Apollo, who finds it con-
venient sometimes
To get his court clear of the makers
of rhymes,

The *genus*, I think it is called, *irri-
table*,
Every one of whom thinks himself
treated most shabbily,
And nurses a—what is it?—*immedi-
cable*,
Which keeps him at boiling-point,
hot for a quarrel,
As bitter as wormwood, and sourer
than sorrel,
If any poor devil but look at a
laurel;—
Apollo, I say, being sick of their
rioting
(Though he sometimes acknowledged
their verse had a quieting
Effect after dinner, and seemed to
suggest a
Retreat to the shrine of a tranquil
siesta),
Kept our Hero at hand, who, by
means of a bray,
Which he gave to the life, drove
the rabble away;
And if that wouldn't do, he was
sure to succeed,
If he took his review out and
offered to read;
Or, failing in plans of this milder
description,
He would ask for their aid to get
up a subscription,
Considering that authorship wasn't
a rich craft,
To print the “American drama of
Witchcraft.”
“Stay, I'll read you a scene,”—but
he hardly began,
Ere Apollo shrieked “Help!” and
the authors all ran:
And once, when these purgatives
acted with less spirit,
And the desperate case asked a re-
medy desperate,
He drew from his pocket a foolscap
epistle
As calmly as if 'twere a nine-bar-
relled pistol,
And threatened them all with the
judgment to come,
Of “A wandering Star's first im-
pressions of Rome.”
“Stop! stop!” with their hands o'er
their ears, screamed the Muses,
“He may go off and murder himself,
if he chooses,

'Twas a means self-defence only
 sanctioned his trying,
 'Tis mere massacre now that the
 enemy's flying;
 If he's forced to't again, and we hap-
 pen to be there,
 Give us each a large handkerchief
 soaked in strong ether."

I called this a "Fable for Critics;"
 you think it's
 More like a display of my rhyth-
 mical trinkets;
 My plot, like an icicle, 's slender and
 slippery,
 Every moment more slender, and
 likely to slip awry,
 And the reader unwilling *in loco*
desipere,
 Is free to jump over as much of my
 frippery
 As he fancies, and, if he's a provi-
 dent skipper, he
 May have an Odyssean sway of the
 gales,
 And get safe to port ere his patience
 quite fails;
 Moreover although 'tis a slender
 return
 For your toil and expense, yet my
 paper will burn,
 And, if you have manfully struggled
 thus far with me,
 You may e'en twist me up, and
 just light your cigar with me;
 If too angry for that, you can tear
 me in pieces,
 And my *membra disjecta* consign to
 the breezes,
 A fate like great Ratzau's, whom
 one of those bores,
 Who befleaded with bad verses poor
 Louis Quatorze,
 Describes (the first verse somehow
 ends with *victoire*),
 As *dispersant partout et ses membres*
et sa gloire;
 Or, if I were over-desirous of earning
 A repute among noodles for classi-
 cal learning,
 I could pick you a score of allusions,
 I wis,
 As new as the jests of *Didaskalos*
vis;
 Better still, I could make out a good
 solid list

From recondite authors who do
 not exist,—
 But that would be naughty: at
 least, I could twist
 Something out of Absyrtus, or turn
 your inquiries
 After Milton's prose metaphor,
 drawn from Osiris;—
 But, as Cicero says he won't say
 this or that
 (A fetch, I must say, most tran-
 sparent and flat),
 After saying whate'er he could
 possibly think of,—
 I simply will state that I pause on
 the brink of
 A mire, ankle-deep, of deliberate
 confusion,
 Made up of old jumbles of classic
 allusion,
 So, when you were thinking your-
 selves to be pitied,
 Just conceive how much harder your
 teeth you'd have gritted,
 An 'twere not for the dulness I've
 kindly omitted.

I'd apologize here for my many
 digressions,
 Were it not that I'm certain to trip
 into fresh ones
 ('Tis so hard to escape if you get in
 their mesh once);
 Just reflect, if you please, how 'tis
 said by Horatius,
 That Mæonides nods now and then,
 and, my gracious!
 It certainly does look a little bit
 ominous
 When he gets under way with *ton*
d'apameibomenos.
 (Here a something occurs which I'll
 just clap a rhyme to,
 And say it myself, ere a Zoilus have
 time to,—
 Any author a nap like Van Winkle's
 may take,
 If he only contrive to keep readers
 awake,
 But he'll very soon find himself laid
 on the shelf,
 If *they* fall a-nodding when he nods
 himself.)

Once for all, to return, and to
 stay, will I, nill I—

When Phœbus expressed his desire
for a lily,
Our hero, whose homœopathic saga-
city,
With an ocean of zeal mixed his
drop of capacity,
Set off for the garden as fast as the
wind
(Or, to take a comparison more to
my mind,
As a sound politician leaves con-
science behind),
And leaped the low fence, as a party
hack jumps
O'er his principles, when something
else turns up trumps.

He was gone a long time, and
Apollo, meanwhile,
Went over some sonnets of his with
a file,
For, of all compositions, he thought
that the sonnet
Best repaid all the toil you ex-
pended upon it;
It should reach with one impulse the
end of its course,
And for one final blow collect all
of its force;
Not a verse should be salient, but
each one should tend
With a wave-like up-gathering to
break at the end;
So, condensing the strength here,
there smoothing a wry kink,
He was killing the time, when up
walked Mr. D — ;
At a few steps behind him, a small
man in glasses
Went dodging about, muttering,
“Murderers! asses!”
From out of his pocket a paper he'd
take,
With a proud look of martyrdom
tied to its stake,
And, reading a squib at himself,
he'd say, “Here I see
'Gainst American letters a bloody
conspiracy,
They are all by my personal enemies
written;
I must post an anonymous letter to
Britain,
And show that this gall is the
merest suggestion

Of spite at my zeal on the Copy-
right question,
For, on this side the water, 'tis
prudent to pull
O'er the eyes of the public their
national wool,
By accusing of slavish respect to
John Bull
All American authors who have
more or less
Of that anti-American humbug —
success,
While in private we're always em-
bracing the knees
Of some twopenny editor over the
seas,
And licking his critical shoes, for
you know 'tis
The whole aim of our lives to get
one English notice:
My American puffs I would will-
ingly burn all
(They're all from one source,
monthly, weekly, diurnal)
To get but a kick from a trans-
marine journal!”

So, culling the gibes of each criti-
cal scurrier
As if they were plums, and himself
were Jack Horner,
He came cautiously on, peeping
round every corner,
And into each hole where a weasel
might pass in,
Expecting the knife of some critic
assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a cari-
cature,
Not so bad as these daubs of the
Sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'type,
whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good and con-
dense all one's poor traits.

Apollo looked up, hearing foot-
steps approaching,
And slipped out of sight the new
rhymes he was broaching, —
“Good day, Mr. D — , I'm happy
to meet
With a scholar so ripe, and a critic
so neat,
Who through Grub Street the soul
of a gentleman carries;

What news from that suburb of
London and Paris
Which latterly makes such shrill
claims to monopolize
The credit of being the New World's
metropolis?"

"Why, nothing of consequence,
save this attack
On my friend there, behind, by
some pitiful hack,
Who thinks every national author
a poor one,
That isn't a copy of something that's
foreign,
And assaults the American Dick—"

"Nay, 'tis clear
That your Damon there's fond of a
flea in his ear,
And, if no one else furnished them
gratis, on tick
He would buy some himself, just
to hear the old click;
Why, I honestly think, if some fool
in Japan
Should turn up his nose at the
'Poems on Man,'
Your friend there by some inward
instinct would know it,
Would get it translated, reprinted,
and show it;
As a man might take off a high
stock to exhibit
The autograph round his own neck
of the gibbet;
Nor would let it rest so, but fire
column after column,
Signed Cato, or Brutus, or some-
thing as solemn,
By way of displaying his critical
crosses,
And tweaking that poor transatlan-
tic proboscis,
His broadsides resulting (this last
there's no doubt of)
In successively sinking the craft
they're fired out of.
Now nobody knows when an author
is hit,
If he don't have a public hysterical
fit;
Let him only keep close in his snug
garret's dim ether,
And nobody'd think of his critics—
or him either;

If an author have any least fibre of
worth in him,
Abuse would but tickle the organ of
mirth in him;
All the critics in earth cannot crush
with their ban
One word that's in tune with the
nature of man."

"Well, perhaps so; meanwhile
I have brought you a book,
Into which if you'll just have the
goodness to look,
You may feel so delighted (when
once you are through it)
As to deem it not unworth your
while to review it,
And I think I can promise your
thoughts, if you do,
A place in the next Democratic
Review."

"The most thankless of gods you
must surely have thought me,
For this is the forty-fourth copy
you've brought me,
I have given them away, or at least
I have tried,
But I've forty-two left, standing
all side by side
(The man who accepted that one
copy died),—
From one end of a shelf to the other
they reach,
'With the author's respects' neatly
written in each,
The publisher, sure, will proclaim a
Te Deum,
When he hears of that order the
British Museum
Has sent for one set of what books
were first printed
In America, little or big,—for 'tis
hinted
That this is the first truly tangible
hope he
Has ever had raised for the sale of a
copy.
I've thought very often 'twould be
a good thing
In all public collections of books, if
a wing
Were set off by itself, like the seas
from the dry lands,
Marked *Literature suited to desolate
islands,*

And filled with such books as could
 never be read
 Save by readers of proofs, forced to
 do it for bread,—
 Such books as one's wrecked on in
 small country-taverns,
 Such as hermits might mortify over
 in caverns,
 Such as Satan, if printing had then
 been invented,
 As the climax of woe would to
 Job have presented,
 Such as Crusoe might dip in, al-
 though there are few so
 Outrageously cornered by fate as
 poor Crusoe;
 And since the philanthropists just
 now are banging
 And gibbeting all who're in favour
 of hanging
 (Though Cheever has proved that
 the Bible and Altar
 Were let down from Heaven at the
 end of a halter,
 And that vital religion would dull
 and grow callous,
 Unrefreshed, now and then, with a
 sniff of the gallows),—
 And folks are beginning to think it
 looks odd
 To choke a poor scamp for the glory
 of God;
 And that He who esteems the Vir-
 ginia reel
 A bait to draw saints from their
 spiritual weal,
 And regards the quadrille as a far
 greater knavery
 Than crushing His African children
 with slavery,—
 Since all who take part in a waltz
 or cotillion
 Are mounted for hell on the Devil's
 own pillion,
 Who, as every true orthodox
 Christian well knows,
 Approaches the heart through the
 door of the toes,—
 That He, I was saying, whose
 judgments are stored
 For such as take steps in despite of
 His word,
 Should look with delight on the
 agonized prancing
 Of a wretch who has not the least
 ground for his dancing,

While the State, standing by, sings
 a verse from the Psalter
 About offering to God on his
 favourite halter,
 And, when the legs droop from
 their twitching divergence,
 Sells the clothes to a Jew, and the
 corpse to the surgeons;—
 Now, instead of all this, I think I
 can direct you all
 To a criminal code both humane
 and effectual;—
 I propose to shut up every doer of
 wrong
 With these desperate books, for
 such term, short or long,
 As by statute in such cases made
 and provided,
 Shall be by your wise legislators
 decided:
 Thus:—Let murderers be shut, to
 grow wiser and cooler,
 At hard labour for life on the works
 of Miss ———;
 Petty thieves, kept from flagranter
 crimes by their fears,
 Shall peruse Yankee Doodle a
 blank term of years,—
 That American Punch like the
 English, no doubt,—
 Just the sugar and lemons and
 spirit left out.

“But stay, here comes Tityrus
 Griswold, and leads on
 The flocks whom he first plucks
 alive, and then feeds on,—
 A loud-cackling swarm, in whose
 feathers warm-drest,
 He goes for as perfect a—swan as
 the rest.

“There comes Emerson first,
 whose rich words, every one,
 Are like gold nails in temples to
 hang trophies on,
 Whose prose is grand verse, while
 his verse, the Lord knows,
 Is some of it pr— No, 'tis not even
 prose;
 I'm speaking of metres; some
 poems have welled
 From those rare depths of soul that
 have ne'er been excelled;
 They're not epics, but that doesn't
 matter a pin,

In creating, the only hard thing's
to begin ;

A grass-blade's no easier to make
than an oak ;

If you've once found the way,
you've achieved the grand
stroke ;

In the worst of his poems are mines
of rich matter,

But thrown in a heap with a crush
and a clatter,

Now it is not one thing nor another
alone

Makes a poem, but rather the
general tone,

The something pervading, uniting
the whole,

The before unconceived, uncon-
ceivable soul,

So that just in removing this trifle
or that, you

Take away, as it were, a chief
limb of the statue ;

Roots, wood, bark, and leaves
singly perfect may be, •

But, clapt hodge-podge together,
they don't make a tree.

“But, to come back to Emerson
(whom, by the way,

I believe we left waiting),—his is,
we may say,

A Greek head on right Yankee
shoulders, whose range

Has Olympus for one pole, for
t'other the Exchange ;

He seems, to my thinking (although
I'm afraid

The comparison must, long ere this,
have been made),

A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the
Egyptian's gold mist

And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-
by-jowl coexist ;

All admire, and yet scarcely six
converts he's got

To I don't (nor they either) exactly
know what ;

For though he builds glorious
temples, 'tis odd

He leaves never a doorway to get
in a god.

'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned
people like me

To meet such a primitive Pagan as
he,

In whose mind all creation is duly
respected

As parts of himself—just a little
projected ;

And who's willing to worship the
stars and the sun,

A convert to—nothing but Em-
erson.

So perfect a balance there is in his
head,

That he talks of things sometimes
as if they were dead ;

Life, nature, love, God, and affairs
of that sort,

He looks at as merely ideas ; in
short,

As if they were fossils stuck round
in a cabinet,

Of such vast extent that our earth's
a mere dab in it ;

Composed just as he is inclined to
conjecture her,

Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-
nine parts pure lecturer ;

You are filled with delight at his
clear demonstration,

Each figure, word, gesture, just fits
the occasion,

With the quiet precision of science
he'll sort 'em,

But you can't help suspecting the
whole a *post mortem*.

“There are persons mole-blind to
the soul's make and style,

Who insists on a likeness 'twixt him
and Carlyle ;

To compare him with Plato would
be vastly fairer,

Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is
the rarer ;

He sees fewer objects, but clearer,
truelier,

If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;
That he's more of a man you might

say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Em-
erson ;

C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as
of limb,—

E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid
and slim ;

The one's two-thirds Norseman, the
other half Greek,

When the one's most abounding,
the other's to seek ;

C.'s generals require to be seen in
the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by
the glass;
C. gives nature and God his own
fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with
mystical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and in-
tense,
And looks coolly around him with
sharp common-sense;
C. shows you how every-day mat-
ters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses
of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural
way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere
every day;
C. draws all his characters quite à
la Fuseli,—
He don't sketch their bundles
of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints with a brush so un-
tamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of
muscles and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines
straight and severe,
And a colourless outline, but full,
round, and clear;—
To the men he thinks worthy he
frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue
in words.
C. labours to get at the centre, and
then
Take a reckoning from there of his
actions and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre
as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever
is wanted.

“He has imitators in scores, who
omit
No part of the man but his wisdom
and wit,—
Who go carefully o'er the sky-blue
of his brain,
And when he has skimmed it once,
skim it again;
If at all they resemble him, you
may be sure it is

Because their shoals mirror his
mists and obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as
heaven for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is re-
flected within it.

“There comes —, for instance;
to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's tracks with legs
painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and
gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's
natural pace!
He follows as close as a stick to a
rocket,
His fingers exploring the prophet's
each pocket.
Fie, for shame, brother bard; with
good fruit of your own,
Can't you let Neighbour Emerson's
orchards alone?
Besides, 'tis no use, you'll not find
e'en a core,—
—— has picked up all the windfalls
before.
They may strip every tree, and E.
never would catch 'em,
His Hesperides have no rude dragon
to watch 'em;
When they send him a dishful, and
ask him to try 'em,
He never suspects how the sly
rogues came by 'em;
He wonders why 'tis there are none
such his trees on,
And thinks 'em the best he has
tasted this season.

“Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott
stalks in a dream,
And fancies himself in thy groves,
Academe,
With the Parthenon nigh, and the
olive-trees o'er him,
And never a fact to perplex him or
bore him,
With a snug room at Plato's when
night comes, to walk to,
And people from morning till mid-
night to talk to,
And from midnight till morning,
nor snore in their listening;—
So he muses, his face with the joy
of it glistening,

For his highest conceit of a happiest
state is

Where they'd live upon acorns, and
hear him talk gratis;

And indeed, I believe, no man ever
talked better,—

Each sentence hangs perfectly
poised to a letter;

He seems piling words, but there's
royal dust hid

In the heart of each sky-piercing
pyramid.

While he talks he is great, but goes
out like a taper,

If you shut him up closely with pen,
ink, and paper;

Yet his fingers itch for 'em from
morning till night,

And he thinks he does wrong if he
don't always write;

In this, as in all things, a lamb
among men,

He goes to sure death when he goes
to his pen.

“Close behind him is Brownson,
his mouth very full

With attempting to gulp a Gre-
gorian bull;

Who contrives, spite of that, to
pour out as he goes

A stream of transparent and for-
cible prose;

He shifts quite about, then pro-
ceeds to expound

That 'tis merely the earth, not him-
self, that turns round,

And wishes it clearly impressed on
your mind

That the weathercock rules and not
follows the wind;

Proving first, then as deftly confut-
ing each side,

With no doctrine pleased that's not
somewhere denied,

He lays the denier away on the
shelf,

And then—down beside him lies
gravely himself.

He's the Salt River boatman, who
always stands willing

To convey friend or foe without
charging a shilling,

And so fond of the trip that, when
leisure's to spare,

He'll row himself up, if he can't
get a fare.

The worst of it is, that his logic's so
strong,

That of two sides he commonly
chooses the wrong;

If there is only one, why, he'll split
it in two,

And first pummel this half, then
that, black and blue,

That white's white needs no proof,
but it takes a deep fellow

To prove it jet-black, and that jet-
black is yellow.

He offers the true faith to drink in
a sieve,—

When it reaches your lips there's
naught left to believe

But a few silly- (syllable, I mean,)
gisms that squat 'em

Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the
mud at the bottom.

“There is Willis, all *natty* and
jaunty and gay,

Who says his best things in so
foppish a way,

With conceits and pet phrases so
thickly o'erlaying 'em,

That one hardly knows whether to
thank him for saying 'em;

Over-ornament ruins both poem
and prose,

Just conceive of a Muse with a ring
in her nose!

His prose had a natural grace of its
own,

And enough of it, too, if he'd let it
alone;

But he twitches and jerks so, one
fairly gets tired,

And is forced to forgive where he
might have admired;

Yet whenever it slips away free and
unlaced,

It runs like a stream with a musical
waste,

And gurgles along with the liquid-
est sweep;—

'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd
have it deep?

In a country where scarcely a
village is found

That has not its author sublime and
profound,

For some one to be slightly shoal
 is a duty,
 And Willis's shallowness makes
 half his beauty.
 His prose winds along with a blithe,
 gurgling error,
 And reflects all of Heaven it can
 see in its mirror.
 'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not
 an artifice,—
 'Tis the true out-of-doors with its
 genuine hearty phiz;
 It is Nature herself, and there's
 something in that,
 Since most brains reflect but the
 crown of a hat.
 No volume I know to read under a
 tree,
 More truly delicious than his A
 l'Abri,
 With the shadows of leaves flowing
 over your book,
 Like ripple-shades netting the bed
 of a brook;
 With June coming softly your
 shoulder to look over,
 Breezes waiting to turn every leaf
 of your book over,
 And Nature to criticise still as you
 read,—
 The page that bears that is a rare
 one indeed.

"He's so innate a cockney, that
 had he been born
 Where plain bear-skin's the only
 full dress that is worn,
 He'd have given his own such an
 air that you'd say
 'T had been made by a tailor to
 lounge in Broadway.
 His nature's a glass of champagne
 with the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as
 Beaumont;
 So his best things are done in the
 flush of the moment,
 If he wait, all is spoiled; he may
 stir it and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can
 never remake it.
 He might be a marvel of easy de-
 lightfulness,
 If he would not sometimes leave
 the *r* out of sprightfulness;

And he ought to let Scripture
 alone—'tis self-slaughter,
 For nobody likes inspiration-and-
 water.
 He'd have been just the fellow to
 sup at the Mermaid,
 Cracking jokes at rare Ben, with an
 eye to the barmaid,
 His wit running up as Canary ran
 down,—
 The topmost bright bubble on the
 wave of The Town.

"Here comes Parker, the Orson
 of parsons, a man
 Whom the Church undertook to
 put under her ban
 (The Church of Socinus, I mean),—
 his opinions
 Being So-(ultra)-cinian, they
 shocked the Socinians;
 They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—
 I think I may call
 Their belief a believing in nothing
 at all,
 Or something of that sort; I know
 they all went
 For a general union of total dissent:
 He went a step farther; without
 cough or hem,
 He frankly avowed he believed not
 in them;
 And, before he could be jumbled
 up or prevented,
 From their orthodox kind of dissent
 he dissented.
 There was heresy here, you per-
 ceive, for the right
 Of privately judging means simply
 that light
 Has been granted to *me*, for decid-
 ing on *you*;
 And in happier times, before
 Atheism grew,
 The deed contained clauses for
 cooking you too,
 Now at Xerxes and Knut we all
 laugh, yet our foot
 With the same wave is wet that
 mocked Xerxes and Knut,
 And we all entertain a sincere
 private notion,
 That our *Thus far!* will have a
 great weight with the ocean.
 'Twas so with our liberal Chris-
 tians: they bore

With sincerest conviction their
 chairs to the shore ;
 They brandished their worn theo-
 logical birches,
 Bade natural progress keep out of
 the Churches,
 And expected the lines they had
 drawn to prevail
 With the fast-rising tide to keep
 out of their pale ;
 They had formerly dammed the
 Pontifical See,
 And the same thing they thought,
 would do nicely for P. ;
 But he turned up his nose at their
 murmuring and shamming,
 And cared (shall I say ?) not a
 d— for their damming ;
 So they first read him out of their
 church, and next minute
 Turned round and declared he had
 never been in it.
 But the ban was too small or he
 man was too big,
 For he recks not their bells, books,
 and candles a fig
 (He don't look like a man who
 would *stay* treated shabbily,
 Sophroniscus' son's head o'er the
 features of Rabelais) ;—
 He bangs and bethwacks them,—
 their backs he salutes
 With the whole tree of knowledge
 torn up by the roots ;
 His sermons with satire are
 plenteously verjuiced,
 And he talks in one breath of Con-
 futzee, Cass, Zerduscht,
 Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit,
 Strap, Dathan,
 Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that*
 he's no faith in),
 Pan, Pillicock, Shakespeare, Paul,
 Toots, Monsieur Tonson,
 Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat,
 Ben Jonson,
 Thoth, Richter, Joe Smith, Father
 Paul, Judah Monis,
 Museus, Muretus, *hem*,— μ Scor-
 pionis,
 Maccabee, Maccaboy, Mac—Mac—
 ah ! Machiavelli,
 Condorcet, Count d'Orsay, Conder,
 Say, Ganganelli,
 Orion, O'Connell, the Chevalier
 D'O,

(See the Memoirs of Sully), το παν,
 the great toe
 Of the statue of Jupiter, now made
 to pass
 For that of Jew Peter by good
 Romish brass,
 (You may add for yourselves, for I
 find it a bore,
 All the names you have ever, or
 not, heard before,
 And when you've done that—why,
 invent a few more.)
 His hearers can't tell you on Sun-
 day beforehand,
 If in that day's discourse they'll be
 Bibled or Koraned,
 For he's seized the idea (by his
 martyrdom fired)
 That all men (not orthodox) *may* be
 inspired ;
 Yet though wisdom profane with
 his creed he may weave in,
 He makes it quite clear what he
doesn't believe in,
 While some, who decry him, think
 all Kingdom Come
 Is a sort of a, kind of a, species of
 Hum,
 Of which, as it were, so to speak,
 not a crumb
 Would be left, if we didn't keep
 carefully mum,
 And, to make a clean breast, that
 'tis perfectly plain
 That *all* kinds of wisdom are some-
 what profane ;
 Now P.'s creed than this may be
 lighter or darker,
 But in one thing, 'tis clear, he has
 faith, namely—Parker ;
 And this is what makes him the
 crowd-drawing preacher,
 There's a background of god to each
 hard-working feature,
 Every word that he speaks has been
 fierily furnaced
 In the blast of a life that has
 struggled in earnest :
 There he stands, looking more like
 a ploughman than priest,
 If not dreadfully awkward, not
 graceful at least,
 His gestures all downright and
 same, if you will,
 As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoe-
 ing a drill,

But his periods fall on you, stroke
 after stroke,
 Like the blows of a lumberer fell-
 ing an oak,
 You forget the man wholly, you're
 thankful to meet
 With a preacher who smacks of the
 field and the street,
 And to hear, you're not over-parti-
 cular whence,
 Almost Taylor's profusion, quite
 Latimer's sense.

"There is Byrant, as quiet, as
 cool, and as dignified,
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that
 never is ignifed,
 Save when by reflection 'tis kindled
 o' nights
 With a semblance of flame by the
 chill Northern Lights.
 He may rank (Griswold says so) first
 bard of your nation
 (There's no doubt that he stands in
 supreme ice-olation),
 Your topmost Parnassus he may set
 his heel on,
 But no warm applauses come, peal
 following peal on,—
 He's too smooth and too polished
 to hang any zeal on:
 Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if
 you choose, he has 'em,
 But he lacks the one merit of kind-
 ling enthusiasm;
 If he stir you at all, it is just, on
 my soul,
 Like being stirred up with the very
 North Pole.

"He is very nice reading in sum-
 mer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing
 in winter;
 Take him up in the depth of July,
 my advice is,
 When you feel an Egyptian devo-
 tion to ices.
 But, deduct all you can, there's
 enough that's right good in him,
 He has a true soul for field, river,
 and wood in him;
 And his heart, in the midst of brick
 walls, or where'er it is,
 Glows, softens, and thrills with the
 tenderest charities—

To you mortals that delve in this
 trade-ridden planet?
 No, to old Berkshire's hills, with
 their limestone and granite.
 If you're one who *in loco* (add *foco*
 here) *desipis*,
 You will get of his outermost heart
 (as I guess) a piece;
 But you'd get deeper down if you
 came as a precipice,
 And would break the last seal of its
 inwardest fountain,
 If you only could palm yourself off
 for a mountain.
 Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as
 discerning,
 Some scholar whose hourly expect-
 ing his learning,
 Calls B. the American Wordsworth;
 but Wordsworth
 Is worth near as much as your whole
 tuneful herd's worth.
 No, don't be absurd, he's an ex-
 cellent Byrant;
 But, my friends, you'll endanger
 the life of your client,
 By attempting to stretch him up
 into a giant;
 If you choose to compare him, I
 think there are two per-
 sons fit for a parallel—Thompson
 and Cowper;*
 I don't mean exactly,—there's some-
 thing of each,
 There's T.'s love of nature, C.'s pen-
 chant to preach;
 Just mix up their minds so that
 C.'s spice of craziness
 Shall balance and neutralise T.'s
 turn for laziness,
 And it gives you a brain cool, quite
 frictionless, quiet,
 Whose internal police nips the buds
 of all riot,—
 A brain like a permanent strait-
 jacket put on
 The heart which strives vainly to
 burst off a button,—

* To demonstrate quickly and easily
 how perversely absurd 'tis to scund
 this name *Cowper*,
 As people in general call him named
super,
 I remark that he rhymes it himself
 with horse-trooper.

A brain which, without being slow
or mechanic,
Does more than a larger less drilled,
more volcanic;
He's a Cowper condensed, with no
craziness bitten,
And the advantage that Words-
worth before him had written.

"But, my dear little bardlings,
don't prick up your ears,
Nor suppose I would rank you and
Bryant as peers;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't
mean to say
There is nothing in that which is
grand in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets
that knows
How much grace, strength, and
dignity lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too
wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by
going too far;
'Twould be well if your authors
should all make a trial
Of what virtue there is in severe
self-denial,
And measure their writings by
Hesiod's staff,
Which teaches that all has less
value than half.

"There is Whittier, whose swell-
ing and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of
the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still su-
preme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying
wrappers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born who
had more of the swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that
kind of thing;
And his failures arise (though per-
haps he don't know it)
From the very same cause that has
made him a poet,—
A fervour of mind which knows no
separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure
inspiration,
As my Pythoness erst sometimes
erred from not knowing

If 'twere I or mere wind through
her tripod was blowing;
Let his mind once get head in its
favourite direction,
And the torrent of verse bursts the
dams of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the
metre along,
The poet may chance to go right or
go wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium
of song;
Then his grammar's not always
correct, nor his rhymes,
And he's prone to repeat his own
lyrics sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those are
struck off at white-heats
When the heart in his breast like a
trip-hammer beats,
And can ne'er be repeated again
any more
Than they could have been care-
fully plotted before:
Like old what's-his-name there at
the battle of Hastings
(Who, however, gave more than
mere rhythmical bastings),
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical
fights
For reform and whatever they call
human rights,
Both singing and striking in front
of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet
of Thor;
Anne haec, one exclaims, on behold-
ing his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
Can that be thy son, in the battle's
mid din,
Preaching brotherly love, and then
driving it in
To the brain of the tough old
Goliath of sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles
from Castaly's spring
Impressed on his hard moral sense
with a sling?

"All honour and praise to the
right-hearted bard
Who was true to The Voice when
such service was hard,
Who himself was so free he dared
sing for the slave

When to look but a protest in
silence was brave ;
All honour and praise to the women
and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and
the down-trodden then !
I need not to name them, already
for each
I see History preparing the statue
and niche ;
They were harsh, but shall *you* be
so shocked at hard words
Who have beaten your pruning-
hooks up into swords,
Whose rewards and hurrahs men
are surer to gain
By the reaping of men and of
women than grain ?
Why should *you* stand aghast at
their fierce wordy war, if
You scalp one another for Bank or
for Tariff ?
Your calling them cut-throats and
knaves all day long
Don't prove that the use of hard
language is wrong ;
While the World's heart beats
quicker to think of such men
As signed Tyranny's doom with a
bloody steel-pen,
While on Fourth-of-July beardless
orators fright one
With hints at Harmodius and
Aristogeiton,
You need not look shy at your
sisters and brothers
Who stab with sharp words for
the freedom of others ;—
No, a wreath, twine a wreath for
the loyal and true
Who, for sake of the many, dared
stand with the few,
Not of blood-spattered laurel for
enemies braved,
But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves
for citizens saved !

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly
loitering along,
Involved in a paulo-post-future of
song,
Who'll be going to write what'll
never be written
Till the Muse, ere he think of it,
gives him the mitten,—

Who is so well aware of how things
should be done,
That his own works displease him
before they're begun,—
Who so well all that makes up
good poetry knows,
That the best of his poems is
written in prose ;
All saddled and bridled stood Pe-
gasus waiting,
He was booted and spurred, but he
loitered debating ;
In a very grave question his soul
was immersed,—
Which foot in the stirrup he ought
to put first ;
And, while this point and that he
judicially dwelt on,
He, somehow or other, had written
Paul Felton,
Whose beauties or faults, whichso-
ever you see there,
You'll allow only genius could hit
upon either.
That he once was the Idle man
none will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything
more ;
The ocean of song heaves and
glitters before him,
The depth and the vastness and
longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal
on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot and so on
by heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like
the man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library
table.

"There swaggers John Neal, who
has wasted in Maine
The sinews and chords of his pugi-
list brain,
Who might have been poet, but
that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so
already ;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe
fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and
colicky crop ;
Who took to the law, and had this
sterling plea for it,

It required him to quarrel, and
 paid him a fee for it ;
 A man who's made less than he
 might have, because
 He always has thought himself
 more than he was,—
 Who, with very good natural gifts
 as a bard,
 Broke the strings of his lyre out by
 striking too hard,
 And cracked half the notes of a
 truly fine voice,
 Because song drew less instant
 attention than noise.
 Ah, men do not know how much
 strength is in poise,
 That he goes the farthest who goes
 far enough,
 And that all beyond that is just
 bother and stuff. .
 No vain man matures, he makes
 too much new wood ;
 His blooms are too thick for the
 fruit to be good ;
 'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he
 that achieves,
 Just what's needed of sunshine and
 shade he receives ;
 Grapes, to mellow, require the cool
 dark of their leaves ;
 Neal wants balance ; he throws his
 mind always too far,
 Whisking out flocks of comets, but
 never a star ;
 He has so much muscle, and loves
 so to show it,
 That he strips himself naked to
 prove he's a poet,
 And, to show he could leap Art's
 wide ditch, if he tried,
 Jumps clean o'er it, and into the
 hedge t'other side.
 He has strength, but there's no-
 thing about him in keeping ;
 One gets surelier onward by walk-
 ing than leaping ;
 He has used his own sinews him-
 self to distress,
 And had done vastly more had he
 done vastly less ;
 In letters, too soon is as bad as too
 late ;
 Could he only have waited he might
 have been great ;
 But he plumped into Helicon up to
 the waist,

And muddled the stream ere he
 took his first taste.

"There is Hawthorne, with
 genius so shrinking and rare
 That you hardly at first see the
 strength that is there ;
 A frame so robust, with a nature
 so sweet,
 So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so
 fleet,
 Is worth a descent from Olympus
 to meet ;
 'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages
 had stood,
 With his gnarled bony branches
 like ribs of the wood,
 Should bloom, after cycles of
 struggle and scathe,
 With a single anemone trembly and
 rathe ;
 His strength is so tender, his wild-
 ness so meek,
 That a suitable parallel sets one to
 seek,—
 He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a
 Puritan Tieck ;
 When Nature was shaping him,
 clay was not granted
 For making so full-sized a man as
 she wanted,
 So, to fill out her model, a little
 she spared
 From some finer-grained stuff for a
 woman prepared,
 And she could not have hit a more
 excellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly
 man.
 The success of her scheme gave
 her so much delight,
 That she tried it again, shortly after
 in Dwight ;
 Only, while she was kneading and
 shaping the clay,
 She sang to her work in her sweet
 childish way,
 And found, when she'd put the last
 touch to his soul,
 That the music had somehow got
 mixed with the whole.

"Here's Cooper, whose written
 six volumes to show
 He's as good as a lord : well, let's
 grant that he's so ;

If a person prefer that description
 of praise,
 Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper
 than bays;
 But he need take no pains to con-
 vince us he's not
 (As his enemies say) the American
 Scott.
 Choose any twelve men, and let C.
 read aloud
 That one of his novels of which he's
 most proud,
 And I'd lay any bet that, without
 ever quitting
 Their box, they'd be all, to a man,
 for acquitting.
 He has drawn you one character,
 though, that is new,
 One wildflower he's plucked that is
 wet with the dew
 Of this fresh Western world, and,
 the thing not to mince,
 He has done naught but copy it ill
 ever since;
 His Indians, with proper respect be
 it said,
 Are just Natty Bumpo, daubed over
 with red,
 And his very Long Toms are the
 same useful Nat,
 Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-
 wester hat
 (Though once in a Coffin, a good
 chance was found
 To have slipped the old fellow away
 underground).
 All his other men-figures are clothes
 upon sticks,
 The *dernière chemise* of a man in a
 fix
 (As a captain besieged, when his
 garrison's small,
 Sets up caps upon poles to be seen
 o'er the wall);
 And the women he draws from one
 model don't vary,
 All sappy as maples and flat as a
 prairie.
 When a character's wanted he goes
 to the task
 As a cooper would do in composing
 a cask;
 He picks out the staves, of their
 qualities heedful,
 Just hoops them together as tight
 as is needful,

And, if the best fortune should
 crown the attempt, he
 Has made at the most something
 wooden and empty.

"Don't suppose I would under-
 rate Cooper's abilities;
 If I thought you'd do that, I should
 feel very ill at ease;
 The men who have given to *one*
 character life
 And objective existence are not very
 rife;
 You may number them all, both
 prose-writers and singers,
 Without overrunning the bounds of
 your fingers,
 And Natty won't go to oblivion
 quicker
 Than Adams the parson or Primrose
 the vicar.

"There is one thing in Cooper I
 like, too, and that is
 That on manners he lectures his
 countrymen gratis;
 Not precisely so either, because, for
 a rarity,
 He has paid for his tickets in un-
 popularity.
 Now he may overcharge his Ameri-
 can pictures,
 But you'll grant there's a good deal
 of truth in his strictures;
 And I honour the man who is will-
 ing to sink
 Half his present repute for the
 freedom to think,
 And, when he has thought, be his
 cause strong or weak,
 Will risk t'other half for the free-
 dom to speak,
 Caring naught for what vengeance
 the mob has in store,
 Let that mob be the upper ten
 thousand or lower.

"There are truths you Americans
 need to be told,
 And it never'll refute them to
 swagger and scold;
 John Bull, looking o'er the Atlantic,
 in choler
 At your aptness for trade, says you
 worship the dollar;

But to scorn such eye-dollar-try's
 what very few do,
 And John goes to that church as
 often as you do.
 No matter what John says, don't
 try to outcrow him,
 'Tis enough to go quietly on and
 outgrow him ;
 Like most fathers, Bull hates to see
 Number One
 Displacing himself in the mind of
 his son,
 And detests the same faults in him-
 self he'd neglected
 When he sees them again in his
 child's glass reflected ;
 To love one another you're too like
 by half ;
 If he is a bull, you're a pretty stout
 calf,
 And tear your own pasture for
 naught but to show
 What a nice pair of horns you're
 beginning to grow.

"There are one or two things I
 should just like to hint,
 For you don't often get the truth
 told you in print ;
 The most of you (this is what strikes
 all beholders)
 Have a mental and physical stoop
 in the shoulders ;
 Though you ought to be free as the
 winds and the waves,
 You've the gait and the manners of
 runaway slaves ;
 Though you brag of your New World,
 you don't half believe in it ;
 And as much of the Old as is pos-
 sible weave in it ;
 Your goddess of freedom, a tight,
 buxom girl,
 With lips like a cherry and teeth
 like a pearl,
 With eyes bold as Herè's, and hair
 floating free,
 And full of the sun as the spray of
 the sea,
 Who can sing at a husking or romp
 at a shearing,
 Who can trip through the forests
 alone without fearing,
 Who can drive home the cows with
 a song through the grass,

Keeps glancing aside into Europe's
 cracked glass,
 Hides her red hands in gloves,
 pinches up her lithe waist,
 And makes herself wretched with
 transmarine taste ;
 She loses her fresh country charm
 when she takes
 Any mirror except her own rivers
 and lakes.

"You steal Englishmen's books,
 and think Englishmen's
 thought,
 With their salt on her tail your wild
 eagle is caught ;
 Your literature suits its each whis-
 per and motion
 To what will be thought of it over
 the ocean ;
 The cast clothes of Europe your
 statesmanship tries
 And mumbles again the old blarneys
 and lies ;—
 Forget Europe wholly, your veins
 throb with blood,
 To which the dull current in hers
 is but mud ;
 Let her sneer, let her say your ex-
 periment fails,
 In her voice there's a tremble e'en
 now while she rails,
 And your shore will soon be in the
 nature of things
 Covered thick with gilt drift-wood
 of runaway kings,
 Where alone, as it were in a Long-
 fellow's Waif,
 Her fugitive pieces will find them-
 selves safe.
 Oh, my friends, thank your God, if
 you have one, that he
 'Twixt the Old World and you set
 the gulf of a sea ;
 Be strong-backed, brown-handed,
 upright as your pines,
 By the scale of a hemisphere shape
 your designs,
 Be true to yourselves and this new
 nineteenth age,
 As a statue by Powers, or a picture
 by Page,
 Plough, sail, forge, build, carve,
 paint, all things make new,
 To your own New-World instincts
 contrive to be true,

Keep your ears open wide to the
 Future's first call,
 Be whatever you will, but your-
 selves first of all,
 Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's
 heaven-scaling peaks,
 And become my new race of more
 practical Greeks.—
 Hem! your likeness at present, I
 shudder to tell o't,
 Is that you have your slaves, and
 the Greek had his helot."

Here a gentleman present, who
 had in his attic
 More pepper than brains, shrieked,
 —"The man's a fanatic,
 I'm a capital tailor with warm tar
 and feathers,
 And will make him a suit that'll
 serve in all weathers;
 But we'll argue the point first, I'm
 willing to reason 't,
 Palaver before condemnation's but
 decent;
 So, through my humble person,
 Humanity begs
 Of the friends of true freedom a
 loan of bad eggs."
 But Apollo let one such a look of
 his show forth
 As when *ἦε νύκτι εὐκίως*, and so
 forth,
 And the gentleman somehow slunk
 out of the way,
 But, as he was going, gained courage
 to say,—
 "At slavery in the abstract my
 whole souls rebels,
 I am as strongly opposed to 't as
 any one else."
 "Ay, no doubt, but whenever I've
 happened to meet
 With a wrong or a crime, it is al-
 ways concrete,"
 Answered Phœbus severely; then
 turning to us,
 "The mistake of such fellows as
 just made the fuss
 Is only in taking a great busy nation
 For a part of their pitiful cotton-
 plantation.—
 But there comes Miranda, Zeus!
 where shall I flee to?
 She has such a penchant for bother-
 ing me too!

She always keeps asking if I don't
 observe a
 Particular likeness 'twixt her and
 Minerva;
 She tells me my efforts in verse are
 quite clever;—
 She's been travelling now, and will
 be worse than ever;
 One would think, though, a sharp-
 sighted noter she'd be
 Of all that's worth mentioning over
 the sea,
 For a woman must surely see well,
 if she try,
 The whole of whose being's a capi-
 tal I:
 She will take an old notion, and
 make it her own,
 By saying it o'er in her Sibylline
 tone,
 Or persuade you 'tis something
 tremendously deep,
 By repeating it so as to put you to
 sleep;
 And she well may defy any mortal
 to see through it,
 When once she has mixed up her
 infinite *me* through it.
 There is one thing she owns in her
 own single right,
 It is native and genuine—namely,
 her spite;
 Though, when acting as censor, she
 privately blows
 A censor of vanity 'neath her own
 nose."

Here Miranda came up, and said,
 "Phœbus! you know
 That the infinite Soul has its infinite
 woe,
 As I ought to know, having lived
 cheek by jowl,
 Since the day I was born, with the
 Infinite Soul;
 I myself introduced, I myself, I
 alone,
 To my Land's better life authors
 solely my own,
 Who the sad heart of earth on their
 shoulders have taken,
 Whose works sound a depth by
 Life's quiet unshaken,
 Such as Shakespeare, for instance,
 the Bible, and Bacon,

Not to mention my own works ;
Time's nadir is fleet,
And, as for myself, I'm quite out
of conceit—"

"Quite out of conceit ! I'm enchanted to hear it,"
Cried Apollo aside. "Who'd have thought she was near it ?

To be sure, one is apt to exhaust those commodities

He uses too fast, yet in this case as odd it is

As if Neptune should say to his turbot and whittings,

'I'm as much out of salt as Miranda's own writings'

(Which, as she in her own happy manner has said,

Sound a depth for 'tis one of the functions of lead).

She often has asked me if I could not find

A place somewhere near me that suited her mind ;

I know but a single one vacant, which she

With her rare talent that way, would fit to a T.

And it would not imply any pause or cessation

In the work she esteems her peculiar vocation,—

She may enter on duty to-day, if she chooses,

And remain Tiring-woman for life to the Muses."

(Miranda meanwhile has succeeded in driving

Up into a corner, in spite of their striving,

A small flock of terrified victims, and there,

With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air

And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy, appears

Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears,

Is unfolding a tale (of herself I surmise),

For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock's with I's).

Apropos of Miranda, I'll rest on my oars

And drift through a trifling digression on bores,

For though not wearing ear-rings in *more majorum*,

Our ears are kept bored just as if we still wore 'em.

There was one feudal custom worth keeping, at least,

Roasted bores made a part of each well-ordered feast,

And of all quiet pleasures the very *ne plus*

Was in hunting wild bores as the tame ones hunt us.

Archæologists, I know, who have personal fears

Of this wise application of hounds and of spears,

Have tried to make out, with a zeal more than wanted,

'Twas a kind of wild swine that our ancestors hunted ;

But I'll never believe that the age which has strewn

Europe o'er with cathedrals, and otherwise shown

That it knew what was what, could by chance not have known

(Spending, too, its chief time with its buff on, no doubt),

Which beast 'twould improve the world most to thin out.

I divide bores myself, in the manner of rifles

Into two great divisions, regardless of trifles ;—

There's your smooth-bore and screw-bore who do not much vary

In the weight of cold lead they respectively carry.

The smooth-bore is one in whose essence the mind

Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can find ;

You feel as in nightmares sometimes, when you slip

Down a steep slated roof, where there's nothing to grip ;

You slide and you slide, the blank horror increases,—

You had rather by far be at once smashed to pieces ;

You fancy a whirlpool below white and frothing,

And finally drop off and light upon—nothing.

The screw-bore has twists in him,
faint predilections
For going just wrong in the tritest
directions;
When he's wrong he is flat, when
he's right he can't show it,
He'll tell you what Snooks* said
about the new poet,
Or how Fogrum was outraged by
Tennyson's Princess;
He has spent all his spare time and
intellect since his
Birth in perusing, on each art and
science,
Just the books in which no one
puts any reliance,
And though *nemo*, we're told, *horis*
omnibus sapit,
The rule will not fit him, however
you shape it,
For he has a perennial foison of
sappiness;
He has just enough force to spoil
half your day's happiness,
And to make him a sort of mosquito
to be with,
But just not enough to dispute or
agree with.

These sketches I made (not to be
too explicit)
From two honest fellows who made
me a visit,
And broke, like the tale of the Bear
and the Fiddle,
My reflections on Halleck short off
by the middle;
I shan't now go into the subject
more deeply,
For I notice that some of my
readers look sleepily;
I will barely remark that, 'mongst
civilised nations,
There's none that displays more
exemplary patience
Under all sorts of boring, at all
sorts of hours,
From all sorts of desperate persons,
than ours.
Not to speak of our papers, our
State legislatures,

* (If you call Snooks an owl, he will
show by his looks
That he's morally certain you're
jealous of Snooks.)

And other such trials for sensitive
natures,
Just look for a moment at Con-
gress,—appalled,
My fancy shrinks back from the
phantom it called;
Why, there's scarcely a member
unworthy to frown
'Neath what Fourier nicknames the
Boreal crown;
Only think what that infinite bore-
pow'r could do
If applied with a utilitarian view;
Suppose, for example, we shipped
it with care
To Sahara's great desert and let it
bore there;
If they held one short session and
did nothing else,
They'd fill the whole waste with
Artesian wells.
But 'tis time now with pen phono-
graphic to follow
Through some more of his sketches
our laughing Apollo:—

“There comes Harry Franco,
and, as he draws near,
You find that's a smile which you
took for a sneer;
One half of him contradicts t'other;
his wont
Is to say very sharp things and do
very blunt;
His manner's as hard as his feelings
are tender,
And a *sortie* he'll make when he
means to surrender;
He's in joke half the time when
he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking, be
sure he's in earnest;
He has common sense in a way
that's uncommon,
Hates humbug and cant, loves his
friends like a woman,
Builds his dislikes of cards and his
friendships of oak,
Loves a prejudice better than aught
but a joke,
Is half upright Quaker, half down-
right Come-outer,
Loves Freedom too well to go stark
mad about her,
Quite artless himself is a lover of
Art,

Shuts you out of his secrets and
 into his heart,
 And though not a poet, yet all
 must admire
 In his letters of Pinto his skill on
 the liar.

“There comes Poe, with his raven,
 like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three fifths of him genius and two
 fifths sheer fudge,
 Who talks like a book of iambs and
 pentameters,
 In a way to make people of common
 sense damn metres,
 Who has written some things quite
 the best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all
 squeezed out by the mind,
 Who—But hey-day! What’s this?
 Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
 You mustn’t fling mud-balls at
 Longfellow so,
 Does it make a man worse that his
 character’s such
 As to make his friends love him
 (as you think) too much?
 Why, there is not a bard at this
 moment alive
 More willing than he that his
 fellows should thrive;
 While you are abusing him thus,
 even now
 He would help either one of you
 out of a slough;
 You may say that he’s smooth and
 all that till you’re hoarse,
 But remember that elegance also is
 force;
 After polishing granite as much as
 you will,
 The heart keeps its tough old per-
 sistency still;
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps
 you at bay;
 Why, he’ll live till men weary of
 Collins and Gray.
 I’m not over-fond of Greek metres
 in English,
 To me rhyme’s a gain, so it be not
 too jinglish,
 And your modern hexameter verses
 are no more
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope
 is like Homer;

As the roar of the sea to the coo of
 a pigeon is,
 So, compared to your moderns,
 sounds old Melesigenes;
 I may be too partial, the reason,
 perhaps, o’t is,
 That I’ve heard the old blind man
 recite his own rhapsodies,
 And my ear with that music im-
 pregnate may be,
 Like the poor exiled shell with the
 soul of the sea,
 Or as one can’t bear Strauss when
 his nature is cloven
 To its deeps within deeps by the
 stroke of Beethoven;
 But, set that aside, and ’tis truth
 that I speak,
 Had Theocritus written in English,
 not Greek,
 I believe that his exquisite sense
 would scarce change a line
 In that rare, tender, virgin-like
 pastoral Evangeline.
 That’s not ancient nor modern, its
 place is apart
 Where time has no sway, in the
 realm of pure Art,
 ’Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth’s
 hubbub and strife
 As quiet and chaste as the author’s
 own life.

“There comes Philothea, her face
 all aglow,
 She has just been dividing some
 poor creature’s woe,
 And can’t tell which pleases her
 most, to relieve
 His want, or his story to hear and
 believe;
 No doubt against many deep griefs
 she prevails,
 For her ear is the refuge of desti-
 tute tales;
 She knows well that silence is sor-
 row’s best food,
 And that talking draws off from
 the heart its black blood,
 So she’ll listen with patience and
 let you unfold
 Your bundle of rags as ’twere pure
 cloth of gold,
 Which, indeed, it all turns to as
 as she’s touched it,

And (to borrow a phrase from the
 nursery) *munched* it;
 She has such a musical taste, she
 will go
 Any distance to hear one who draws
 a long bow;
 She will swallow a wonder by mere
 might and main,
 And thinks it Geometry's fault if
 she's fain
 To consider things flat, inasmuch
 as they're plain;
 Facts with her are accomplished,
 as Frenchmen would say—
 They will prove all she wishes them
 to either way,—
 And, as fact lies on this side or
 that, we must try,
 If we're seeking the truth, to find
 where it don't lie;
 I was telling her once of a marvel-
 lous aloe
 That for thousands of years had
 looked spindling and fallow,
 And, though nursed by the fruit-
 fullest powers of mud,
 Had never vouchsafed e'en so much
 as a bud,
 Till its owner remarked (as a sailor,
 you know,
 Often will in a calm) that it never
 would blow,
 For he wished to exhibit the plant,
 and designed
 That its blowing should help him
 in raising the wind;
 At last it was told him that if he
 should water
 Its roots with the blood of his un-
 married daughter
 (Who was born, as her mother, a
 Calvinist, said,
 With William Law's serious caul on
 her head),
 It would blow as the obstinate
 breeze did when by a
 Like decree of her father died
 Iphigenia;
 At first he declared he himself would
 be blowed
 Ere his conscience with such a foul
 crime he would load,
 But the thought, coming oft, grew
 less dark than before,
 And he mused, as each creditor
 soon knocked at his door,
 If *this* were but done they would
 dun me no more;
 I told Philothea his struggles and
 doubts,
 And how he considered the ins and
 the outs
 Of the visions he had, and the
 dreadful dyspepsy,
 How he went to the seër that lives
 at Po'keepsie,
 How the seër advised him to sleep
 on it first,
 And to read his big volume in case
 of the worst,
 And further advised he should pay
 him five dollars
 For writing *Hum, Hum*, on his
 wrist-bands and collars;
 Three years and ten days these
 dark words he had studied
 When the daughter was missed,
 and the aloe had budded;
 I told how he watched it grow large
 and more large,
 And wondered how much for the
 show he should charge,—
 She had listened with utter indiffer-
 ence to this, till
 I told how it bloomed, and, dis-
 charging its pistil
 With an aim the Eumenides dic-
 tated, shot
 The botanical filicide dead on the
 spot;
 It had blown, but he reaped not
 his horrible gains,
 For it blew with such force as to
 blow out his brains,
 And the crime was blown also, be-
 cause on the wad,
 Which was paper, was writ 'Visita-
 tion of God,'
 As well as a thrilling account of the
 deed
 Which the coroner kindly allowed
 me to read.
 "Well, my friend took this story
 up just, to be sure,
 As one might a poor foundling
 that's laid at one's door;
 She combed it and washed it and
 clothed it and fed it,
 And as if 'twere her own child most
 tenderly bred it,

Laid the scene (of the legend, I mean) far away among the green vales underneath Himalaya,
And by artist-like touches, laid on here and there,
Made the whole thing so touching, I frankly declare
I have read it all thrice, and, perhaps I am weak,
But I found every time there were tears on my cheek.

"The pole, science tells us, the magnet controls,
But she is a magnet to emigrant Poles,
And folks with a mission that nobody knows,
Through thickly about her as bees round a rose ;
She can fill up the *carets* in such, make their scope
Converge to some focus of rational hope,
And, with sympathies fresh as the morning, their gall
Can transmute into honey,—but this is not all ;
Not only for those she has solace, oh, say,
Vice's desperate nursling adrift in Broadway,
Who clingest, with all that is left of thee human,
To the last slender spar from the wreck of the woman,
Hast thou not found one shore where those tired drooping feet
Could reach firm mother-earth, one full heart on whose beat
The soothed head in silence reposing could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb back on the ear ?
Ah, there's many a beam from the fountain of day
That, to reach us unclouded, must pass, on its way,
Through the soul of a woman, and hers is wide ope
To the influence of Heaven as the blue eyes of Hope ;
Yes, a great heart is hers, one that dares to go in

To the prison, the slave-hut, the alleys of sin,
And to bring into each, or to find there, some line
Of the never-completely out-trampled divine ;
If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs agen,
As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain :
What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
Could they be as a Child but for one little hour !

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
And the gravest sweet humour, that ever were there
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair ;
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,
And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dautes,
Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes ;
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
To a true post-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves

And you'll find a choice nature, not
wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee,
—just Irving.

“There goes,—but *stet nominis
umbra*,—his name
You'll be glad enough, some day
or other, to claim,
And will all crowd about him and
swear that you knew him
If some English hack-critic should
chance to review him.
The old *porcos ante ne projiciatis*
MARGARITAS, for him you have
verified gratis;
What matters his name? Why, it
may be Sylvester,
Judd, Junior, or Junius, Ulysses,
or Nestor,
For aught *I* know or care; 'tis
enough that I look
On the author of 'Margaret,' the
first Yankee book
With the *soul* of Down East in't,
and things farther East,
As far as the threshold of morning,
at least,
Where awaits the fair dawn of the
simple and true,
Of the day that comes slowly to
make all things new.
'T has a smack of pine woods, of
bare field and bleak hill,
Such as only the breed of the May-
flower could till;
The Puritan's shown in it, tough to
the core,
Such as prayed, smiting Agag on
red Marston Moor:
With an unwilling humour, half
choked by the drouth
In brown hollows about the in-
hospitable mouth;
With a soul full of poetry, though
it has qualms
About finding a happiness out of
the Psalms;
Full of tenderness, too, though it
shrinks in the dark,
Hamadryad-like, under the coarse,
shaggy bark;
That sees visions, knows wrestlings
of God with the Will,
And has its own Sinais and thun-
derings still.”

Here,—“Forgive me, Apollo,” I
cried, “while I pour
My heart out to my birthplace: Oh,
loved more and more
Dear Baystate, from whose rocky
bosom thy sons
Should suck milk, strong-will-
giving, brave, such as runs
In the veins of old Graylock—who
is it that dares
Call thee pedler, a soul wrapt in
bank-books and shares?
It is false! She's a Poet! I see,
as I write,
Along the far railroad the steam-
snake glide white,
The cataract-throb of her mill-
hearts I hear,
The swift strokes of trip-hammers
weary my ear,
Sledges ring upon anvils, through
logs the saw screams,
Blocks swing to their place, beetles
drive home the beams:—
It is songs such as these that she
croons to the din
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out
and year in,
While from earth's farthest corner
there comes not a breeze
But wafts her the buzz of her gold-
gleaning bees:
What though those horn hands
have as yet found small time
For painting and sculpture and
music and rhyme?
These will come in due order; the
need that prest sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the
ocean, the forest,
To bridle and harness the rivers,
the steam,
Making that whirl her mill-wheels,
this tug in her team,
To vassalize old tyrant Winter, and
make
Him delve surlily for her on river
and lake;—
When this New World was parted,
she strove not to shirk
Her lot in the heirdom, the tough,
silent Work,
The hero-share ever, from Herakles
down
To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre
and crown:

Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if
 ever men's praise
 Could be claimed for creating
 heroic lays,
 Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel
 divine
 Crowned the Maker and Builder,
 that glory is thine!
 Thy songs are right epic, they tell
 how this rude
 Rock-rib of our earth here was
 tamed and subdued;
 Thou hast written them plain on
 the face of the planet
 In brave, deathless letters of iron
 and granite;
 Thou hast printed them deep for
 all time; they are set
 From the same runic-type-fount and
 alphabet
 With thy stout Berkshire hills and
 the arms of thy Bay,—
 They are staves from the burly old
 Mayflower lay.
 If the drones of the Old World, in
 querulous ease,
 Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point
 proudly to these,
 Or, if they deny these are Letters
 and Art,
 Toil on with the same old invincible
 heart;
 Thou art rearing the pedestal
 broad-based and grand
 Whereon the fair shapes of the
 Artist shall stand,
 And creating, through labours un-
 daunted and long,
 The theme for all Sculpture and
 Painting and Song!

"But my good mother Baystate
 wants no praise of mine,
 She learned from *her* mother a pre-
 cept divine
 About something that butters no
 parsnips, her *forte*
 In another direction lies, work is
 her sport
 (Though she'll courtesy and set her
 cap straight, that she will,
 If you talk about Plymouth and red
 Bunker's hill).
 Dear, notable goodwife! by this
 time of night,

Her hearth is swept clean, and her
 fire burning bright,
 And she sits in a chair (of home
 plan and make) rocking,
 Musing much, all the while, as she
 darns on a stocking,
 Whether turkeys will come pretty
 high next Thanksgiving,
 Whether flour'll be so dear, for, as
 sure as she's living,
 She will use rye-and-injun then,
 whether the pig
 By this time ain't got pretty
 tolerable big,
 And whether to sell it outright
 will be best,
 Or to smoke hams and shoulders
 and salt down the rest,—
 At this minute, she'd swop all my
 verses, ah, cruel!
 For the last patent stove that is
 saving of fuel;
 So I'll just let Apollo go on, for
 his phiz
 Shows I've kept him awaiting too
 long as it is."

"If our friend, there, who seems
 a reporter, is done
 With his burst of emotion, why *I*
 will go on,"
 Said Apollo; some smiled, and, in-
 deed, I must own
 There was something sarcastic,
 perhaps, in his tone;—

"There's Holmes, who is match-
 less among you for wit;
 A Leyden-jar always full-charged,
 from which flit
 The electrical tingles of hit after
 hit;
 In long poems 'tis painful some-
 times, and invites
 A thought of the way the new Tele-
 graph writes,
 Which pricks down its little sharp
 sentences spitefully
 As if you got more than you'd title
 to rightfully,
 And you find yourself hoping its
 wild father Lightning
 Would flame in for a second and
 give you a fright'ning.
 He has perfect sway of what *I* call
 a sham metre;

But many admire it, the English
 pentameter,
 And Campbell, I think, wrote most
 commonly worse,
 With less nerve, swing, and fire in
 the same kind of verse,
 Nor e'er achieved aught in 't so
 worthy of praise
 As the tribute of Holmes to the
 grand *Marseillaise*.
 You went crazy last year over Bul-
 wer's New Timon ;—
 Why, if B., to the day of his dying,
 should rhyme on,
 Heaping verses on verses and tomes
 upon tomes,
 He could ne'er reach the best point
 and vigour of Holmes.
 His are just the fine hands, too, to
 weave you a lyric
 Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or
 spiced with satyric
 In a measure so kindly, you doubt
 if the toes
 That are trodden upon are your own
 or your foes'.

"There is Lowell, who's striving
 Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied
 together with rhyme,
 He might get on alone, spite of
 brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he
 has on his shoulders,
 The top of the hill he will ne'er
 come nigh reaching
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt
 singing and preaching ;
 His lyre has some chords that would
 ring pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a
 drum of the shell,
 And rattle away till he's old as
 Methusalem,
 At the head of a march to the last
 new Jerusalem.

"There goes Halleck, whose
 Fanny's a psuedo Don Juan,
 With the wickedness out that gave
 salt to the true one,
 He's a wit, though, I hear, of the
 very first order,

And once made a pun on the words
 soft Recorder ;
 More than this, he's a very great
 poet, I'm told,
 And has had his works published
 in crimson and gold,
 With something they call 'Illus-
 trations,' to wit,
 Like those with which Chapman
 obscured Holy Writ,*
 Which are said to illustrate, be-
 cause, as I view it,
 Like *lucus a non*, they precisely
 don't do it ;
 Let a man who can write what him-
 self understands
 Keep clear, if he can, of designing
 men's hands,
 Who bury the sense, if there's any
 worth having,
 And then very honestly call it
 engraving.
 But, to quit *badinage*, which there
 isn't much wit in,
 Halleck's better, I doubt not, than
 all he has written ;
 In his verse a clear glimpse you
 will frequently find,
 If not of a great, of a fortunate
 mind,
 Which contrives to be true to its
 natural loves
 In a world of back-offices, ledgers,
 and stoves.
 When his heart breaks away from
 the brokers and banks,
 And kneels in his own private
 shrine to give thanks,
 There's a genial manliness in him
 that earns
 Our sincerest respect (read, for
 instance, his 'Burns'),
 And we can't but regret (seek ex-
 cuse where we may)
 That so much of a man has been
 peddled away.

"But what's that? a mass-meet-
 ing? No, there come in lots,
 The American Bulwers, Disraelis,
 and Scotts,
 And in short the American every-
 thing-elses,

* (Cuts rightly called wooden, as all
 must admit.)

Each charging the others with envies
and jealousies ;—
By the way, 'tis a fact that displays
what profusions
Of all kinds of greatness bless free
institutions,
That while the Old World has pro-
duced barely eight
Of such poets as all men agree to
call great,
And of other great characters
hardly a score
(One might safely say less than that
rather than more),
With you every year a whole crop
is begotten,
They're as much of a staple as corn
is, or cotton ;
Why, there's scarcely a huddle of
log-huts and shanties
That has not brought forth its own
Miltons and Dantes ;
I myself know ten Byrons, one
Coleridge, three Shelleys,
Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think),
one Apelles,
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as
lichens,
One (but that one is plenty) Ameri-
can Dickens,
A whole flock of Lambs, any
number of Tennysons,—
In short, if a man has the luck to
have any sons,
He may feel pretty certain that one
out of twain
Will be some very great person
over again.
There is one inconvenience in all
this, which lies
In the fact that by contrast we
estimate size,*
And, where there are none except
Titians, great stature
Is only a simple proceeding of
nature.
What puff the strained sails of
your praise will you furl at, if

* That is in most cases we do, but not
all,
Past a doubt, there are men who are
innately small,
Such as Blank, who, without being
minished a tittle,
Might stand for a type of the Absolute
Little.

The calmest degree that you know
is superlative ?
At Rome, all whom Charon took
into his wherry must,
As a matter of course, be well
issimust and *errimust*,
A Greek, too, could feel, while in
that famous boat he tost,
That his friends would take care he
was *wtrost* and *wtarost*,
And formerly we, as through grave-
yards we past,
Thought the world went from bad
to worst fearfully fast ;
Let us glance for a moment, 'tis
well worth the pains,
And note what an average grave-
yard contains ;
There lie levellers levelled, duns
done up themselves,
There are booksellers finally laid
on their shelves,
Horizontally there lie upright poli-
ticians,
Dose-a-dose with their patients
sleep raultless physicians,
There are slave-drivers quietly
whipped underground,
There bookbinders, done up in
boards, are fast bound,
There card-players wait till the last
trump be played,
There all the choice spirits get
finally laid,
There the babe that's unborn is
supplied with a berth,
There men without legs get their
six feet of earth,
There lawyers repose, each wrapped
up in his case,
There seekers of office are sure of a
place,
There defendant and plaintiff get
equally cast,
There shoemakers quietly stick to
the last,
There brokers at length become
silent as stocks,
There stage-drivers sleep without
quitting their box,
And so forth and so forth and so
forth and so on,
With this kind of stuff one might
endlessly go on :
To come to the point, I may safely
assert you

Will find in each yard every cardinal virtue ; *
 Each has six truest patriots : four discoverers of ether,
 Who never had thought on't nor mentioned it either ;
 Ten poets, the greatest who ever wrote rhyme :
 Two hundred and forty first men of their time :
 One person whose portrait just gave the least hint
 Its original had a most horrible squint :
 One critic, most (what do they call it?) suggestive,
 Who never had used the phrase ob- or subjective :
 Forty fathers of Freedom, of whom twenty bred
 Their sons for the rice-swamps, at so much a head,
 And their daughters for—faugh ! thirty mothers of Gracchi :
 Non-resistants who gave many a spiritual black-eye :
 Eight true friends of their kind, one of whom was a jailer :
 Four captains almost as astounding as Taylor :
 Two dozen of Italy's exiles who shoot us his
 Kaisership daily, stern pen-and-ink Brutuses,
 Who, in Yankee back-parlours, with crucified smile, †
 Mount serenely their country's funereal pile :
 Ninety-nine Irish heroes, ferocious rebellers
 'Gainst the Saxon in cis-marine garrets and cellars,
 Who shake their dread fists o'er the sea and all that,—
 As long as a copper drops into the hat :
 Nine hundred Teutonic republicans stark
 From Vaterland's battles just won—in the Park,

* (And at this just conclusion will surely arrive,

That the goodness of earth is more dead than alive.)

† Not forgetting their tea and their toast, though, the while.

Who the happy profession of martyrdom take
 Whenever it gives them a chance at a steak :
 Sixty-two second Washingtons : two or three Jacksons :
 And so many everythings-else that it racks one's
 Poor memory too much to continue the list,
 Especially now they no longer exist ;—
 I would merely observe that you've taken to giving
 The puffs that belong to the dead to the living,
 And that somehow your trump-of-contemporary-doom's tones
 Is tuned after old dedications and tomb-stones."

Here the critic came in and a thistle presented —*
 From a frown to a smile, the god's features relented,
 As he stared at his envoy, who, swelling with pride,
 To the god's asking look, nothing daunted, replied,—
 "You're surprised, I suppose, I was absent so long,
 But your godship respecting the lilies was wrong ;
 I hunted the garden from one end to t'other,
 And got no reward but vexation and bother,
 Till, tossed out with weeds in a corner to wither,
 This one lily I found and made haste to bring hither."

"Did he think I had given him a book to review?
 I ought to have known what the fellow would do,"
 Muttered Phœbus aside, "for a thistle will pass
 Beyond doubt for the queen of all flowers with an ass ;
 He has chosen in just the same way as he'd choose

* Turn back now to page—goodness only knows what,
 And take a fresh hold on the thread of my plot.

His specimens out of the books he reviews :

And now, as this offers an excellent text,

I'll give 'em some brief hints on criticism next."

So, musing a moment, he turned to the crowd,

And, clearing his voice, spoke as follows aloud :—

"My friends, in the happier days of the muse,

We were luckily free from such things as reviews ;

Then naught came between with its fog to make clearer

The heart of the poet to that of his hearer ;

Then the poet brought heaven to the people, and they

Felt that they, too, were poets in hearing his lay ;

Then the poet was prophet, the past in his soul

Precreated the future, both parts of one whole ;

Then for him there was nothing too great or too small,

For one natural deity sanctified all ;

Then the bard owned no clipper and meter of moods

Save the spirit of silence that hovers and broods

O'er the seas and the mountains, the rivers and woods ;

He asked not earth's verdict, forgetting the clods,

His soul soared and sang to an audience of gods ;

'Twas for them that he measured the thought and the line,

And shaped for their vision the perfect design,

With as glorious a foresight, a balance as true,

As swung out the worlds in the infinite blue ;

Then a glory and greatness invested man's heart,

The universal, which now stands estranged and apart,

In the free individual moulded, was Art ;

Then the forms of the Artist seemed thrilled with desire

For something as yet unattained, fuller, higher,

As once with her lips, lifted hands, and eyes listening,

And her whole upward soul in her countenance glistening,

Eurydice stood—like a beacon unfired,

Which, once touched with flame, will leap heav'nward inspired—

And waited with answering kindle to mark

The first gleam of Orpheus that pained the red Dark.

Then painting, song, sculpture did more than relieve

The need that men feel to create and believe,

And as, in all beauty, who listens with love

Hears these words oft repeated—'beyond and above,'

So these seemed to be but the visible sign

Of the grasp of the soul after things more divine ;

They were ladders the Artist erected to climb

O'er the narrow horizon of space and of time,

And we see there the footsteps by which men had gained

To the one rapturous glimpse of the never-attained,

As shepherds could erst sometimes trace in the sod

The last spurning print of a sky-cleaving god.

"But now, on the poet's dis-privileged moods

With *do this* and *do that* the pert critic intrudes ;

While he thinks he's been barely fulfilling his duty

To interpret 'twixt men and their own sense of beauty,

And has striven, while others sought honour or pelf,

To make his kind happy as he was himself,

He finds he's been guilty of horrid offences

In all kinds of moods, numbers,
 genders, and tenses;
 He's been *ob* and *subjective*, what
 Kettle calls Pot,
 Precisely, at all events, what he
 ought not,
You have done this, says one judge:
done that, says another;
You should have done this,
 grumbles one; *that*, says
 t'other;
 Never mind what he touches, one
 shrieks out *Taboo!*
 And while he is wondering what he
 shall do,
 Since each suggests opposite topics
 for song,
 They all shout together *you're*
right! and *you're wrong!*

"Nature fits all her children
 with something to do,
 He who would write, and can't
 write, can surely review,
 Can set up a small booth as critic
 and sell us his
 Petty conceit and his pettier jeal-
 ousies;
 Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out
 of his teens,
 Will do for the Jeffrey of six maga-
 zines;
 Having read Johnson's lives of the
 poets half through,

There's nothing on earth he's not
 competent to;
 He reviews with as much nonchal-
 ance as he whistles,—
 He goes through a book and just
 picks out the thistles;
 It matters not whether he blame
 or commend,
 If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse
 as a friend:
 Let an author but write what's
 above his poor scope,
 He goes to work gravely and twists
 up a rope,
 And, inviting the world to see
 punishment done,
 Hangs himself up to bleach in the
 wind and the sun;
 'Tis delightful to see, when a man
 comes along
 Who has anything in him peculiar
 and strong,
 Every cockboat that swims clear its
 fierce (pop) gundeck at him,
 And make as he passes its ludicrous
 Peck at him—"

Here Miranda came up and
 began, "As to that—"
 Apollo at once seized his gloves,
 cane, and hat,
 And, seeing the place getting
 rapidly cleared,
 I, too, snatched my notes and
 forthwith disappeared.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

NOTICES OF AN INDEPENDENT PRESS.

—o—

[I HAVE observed, reader (bene- or male-volent, as it may happen), that it is customary to append to the second editions of books, and to the second works of authors, short sentences commendatory of the first, under the title of *Notices of the Press*. These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. Considering these things with myself, and also that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various morbiferal panaceas, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attaching the *bobs* until the second attempt at flying the kite would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art. Neither has it escaped my notice, nor failed to afford me matter of reflection, that, when a circus or a caravan is about to visit Jaalam, the initial step is to send forward large and highly ornamented bills of performance to be hung in the bar-room and the post-office. These having been sufficiently gazed at, and beginning to

lose their attractiveness except for the flies, and, truly, the boys also (in whom I find it impossible to repress, even during school-hours, certain oral and telegraphic communications concerning the expected show), upon some fine morning the band enters in a gaily painted waggon, or triumphal chariot, and with noisy advertisement, by means of brass, wood, and sheepskin, makes the circuit of our startled village streets. Then, as the exciting sounds draw nearer and nearer, do I desiderate those eyes of Aristarchus, "whose looks were as a breeching to a boy." Then do I perceive, with vain regret of wasted opportunities, the advantage of a pancratic or pan-technic education, since he is most revered by my little subjects who can throw the cleanest sumerset or walk most securely upon the revolving cask. The story of the Pied Piper becomes for the first time credible to me (albeit confirmed by the Hameliners dating their legal instruments from the period of his exit), as I behold how those strains, without pretence of magical potency, bewitch the pupillary legs, nor leave to the pedagogic an entire self-control. For these reasons, lest my kingly prerogative should suffer diminution, I prorogue my restless commons, whom I follow into the street, chiefly lest some mischief may chance befall them. After the manner of such a band, I send forward the following notices of domestic manufacture, to make brazen proclamation, not unconscious of

the advantage which will accrue, if our little craft *cymbula sutilis*, shall seem to leave port with a clipping breeze, and to carry, in nautical phrase, a bone in her mouth. Nevertheless, I have chosen, as being more equitable, to prepare some also sufficiently objuratory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate. I have modelled them upon actually existing specimens, preserved in my own cabinet of natural curiosities. One, in particular, I had copied with tolerable exactness from a notice of one of my own discourses, which, from its superior tone and appearance of vast experience, I concluded to have been written by a man at least three hundred years of age, though I recollected no existing instance of such antediluvian longevity. Nevertheless, I afterwards discovered the author to be a young gentleman preparing for the ministry under the direction of one of my brethren in a neighbouring town, and whom I had once instinctively corrected in a Latin quantity. But this I have been forced to omit, from its too great length.—H. W.]

From the Universal Litterary Universe.

Full of passages which rivet the attention of the reader. . . . Under a rustic garb, sentiments are conveyed which should be committed to the memory and engraven on the heart of every moral and social being. . . . We consider this a *unique* performance. . . . We hope to see it soon introduced into our common schools. . . . Mr. Wilbur has performed his duties as editor with excellent taste and judgment. . . . This is a vein which we hope to see successfully prosecuted. . . . We hail the appearance of this work as a long stride toward the formation of a purely aboriginal, indigenous, native, and American literature. We rejoice to meet with an author national enough to break away from the slavish deference, too common among us, to English grammar and orthography. . . . Where all is so good, we are at a loss how to make extracts.

. . . On the whole, we may call it a volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves.

From the Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle.

A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel that it was ever our bad fortune to lay eyes on. The author is a vulgar buffoon, and the editor a talkative, tedious old fool. We use strong language, but should any of our readers peruse the book (from which calamity Heaven preserve them!), they will find reasons for it thick as the leaves of Vallumbrozer, or, to use a still more expressive comparison, as the combined heads of author and editor. The work is wretchedly got up. . . . We should like to know how much *British gold* was pocketed by this libeller of our country and her purest patriots.

From the Oldfogrumville Mentor.

We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely printed volume, but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the worth of its contents. . . . The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size. . . . In reading this elegantly executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish. . . . On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect and turns of expression, a dash of humour or satire might be thrown in with advantage. . . . The work is admirably got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality.

From the Dekay Bulwark.

We should be wanting in our duty as the conductor of that tremendous engine, a public press, as an American, and as a man, did we allow such an opportunity as is presented to us by

"The Biglow Papers" to pass by without entering our earnest protest against such attempts (now, alas! too common) at demoralizing the public sentiment. Under a wretched mask of stupid drollery, slavery, war, the social-glass, and, in short, all the valuable and time-honoured institutions justly dear to our common humanity and especially to republicans, are made the butt of coarse and senseless ribaldry by this low-minded scribbler. It is time that the respectable and religious portion of our community should be aroused to the alarming inroads of foreign Jacobinism, sansculottism, and infidelity. It is a fearful proof of the wide-spread nature of this contagion, that these secret stabs at religion and virtue are given from under the cloak (*credite, poster!*) of a clergyman. It is a mournful spectacle indeed to the patriot and Christian to see liberality and new ideas (falsely so called,—they are as old as Eden) invading the sacred precincts of the pulpit. . . . On the whole, we consider this volume as one of the first shocking results which we predicted would spring out of the late French "Revolution" (!).

From the Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Tocsin (a try-weakly family journal).

Altogether an admirable work. . . . Full of humour, boisterous, but delicate,—of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew,—of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the scimitar of Saladin. . . . A work full of "mountain-mirth," mischievous as Puck and lightsome as Ariel. . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive concinnity of the author or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style, at once both objective and subjective. . . . We might indulge in some criticisms, but, were the author other than he is, he would be a different being. As it is, he has a wonderful *pose*, which flits from flower to flower, and bears the reader irresistibly along on its eagle pinions (like Ganymede) to the "highest heaven of invention." . . . We love a book so purely objective. . . . Many of his pictures of natural scenery have an extraordinary subjective clearness and fidelity. . . . In fine, we consider this as one of the most extraordinary volumes of this or any age. We know of

no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Aroostook and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, may point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe. . . . We hope soon to encounter our author among those higher walks of literature in which he is evidently capable of achieving enduring fame. Already we should be inclined to assign him a high position in the bright galaxy of our American bards.

From the Saltriver Pilot and Flag of Freedom.

A volume in bad grammar and worse taste. . . . While the pieces here collected were confined to their appropriate sphere in the corners of obscure newspapers, we considered them wholly beneath contempt, but as the author has chosen to come forward in this public manner, he must expect the lash he so richly merits. . . . Contemptible slanders. . . . Vildest Billingsgate. . . . Has raked all the gutters of our language. . . . The most pure, upright, and consistent politicians not safe from his malignant venom. . . . General Cushing comes in for a share of his vile calumnies. . . . The Reverend Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth. . . .

From the World-Harmonic-Æolian-Attachment.

Speech is silver: silence is golden. No utterance more Orphic than this. While, therefore, as highest author, we reverence him whose works continue heroically unwritten, we have also our hopeful word for those who with pen (from wing of goose loud-cackling, or seraph God-commissioned) record the thing that is revealed. . . . Under mask of quaintest irony, we detect here the deep, storm-tost (high ship-wracked) soul, thunder-scarred, semi-articulate, but ever climbing hopefully toward the peaceful summits of an Infinite Sorrow. . . . Yes, thou poor, forlorn Hosea, with Hebrew fire-flaming soul in thee, for thee also this life of ours has not been without its aspects of heavenliest pity and laughingest mirth. Conceivable enough! Through coarse Thersites-cloak, we have revelation of the heart, wild-glow-

ing, world-clasping, that is in him. Bravely he grapples with the life problem as it presents itself to him, uncombed, shaggy, careless of the "nicer proprieties," inexpert of "elegant diction," yet with voice audible enough to whose hath ears, up there on the gravelly side-hills or down on the splashy, indiarubber-like salt marshes of native Jaalam. To this soul also the *Necessity of Creating* somewhat has unveiled its awful front. If not Œdipuses and Electras and Alcestises, then in God's name Birdofredum Sawins! These also shall get born into the world, and filch (if so need) a Zingali subsistence therein, these lank, omnivorous Yankees of his. He shall paint the Seen, since the Unseen will not sit to him. Yet in him also are Nibelungen-lays, and Iliads, and Ulysses-wanderings, and Divine Comedies, — if only once he could come at them! Therein lies much, nay all; for what truly is this which which we name *All*, but that which we do not possess? . . . Glimpses also are given us of an old father Ezekiel, not without paternal pride, as is the wont of such. A brown, parchment-hided old man of the geoponic or bucolic species, gray-eyed, we fancy, *queued* perhaps, with much weather-cunning and plentiful September-gale memories, bidding fair in good time to become the Oldest Inhabitant. After such hasty apparition, he vanishes and is seen no more. . . . Of "Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," we have small care to speak here. Spare touch in him of his Melesigenes namesake, save, haply, the—blindness! A tolerably caliginose, nephelegeretous elderly gentleman, with infinite faculty of sermonizing, muscularized by long practice, and excellent digestive apparatus, and, for the rest, well-meaning enough, and with small private illuminations (somewhat tallowy, it is to be feared) of his own. To him, there, "Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," our Hosea presents himself as a quite inexplicable Sphinx-riddle. A rich poverty of Latin and Greek—so far is clear enough, even to eyes peering myopic through horn-lensed editorial spectacles,—but naught farther? Oh purblind, well-meaning, altogether fuscous Melesigenes-Wilbur, there are things in him incommunicable by stroke of birch! Did it ever enter that old bewildered head of thine that there was the *Possibility of the Infinite* in him? To thee, quite wingless (and even featherless) biped, has not so much even as a dream

of wings ever come? "Talented young parishoner?" Among the Arts whereof thou art *Magister*, does that of *seeing* happen to be one? Unhappy *Artium Magister*! Somehow a Nemean lion, fulvous, torrid-eyed, dry-nursed in broad-howling sand-wildernesses of a sufficiently rare spirit-Libya (it may be supposed) has got whelped among the sheep. Already he stands wild-glaring, with feet clutching the ground as with oak-roots, gathering for a Remus-spring over the walls of thy little fold. In Heaven's name, go not near him with that flybite crook of thine! In good time, thou painful preacher, thou wilt go to the appointed place of departed Artillery-Election Sermons, Right-Hands of Fellowship, and Results of Councils, gathered to thy spiritual fathers with much Latin of the Epitaphial sort; thou, too, shalt have thy reward; but on him the Eumenides have looked, not Xantippes of the pit, snake-tressed, finger-threatening, but radiantly calm as on antique gems; for him paws impatient the winged courser of the gods, champing unwelcome bit; him the starry deeps, the empyrean glooms, and far-flashing splendours await.

From the Onion Grove Phoenix.

A talented young townsman of ours, recently returned from a Continental tour, and who is already favourably known to our readers by his sprightly letters from abroad which have graced our columns, called at our office yesterday. We learn from him, that, having enjoyed the distinguished privilege, while in Germany, of an introduction to the celebrated Von Humbug, he took the opportunity to present that eminent man with a copy of the "Biglow Papers." The next morning he received the following note, which he has kindly furnished us for publication. We prefer to print it *verbatim*, knowing that our readers will readily forgive the few errors into which the illustrious writer has fallen, through ignorance of our language.

"HIGH-WORTHY MISTER!

"I shall also now especially happy starve, because I have more or less a work of one those aboriginal Red-Men seen in which have I so deaf an interest ever taken full-worthy on the self self with our Gottsched to be upset.

"Pardon my in the English-speech un-practice!
VON HUMBUG."

He also sent with the above note a copy of his famous work on "Cosmetics," to be presented to Mr. Biglow; but this was taken from our friend by the English custom-house officers, probably through a petty national spite. No doubt, it has by this time found its way into the British Museum. We trust this outrage will be exposed in all our American papers. We shall do our best to bring it to the notice of the State Department. Our numerous readers will share in the pleasure we experience at seeing our young and vigorous national literature thus encouragingly patted on the head by this venerable and world-renowned German. We love to see these reciprocations of good-feeling between the different branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race.

[The following genuine "notice" having met my eye, I gladly insert a portion of it here, the more especially as it contains one of Mr. Biglow's poems not elsewhere printed.—H. W.]

From the Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss.

.... But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is "The Courtin'."

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huld' all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbl' crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted

The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther
Young
Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him funder
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huld' sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the
tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they wuz cried
In meetin', come nex Sunday.

SATIS multis sese emptores futuros libri professis, Georgius Nichols, Cantabrigiensis, opus emittet de parte gravi sed adhuc neglecta historiæ naturalis, cum titulo sequenti, videlicet :

Conatus ad Delineationem naturalem nonnihil perfectioris Scarabæi Bombilatoris, vulgo dicti HUMBUG, ab HOMERO WILBUR, Artium Magistro, Societatis historico-naturalis Jaalamensis Præsidi (Secretario, Socioque (eheu! singulo), multarumque aliarum Societatum eruditum (sive ineruditum) tam domesticarum quam transmarinarum Socio—forsitan futuro.

PROEMIUM.

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

Toga scholastica nondum deposita, quum systemata varia entomologica, a viris ejus scientiæ cultoribus studiosissimis summa diligentia ædificata, penitus indagasset, non fuit quin luctuose omnibus in iis, quamvis aliter laude dignissimis, hiatum magni momenti perciperem. Tunc, nescio quomoto superiore impulsus, aut qua captus dulcedine operis, ad eum implendum (Curtius alter) me solemniter devovi. Nec ab isto labore, *δαμονίως* imposito, abstinui antequam tractatum sufficienter inconcinnum lingua vernacula perfeceram. Inde, juveniliter tumefactus, et barathro ineptiæ τῶν βιβλιοπωλῶν (neonon "Publici Legentis") nusquam explorato, me composuisse quod quasi placentas præfervidas (ut sic dicam) homines ingurgitare credidi. Sed, quum huic et alio bibliopolæ MSS. mea submissem et nihil solidius respensione valde negativa in Musæum meum retulissem, horror ingens atque misericordia, ob crassitudinem Lambertianam in cerebris homunculorum istius muneris cœlesti quadam ira infixam, me invasere. Extemplo mei solius impensis librum edere decrevi, nihil omnino dubitans quin "Mundus Scientificus" (ut aiunt) cru-

menam meam ampliter repleret. Nullam, attamen, ex agro illo meo parvulo segetem demessui, præter gaudium vacuum bene de Republica merendi. Iste panis meus pretiosus super aquas literarias fœculentas præfidenter jactus, quasi Harpyiarum quarundam (scilicet bibliopolarum istorum facinorosorum supradictorum) tactu rancidus, intra perpaucos dies mihi domum rediit. Et, quum ipse tali victu ali non tolerarem, primum in mentem venit pistori (typographo nempe) nihilominus solvendum esse. Animum non idcirco demisi, imo æque ac pueri naviculas suas penes se lino retinent (eo ut e recto cursu delapsas ad ripam retrahant), sic ego Argô meam chartaceam fluctibus laborantem a quæsitu velleris aurei, ipse potius tonsus pelleque exutus, mente solida revocavi. Metaphoram ut mutem, *boomarangam* meam a scopo aberrantem retraxi, dum majore vi, occasione ministrante, adversus Fortunam intorquerem. Ast mihi, talia volventi, et, sicut Saturnus ille *παῖδοβόρος*, liberos intellectus mei depascere fidenti, casus miserandus, nec antea inauditus, supervenit. Nam, ut ferunt Scythas pietatis causa et parsimoniæ, parentes suos mortuos devorasse, sic filius hic meus primogenitus, Scythis ipsis minus mansuetus, patrem vivum totum et calcitrantem exsorbere enixus est. Nec tamen hac de causa sobolem meam esurientem exheredavi. Sed famem istam pro valido testimonio virilitatis roborisque potius habui, cibumque ad eam satiandam, salva paterna mea carne, petii. Et quia bilem illam scaturientem ad æs etiam concoquendum idoneam esse estimabam, unde æs alienum, ut minoris pretii, haberem, circumspexi. Rebus ita se habentibus, ab avunculo meo Johanne Doolittle, Armigero, impetravi ut pecunias necessarias suppedicaret, ne opus esset mihi universitatem relinquendi antequam ad gradum primum in artibus pervenissem,

Tunc ego, saluum facere atronum meum munificum maxime cupiens, omnes libros primæ editionis operis mei non venditos una cum privilegio in omne ævum ejusdem imprimendi et edendi avunculo meo dicto pigneravi. Ex illo die, atro lapide notando, curæ vociferantes familiæ singulis annis crescentis eo usque insultabant ut nunquam tam carum pignus e vinculis istis abeneis solvere possem.

Avunculo vero nuper mortuo, quum inter alios consanguineos testamenti ejus lectionem audiendi causa advenissem, erectis auribus verba talia sequentia accepi:—"Quoniam persuasum habeo meum dilectum nepotem Homerum, longa et intima rerum angustiarum domi experientia, aptissimum esse qui divitias tueatur, beneficenterque ac prudenter iis divinis creditis utatur,—ergo, motus hisce cogitationibus, exque amore meo in illum magno, do, legoque nepoti caro meo supranominato omnes singularesque istas possessiones nec ponderabiles nec computabiles meas quæ sequuntur, scilicet: quingentos libros quos mihi pigneravit dictus Homerus, anno lucis 1792, cum privilegio edendi et repetendi opus istud 'scientificum' (quod dicunt) suum, si sic elegerit. Tamen D. O. M. precor oculos Homeri nepotis mei ita aperiat eumque moveat, ut libros istos in bibliotheca unius e plurimis castellis suis Hispaniensibus tuto abscondat."

His verbis (vix credibilibus) auditis, cor meum in pectore exultavit. Deinde, quoniam tractatus Anglice scriptus spem auctoris fefellerat, quippe quum studium Historiæ Naturalis in Republica nostra inter factionis strepitum languescat, Latine versum edere statui, et eo potius quia nescio quomodo disciplina academica et duo diplomata proficiant, nisi quod peritos linguarum omnino mortuorum (et damandarum, ut dicebat

iste *πρωτοπυρος* Gulielmus Cobbett nos faciant.

Et mihi adhuc superstes est tota illa editio prima, quam quasi crepitaculum per quod dentes caninos dentibam retineo.

OPERIS SPECIMEN.

(*Ad exemplum Johannis Physiophili speciminis Monachologie*).

12. S. B. *Militaris*, WILBUR. *Carnifex*, JABLONSK. *Profanis*, DESFONT.

[Male hancce speciem *Cyclopem Fabricius* vocat, ut qui singulo oculo ad quod sui interest distinguitur. Melius vero Isaacus Outis nullum inter inter S. milit. S. que Belzebul (Fabric. 152) discrimen esse defendit.

Habitat civitat. Americ. austral.

Aureis lineis splendidus; plerumque tamen sordidus, utpote lanienas valde frequentans, fœtore sanguinis allectus. Amat quoque insuper septa apicari, neque inde, nisi maxima conatione detruditur. *Candidatus* ergo populariter vocatus. Caput cristam quasi pennarum ostendit. Pro cibo vaccam publicam callide mulget; abdomen enorme: facultas suctus haud facile estimanda. Otiosus, fatuus; ferox nihilominus, semperque dimicare paratus. Tortuose repit.

Capite sæpe maxima cum cura dissecto, ne illud rudimentum etiam cerebri commune omnibus prope insectis detegere poteram.

Unam de hoc S. milit. rem singularem notavi; nam S. Guineens. (Fabric. 143) servos facit, et idcirco a multis summa in reverentia habitus, quasi scintillas rationis pæne humanæ demonstrans.

24. S. B. *Criticus*, WILBUR. *Zoilus*, FABRIC. *Pygmeus*, CARLSEN.

[Stultissime Johannes Stryx cum S. punctato (Fabric. 64-109) confundit. Specimina quamplurima scrutationi microscopice subjeci, nunquam tamen unum ulla indicia puncti cujusvis prorsus ostendentem inveni.]

Præcipue formidolosus, insectatusque, in proxima rima anonyma sese abscondit, *ve, ve*, creberime stridens. Ineptus, segnipes.

Habitat ubique gentium; in sicco; nidum suum terebratione indefessa ædificans. Cibus. Libros depascit: siccos præcipue.

MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

THE
Biglow Papers,

EDITED,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, GLOSSARY, AND
COPIOUS INDEX,

BY

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN JAALAM, AND (PROSPECTIVE) MEMBER OF MANY
LITERARY, LEARNED, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES,

(for which see page 216.)

The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute.
Quarles's Emblems, B. ii. E. 8.

Margaritas, munde porcine, calcâsti : en, siliquas accipe.
Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg. § 1.

NOTE TO TITLE-PAGE.



It will not have escaped the attentive eye, that I have, on the title-page, omitted those honorary appendages to the editorial name which not only add greatly to the value of every book, but whet and exacerbate the appetite of the reader. For not only does he surmise that an honorary membership of literary and scientific societies implies a certain amount of necessary distinction on the part of the recipient of such decorations, but he is willing to trust himself more entirely to an author who writes under the fearful responsibility of involving the reputation of such bodies as the *S. Archæol. Dahom.* or the *Acad. Lit. et Scient. Kamtschat.* I cannot but think that the early editions of Shakespeare and Milton would have met with more rapid and general acceptance, but for the barrenness of their respective title-pages; and I believe that, even now, a publisher of the works of either of those justly distinguished men would find his account in procuring their admission to the membership of learned bodies on the Continent,—a proceeding no whit more incongruous than the reversal of the judgment against Socrates, when he was already more than twenty centuries beyond the reach of antidotes, and when his memory had acquired a deserved respectability. I conceive that it was a feeling of the importance of this precaution which induced Mr. Locke to style himself “Gent.” on the title-page of his Essay, as who should say to his

readers that they could receive his metaphysics on the honour of a gentleman.

Nevertheless, finding that, without descending to a smaller size of type than would have been compatible with the dignity of the several societies to be named, I could not compress my intended list within the limits of a single page, and thinking, moreover, that the act would carry with it an air of decorous modesty, I have chosen to take the reader aside, as it were, into my private closet, and there not only exhibit to him the diplomas which I already possess, but also to furnish him with a prophetic vision of those which I may, without undue presumption, hope for, as not beyond the reach of human ambition and attainment. And I am the rather induced to this from the fact that my name has been unaccountably dropped from the last triennial catalogue of our beloved *Alma Mater*. Whether this is to be attributed to the difficulty of Latinizing any of those honorary adjuncts (with a complete list of which I took care to furnish the proper persons nearly a year beforehand), or whether it had its origin in any more culpable motives, I forbear to consider in this place, the matter being in course of painful investigation. But, however this may be, I felt the omission the more keenly, as I had, in expectation of the new catalogue, enriched the library of the Jaalam Athenæum with the old one then in my possession, by which means it has come about that my

children will be deprived of a never-wearying winter evening's amusement in looking out the name of their parent in that distinguished roll. Those harmless innocents had at least committed no—but I forbear, having intrusted my reflections and animadversions on this painful topic to the safe keeping of my private diary, intended for posthumous publication. I state this fact here, in order that certain nameless individuals, who are, perhaps, overmuch congratulating themselves upon my silence, may know that a rod is in pickle which the vigorous hand of a justly incensed posterity will apply to their memories.

The careful reader will note that, in the list which I have prepared, I have included the names of several Cisatlantic societies to which a place is not commonly assigned in processions of this nature. I have ventured to do this, not only to encourage native ambition and genius, but also because I have never been able to perceive in what way distance (unless we suppose them at the end of a lever) could increase the weight of learned bodies. As far as I have been able to extend my researches among such stuffed specimens as occasionally reach America, I have discovered no generic difference between the antipodal *Fogrum Japonicum* and the *F. Americanum* sufficiently common in our own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, with a becoming deference to the popular belief that distinctions of this sort are enhanced in value by every additional mile they travel, I have intermixed the names of some tolerably distant literary and other associations with the rest.

I add here, also, an advertisement, which, that it may be the more readily understood by those persons especially interested therein, I have written in that curtailed and otherwise maltreated canine Latin, to the writing and reading of which they are accustomed.

OMNIB. PER TOT. ORB. TERRAR.
CATALOG. ACADEM. EDD.

Minim. gent. diplom. ab inclytiss. acad. vest. orans, vir. honorand. operosiss., at sol. ut sciat. quant. gloriæ. nom meum (dipl. fort. concess.) catal. vest. temp. futur. affer., ill. subjec., addit. omnib. titul. honorar. qu. adh. non tant. opt. quam probab. put.

* * * *Litt. Uncial. distinx. ut Pres. S. Hist. Nat. Jaal.*

HOMERUS WILBUR, Mr.,
Episc. Jaalam, S. T. D. 1850, et
Yal. 1849, et Neo-Cæs. et Brun. et
Gulielm. 1852, et Gul. et Mar. et
Bowd. et Georgiop. et Viridimont.
et Columb. Nov. Ebor. 1853, et
Amherst. et Watervill. et S. Jar-
lath. Hib. et S. Mar. et S. Joseph.
et S. And. Scot. 1854, et Nashvill.
et Dart. et Dickins. et Concord. et
Wash. et Columbian. et Charlest.
et Jeff. et Dubl. et Oxon. et Cantab.
et Cæt. 1855, P. U. N. C. H. et J.
U. D. Gott. et Osnab. et Heidelb.
1860, et Acad. BORE US. Berolin.
Soc., et SS. RR. Lugd. Bat. et
Patav. et Lond. et Edinb. et Ins.
Feejee. et Null. Terr. et Pekin.
Soc. Hon. et S. H. S. et S. P. A. et
A. A. S. et S. Humb. Univ. et S.
Omn. Rer. Quarund. q. Aliar.
Promov. Passamaquod. et H. P. C.
et I. O. H. et A. Δ. Φ. et II. K. P.
et Φ. B. K. et Peucin. et Erosoph.
et Philadelph. et Frat. in Unit. et
Σ. T. et S. Archæolog. Athen. et
Acad. Scient. et Lit. Panorm. et
SS. R. H. Matrit. et Beeloochist.
et Caffrar. et Caribb. et M. S. Reg.
Paris. et S. Am. Antiserv. Soc.
Hon. et P. D. Gott. et LL. D. 1852,
et D. C. L. et Mus. Doc. Oxon.
1860, et M. M. S. S. et M. D. 1854,
et Med. Fac. Univ. Harv. Soc. et
S. pro Convers. Pollywog. Soc.
Hon. et Higgl. Piggl. et LL. B.
1853, et S. pro Christianiz. Moschet.
Soc. et SS. Ante-Diluv. ubiq. Gent.
Soc. Hon. et Civit. Cleric. Jaalam.
et S. pro Diffus. General. Tenebr.
Secret. Corr.

INTRODUCTION.



WHEN, more than three years ago, my talented young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, came to me and submitted to my animadversions the first of his poems which he intended to commit to the more hazardous trial of a city newspaper, it never so much as entered my imagination to conceive that his productions would ever be gathered into a fair volume, and ushered into the august presence of the reading public by myself. So little are we short-sighted mortals able to predict the event! I confess that there is to me a quite new satisfaction in being associated (though only as sleeping partner) in a book which can stand by itself in an independent unity on the shelves of libraries. For there is always this drawback from the pleasure of printing a sermon, that, whereas the queasy stomach of this generation will not bear a discourse long enough to make a separate volume, those religious and godly-minded children (those Samuels, if I may call them so) of the brain must at first lie buried in an undistinguished heap, and then get such resurrection as is vouchsafed to them, mummy-wrapped with a score of others in a cheap binding, with no other mark of distinction than the word "*Miscellaneous*" printed upon the back. Far be it from me to claim any credit for the quite unexpected popularity which I am pleased to find these bucolic strains have attained unto. If I know myself, I am measurably free from the itch of vanity; yet I may be allowed to say that I was not backward to re-

cognize in them a certain wild, puckery, acidulous (sometimes even verging toward that point which, in our rustic phrase, is termed *shut-eye*) flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. It may be, also, that some touches of my own, here and there, may have led to their wider acceptance, albeit solely from my larger experience of literature and authorship.*

I was, at first, inclined to discourage Mr. Biglow's attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetize is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic, and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives. But thinking on a further experience, that there was a germ of promise in him which required only culture and the pulling up of weeds from around it, I thought it best to set before him the acknowledged examples of English composition in verse, and leave the rest to natural emulation. With this view, I accordingly lent him some volumes of Pope and Goldsmith, to the

* The reader curious in such matters may refer (if he can find them) to "A Sermon preached on the Anniversary of the Dark Day," "An Artillery Election Sermon," "A Discourse on the Late Eclipse," "Dorcas, a Funeral Sermon on the Death of Madam Submit Tidd, Relict of the late Experience Tidd, Esq.," &c., &c.

assiduous study of which he promised to devote his evenings. Not long afterward, he brought me some verses written upon that model, a specimen of which I subjoin, having changed some phrases of less elegance, and a few rhymes objectionable to the cultivated ear. The poem consisted of childish reminiscences, and the sketches which follow will not seem destitute of truth to those whose fortunate education began in a country village. And first, let us hang up his charcoal portrait of the school-dame.

"Propped on the marsh, a dwelling
now, I see
The humble school-house of my A, B,
C,
Where well-drilled urchins, each be-
hind his tire,
Waited in ranks the wished command
to fire,
Then all together, when the signal
came,
Discharged their *a-b abs* against the
dame.
Daughter of Danaus, who could daily
pour
In treacherous pipkins her Pierian
store,
She, 'mid the volleyed learning firm
and calm,
Patted the furloughed ferule on her
palm,
And, to our wonder, could divine at
once
Who flashed the pan, and who was
downright dunce.

"There young Devotion learned to
climb with ease
The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-
trees,
And he was most commended and ad-
mired
Who soonest to the topmost twig per-
spired ;
Each name was called as many various
ways
As pleased the reader's ear on different
days,
So that the weather, or the ferule's
stings,
Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
Transformed the helpless Hebrew
thrice a week
To guttural Pequot or resounding
Greek,

The vibrant accent skipping here and
there,
Just as it pleased invention or despair ;
No controversial Hebraist was the
Dame ;
With or without the points pleased
her the same ;
If any tyro found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished
skill enough ;
She nerved her larynx for the desperate
thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables
at a spring.

"Ah, dear old times ! there once it was
my lap,
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-
eared cap ;
From books degraded, there I sat at
ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees ;
Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,
Each with its woodcut and its moral
rhyme,
And pierced half-dollars hung on
ribbons gay
About my neck—to be restored next
day,
I carried home, rewards as shining
then
As those which deck the life-long pains
of men,
More solid than the redemanded praise
With which the world beribbons later
days.

"Ah, dear old times ! how brightly ye
return !
How, rubbed afresh, your phospher
traces burn !
The ramble schoolward through dew-
sparkling meads
The willow-wands turned Cinderella
steeds
The impromptu pinbent hook, the deep
remorse
O'er the chance-captured minnow's
inchlong corse ;
The pockets, plethoric with marbles
round,
That still a space for ball and pegtop
found,
Nor satiate yet, could manage to confine
Horsechestnuts, flagroot, and the kite's
wound twine,
And, like the prophet's carpet could
take in,
Enlarging still, the popgun's magazine ;
The dinner carried in the small tin pail,
Shared with some dog, whose most be-
seething tail
And dripping tongue and eager ears
belied

The assumed indifference of canine
pride ;
The caper homeward, shortened if the
cart
Of Neighbour Pomeroy, trundling
from the mart,
O'ertook me,—then, translated to the
seat
I praised the steed, how staunch he
was and fleet,
While the bluff farmer, with superior
grin,
Explained where horses should be
thick, where thin,
And warned me (joke he always had
in store)
To shun a beast that four white stock-
ings wore.
What a fine natural courtesy was his !
His nod was pleasure, and his full bow
bliss ;
How did his well-thumbed hat, with
ardour rapt,
Its curve decorous to each rank adapt !
How did it graduate with a courtly ease
The whole long scale of social differ-
ences,
Yet so gave each his measure running
o'er,
None thought his own was less, his
neighbour's more ;
The squire was flattered, and the
pauper knew
Old times acknowledged 'neath the
threadbare blue !
Dropped at the corner of the embowered
lane,
Whistling I waded the knee-deep leaves
again,
While eager Argus, who has missed all
day
The sharer of his condescending play,
Comes leaping onward with a barkelate
And boisterous tail to greet me at the
gate ;
That I was true in absence to our love
Let the thick dog's-ears in my primer
prove."

I add only one further extract,
which will possess a melancholy inter-
est to all such as have endeavoured
to glean the materials of
revolutionary history from the lips
of aged persons, who took a part in
the actual making of it, and, find-
ing the manufacture profitable, con-
tinued the supply in an adequate
proportion to the demand.

"Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy
goad
His slow artillery up the Concord road,

A tale which grew in wonder, year by
year,
As, every time he told it, Joe drew near
To the main fight, till, faded and grown
gray,
The original scene to bolder tints gave
way ;
Then Joe had heard the foe's scared
double-quick
Beat on stove drum with one uncap-
tured stick,
And, ere death came the lengthening
tale to lop,
Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat
drop :
Had Joe lived long enough, that
scrambling fight
Had squared more nearly with his
sense of right,
And vanquished Percy, to complete
the tale,
Had hammered stone for life in Con-
cord jail."

I do not know that the forego-
ing extracts ought not to be called
my own rather than Mr. Biglow's,
as, indeed, he maintained stoutly
that my file had left nothing of his
in them. I should not, perhaps,
have felt entitled to take so great
liberties with them, had I not more
than suspected an hereditary vein
of poetry in myself, a very near
ancestor having written a Latin
poem in the Harvard *Gratulation*
on the accession of George the
Third. Suffice it to say, that,
whether not satisfied with such
limited approbation as I could
conscientiously bestow, or from a
sense of natural inaptitude, certain
it is that my young friend could
never be induced to any further
essays in this kind. He affirmed
that it was to him like writing in
a foreign tongue,—that Mr. Pope's
versification was like the regular
ticking of one of Williard's clocks,
in which one could fancy, after
long listening, a certain kind of
rhythm or tune, but which yet was
only a poverty-stricken *tick, tick*,
after all,—and that he had never
seen a sweet-water on a trellis
growing so fairly, or in forms so
pleasing to his eye, as a fox-grape
over a scrub-oak in a swamp. He
added I know not what, to the

effect that the sweet-water would only be the more disfigured by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that Pegäsus (so he called him) hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. These and other such opinions I did not long strive to eradicate, attributing them rather to a defective education and senses untuned by too long familiarity with purely natural objects, than to a perverted moral sense. I was the more inclined to this leniency since sufficient evidence was not to seek, that his verses, as wanting as they certainly were in classic polish and point, had somehow taken hold of the public ear in a surprising manner. So, only setting him right as to the quantity of the proper name Pegasus, I left him to follow the bent of his natural genius.

Yet could I not surrender him wholly to the tutelage of the pagan (which, literally interpreted, signifies village) muse without yet a further effort for his conversion, and to this end I resolved that whatever of poetic fire yet burned in myself, aided by the assiduous bellows of correct models, should be put in requisition. Accordingly, when my ingenious young parishioner brought to my study a copy of verses which he had written touching the acquisition of territory resulting from the Mexican war, and the folly of leaving the question of slavery or freedom to the adjudication of chance, I did myself indite a short fable or apologue after the manner of Gay and Prior, to the end that he might see how easily even such subjects as he treated of were capable of a more refined style and more elegant expression. Mr. Biglow's production was as follows :—

THE TWO GUNNERS.

A FABLE.

Two fellers, Isrel named and Joe,
One Sundry mornin' 'greed to go
Agunnin' soon'z the bells wuz done
And meetin' finally begun,

So'st no one wouldn't be about
Ther Sabbath-breakin' to spy out.

Joe didn't want to go a mite ;
He felt ez though 'twarnt skeerely
right,
But, when his doubts he went to speak
on,
Isrel he up and called him Deacon,
An' kep' apokin' fun like sin
An' then arubbin' on it in.
Til Joe, less skeered o' doin' wrong
Than bein' laughed at, went along.

Past noontime they went trampin'
round
An' nary thing to pop at found,
Till, fairly tired o' their spree,
They leaned their guns agin a tree,
An' jest ez they wuz settin' down
To take their noonin', Joe looked roun'
And see (acrost lots in a pond
That warn't mor'n twenty rod beyond),
A goose that on the water sot
Ez ef awaitin' to be shot.

Isrel he ups and grabs his gun ;
Sez he, "By ginger, here's some fun !"
"Don't fire," sez Joe, "it ain't no use,
Thet's Deacon Peleg's tame wil'-goose :"
Seys Isrel, "I don't care a cent.
I've sighted an' I'll let her went ;"
Bang! went queen's-arm, ole gander
flopped
His wings a spell, an' quorked, an'
dropped.

Sez Joe, "I wouldn't ha' been hired
At that poor critter to ha' fired,
But sence it's clean gin up the ghost,
We'll hev the tallest kind o' roast ;
I guess our waistbands 'll be tight
'Fore it comes ten o'clock ternaught."

"I won't agree to no such bender,"
Sez Isrel ; "keep it tell it's tender ;
'Taint wuth a snap afore it's ripe ;"
Sez Joe, "I'd jest ez lives eat tripe ;
You air a buster ter suppose
I'd eat what makes me hol' my nose !"

So they disputed to an' fro
Till cunnin' Isrel sez to Joe,
"Don't le's stay here an' play the fool,
Le's wait till both on us git cool,
Jest for a day or two le's hide it
An' then toss up an' so decide it."
"Agreed !" sez Joe, an' so they did,
An' the ole goose wuz safely hid.

Now 'twuz the hottest kind o' weather,
Now 'when at last they come together,
It didn't signify which won,
Fer all the mischief hed been done :

The goose wuz there, but, fer his soul,
Joe wouldn't ha' tetchedit with a pole;
But Isrel kind o' liked the smell on't
An' made *his* dinner very well on't.

My own humble attempt was in
manner and form following, and I
print it here, I sincerely trust, out
of no vainglory, but solely with the
hope of doing good.

LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN.

A TALE.

BY HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

Two brothers once, an ill-matched pair,
Together dwelt (no matter where),
To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,
Had left a house and farm in common.
The two in principles and habits
Were different as rats from rabbits;
Stout Farmer North, with frugal care,
Laid up provision for his heir,
Not scorning with hard sun-browned
hands
To scrape acquaintance with his lands;
Whatever thing he had to do
He did, and made it pay him, too;
He sold his waste stone by the pound,
His drains made water-wheels spin
round,
His ice in summer-time he sold,
His wood brought profit when 'twas
cold,
He dug and delved from morn till
night,
Strove to make profit square with right,
Lived on his means, cut no great dash,
And paid his debts in honest cash.

On t'other hand, his brother South
Lived very much from hand to mouth,
Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,
Borrowed North's money on his lands,
And culled his morals and his graces
From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and
races;
His sole work in the farming line
Was keeping droves of long-legged
swine,
Which brought great bothers and ex-
penses
To North in looking after fences,
And, when they happened to break
through,
Cost him both time and temper too,
For South insisted it was plain
He ought to drive them home again,
And North consented to the work
Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing
fast,
His farm became too small at last;

So, having thought the matter over,
And feeling bound to live in clover
And never pay the clover's worth,
He said one day to Brother North:—

"Our families are both increasing,
And, though we labour without ceasing,
Our produce soon will be too scant
To keep our children out of want;
They who wish fortune to be lasting
Must be both prudent and forecasting;
We soon shall need more land; a lot
I know, that cheaply can be bot';
You lend the cash, I'll buy the acres,
And we'll be equally partakers."

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood
Gave him a hankering after mud,
Wavered a moment, then consented,
And, when the cash was paid, re-
pent-ed;
To make the new land worth a pin,
Thought he, it must be all fenced in,
For, if South's swine once get the run
on't
No kind of farming can be done on't;
If that don't suit the other side,
'Tis best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne'er incline
This way or that to run the line,
And always found some new pretence
'Gainst setting the division fence;
At last he said:—

"For peace's sake,
Liberal concessions I will make;
Though I believe, upon my soul,
I've a just title to the whole,
I'll make an offer which I call
Gen'rous,—we'll have no fence at all;
Then both of us, whene'er we choose,
Can take what part we want to use;
If you should chance to need it first,
Pick you the best, I'll take the worst."

"Agreed!" cried North; thought he,
This fall
With wheat and rye I'll sow it all;
In that way I shall get the start,
And South may whistle for his part.
So thought, so done, the field was
sown,
And, winter having come and gone,
Sly North walked blithely forth to spy,
The progress of his wheat and rye;
Heavens, what a sight! his brother's
swine
Had asked themselves all out to dine;
Such grunting, munching, rooting,
shoving,
The soil seemed all alive and moving,
As for his grain, such work they'd
made on't,
He couldn't spy a single blade on't.

Off in a rage he rushed to South,
 "My wheat and rye"—grief choked
 his mouth;
 "Pray don't mind me," said South,
 "but plant
 All of the new land that you want;"
 "Yes, but your hogs," cried North;

"The grain
 Won't hurt them," answered South
 again;
 "But they destroy my crop;"

"No doubt;
 'Tis fortunate you've found it out;
 Misfortunes teach, and only they,
 You must not sow it in their way;"
 "Nay, you," says North, "must keep
 them out;"
 "Did I create them with a snout?"
 Asked South demurely; "as agreed,
 The land is open to your seed,
 And would you fain prevent my pigs
 From running there their harmless rigs?
 God knows I view this compromise
 With not the most approving eyes;
 I gave up my unquestioned rights
 For sake of quiet days and nights;
 I offered then, you know 'tis true,
 To cut the piece of land in two."
 "Then cut it now," growls North;

"Abate
 Your heat," says South, "'tis now too
 late;
 I offered you the rocky corner,
 But you, of your own good the scorner,
 Refused to take it; I am sorry;
 No doubt you might have found a
 quarry,
 Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,
 Containing heaps of native rhino;
 You can't expect me to resign
 My rights."

"But where," quoth North, "are
 mine?"
 "Your rights," says t'other, "well,
 that's funny,
 I bought the land."

"I paid the money;"
 "That," answered South, "is from the
 point,
 The ownership, you'll grant, is joint:
 I'm sure my only hope and trust is
 Not law so much as abstract justice,
 Though, you remember, 'twas agreed
 That so and so—consult the deed;
 Objections now are out of date,
 They might have answered once, but
 Fate
 Quashes them at the point we've got to;
Obsta principiis, that's my motto."

So saying, South began to whistle
 And looked as obstinate as gristle,
 While North went homeward, each
 brown paw
 Clenched like a knot of natural law,
 And all the while, in either ear,
 Heard something clicking wondrous
 clear.

To turn now to other matters,
 there are two things upon which it
 would seem fitting to dilate some-
 what more largely in this place,—
 the Yankee character and the
 Yankee dialect. And, first, of the
 Yankee character, which has
 wanted neither open maligners,
 nor even more dangerous enemies
 in the persons of those unskilful
 painters who have given to it that
 hardness, angularity, and want of
 proper perspective, which, in
 truth, belonged, not to their sub-
 ject, but to their own niggard and
 unskilful pencil.

New England was not so much
 the colony of a mother country, as
 a Hagar driven forth into the wil-
 derness. The little self-exiled band
 which came hither in 1620 came, not
 to seek gold, but to found a demo-
 cracy. They came that they might
 have the privilege to work and
 pray, to sit upon hard benches and
 listen to painful preachers as long
 as they would, yea, even unto
 thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so
 willed it. And surely, if the Greek
 might boast his Thermopylæ, where
 three hundred men fell in resisting
 the Persian, we may well be proud
 of our Plymouth Rock, where a
 handful of men, women, and chil-
 dren not merely faced, but van-
 quished, winter, famine, the
 wilderness, and the yet more in-
 vincible *storge* that drew them
 back to the green island far away.
 These found no lotus growing upon
 the surly shore, the taste of which
 could make them forget their little
 native Ithaca; nor were they so
 wanting to themselves in faith as to
 burn their ship, but could see the
 fair west-wind belly the homeward
 sail, and then turn unrepining to

grapple with the terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long a-healing, and an east-wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *ποῦ στῶ* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced-humour, such close-fisted-generosity. This new *Græculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he

would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward. *In cælum, jusseris, ibit*,—or the other way either,—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishmen of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

* * TO THE INDULGENT READER.

My friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, &c., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do; yet being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NYE,

Pastor of a Church in Bungtown Corner.

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And, first, it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of

the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognise, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakespeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New-Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatized were old ones by them forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency, wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-landers themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by greater numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may

say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial:—

*"Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine,
libellus:
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus."*

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it; and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *han'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *hev* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hândsome* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakespeare he would recite thus:—

*"Neow is the wintauv eour discontent
Med glorious summa by this sun o'
Yock,
An' all the cleouds thet leorowed
upun eour heouse
In the deep buzzum o' the oshin
buried;
Neow air eour breows bound 'ith
victorious wreaths;
Eour breused arms hung up fer
monimunce;*

Four starn alarums changed to merry
meethins,
Four drestle marches to delightfe
masures.
Grim-visaged war heth smeuthed
his wrinkled front,
An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid
steeds
To fright the souls o' ferfe edver-
series,
He capers nimly in a lady's chämber,
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *Au*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary.—C. N.]

a. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered,—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by Doyle, the other a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is)—seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesilaus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scioppius, Palæottus, Pinellus, Velsesus, Gataker, and

others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculiarities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pronunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, III. 468,—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rosebug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

δ. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never a poet among his ancestors. An ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with uncommon expression.

ε. Of the Wilburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the name. (?) A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677, John W. m. Expect —,

had issue, 1. John, 2. Haggai, 3. Expect, 4. Ruhamah, 5. Desire.

"Hear lyes y^e bodye of Mrs. Expect Wilber,
Y^e crewell salvages they kil'd her
Together wth other Christian soles
eleaven,
October y^e ixth daye, 1707.
Y^e stream of Jordan sh^d as crost ore
And now expeacts me on y^e other
shore:
I live in hope her soon to join;
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and
nine."

*From Gravestone in Pekussett,
North Parish.*

This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1711) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early; for only three years after, namely, 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying "one undivided eightieth part of a salt-meadow" in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *fuste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1723, and there lose him. In that year he was chosen selectman.

No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when new hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John,

who came from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1642.

This first John was a man of considerable importance, being twice mentioned with the honourable prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt with two l-s.

"Hear lyeth y^e bod [stone unhappily broken.]

Mr. Ihon Willber [Esq.] [I inclose this in brackets as doubtful. To me it seems clear.]

Ob't die [illegible; looks like xviii.] . . .
iii [prob. 1693.]

. paynt
. deseased seinte:
A friend and [fath]er untoe all y^e
opreast,
Hee gave y^e wicked familists noe
reast,
When Sat[an bl]ewe his Antinomian
blaste,
Wee clong to [Wilber as a stead]fast
maste.
[A] gaynst ye horrid Qua[kers] . . ."

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious British soldiers made a target of this stone during the war of Independence. How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave! How brutal that which spares not the monuments of authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyram, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

—0—

No. I.

A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF
JAALAM TO THE HON. JOSEPH T.
BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE
BOSTON COURIER, INCLOSING A
POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA
BIGLOW.

JAYLEM, June 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER :—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and ffin arter him like all nater. the Sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jest com down, so he call'ated to hook him in, but Hosity woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in flit-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery,* ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da and martin, and shure enuf, cum mor-

* *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.

nin, Hosity he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind 'o slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz very well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my aunt Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she ain't livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

THRASH away, ye'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy
corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahoid o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's
best ;—

Fact ! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest ;
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
Ef you must wear humps like
these,

Sposin' you should try salt hay
fer't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun
fellers,

They're a drefle graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers

Wen they want their irons het ;
May be it's all right ez preachin',

But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-
traders.

Hain't they cut a thunderin'
swarth

(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vartu o' the North !

We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled ;—

Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat ;

I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that ;

God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more
right ;

'Tain't afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,

Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye ?

I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race ;
They jest want this Californy
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o'
niggers

Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart ;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by wite ;
Slavery ain't o' nary colour,
'Tain't the hide thet makesit wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll hev to wait ;
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late ;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to
pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish
drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Wether I'd be sech a goose

Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,

Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months
old,—

Don't ketch any on em goin',
Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Ain't they a prime lot o' fellers?

'Fore they think on't they will
sprout

(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin'
crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her
hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your coloured sea-
men?

Hain't they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?

Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'

Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez
winkin'

In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoozers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,

Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South:—

"I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,—
They take one way, we take
t'other,—

Guess it wouldn't break my heart; -
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has no ways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first-born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν* that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königsmark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that "God would consider a *gentleman* and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession He had placed him in?" It may be said of us all, *Exempto plus quam ratione vivimus*.—H. W.]

No. II.

A LETTER.

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE
HON. J. T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR
OF THE BOSTON COURIER, COVER-
ING A LETTER FROM MR. B. SAWIN,
PRIVATE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT.

[This letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the un-languaged prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Angle-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammetichus to have been in favour of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of defensive warfare. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*,

accounted with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want and ignorance and un-thrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organization.—H. W.

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writt hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather call'te he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statementence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cal's a *pong shong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshia-shun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale outo his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don'tollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,* ses he, I *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few reflexkshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our October trainin',

* In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse Περὶ Ὑψους have commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that abomination. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.

A chap could clear right out from
there ef't only looked like
rainin'.

An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver
up their shappoes with band-
anners,

An' send the insines skootin' to the
bar-room with their banners
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an'
a feller could cry quarter

Ef he fired away his ramrod arter
tu much rum and water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you'n' I
an' Ezry Hollis,

Up there to Waltham plain last
fall, along o' the Cornwallis?*

This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like
thet,—I wish thet I wuz
further,—†

Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks
comes kind o' low fer murder,

(Wy I've worked out to slarterin'
some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,
An' in the hardest times there wuz
I ollers tetchted ten shillins.)

There's sutthin' gits into my throat
thet makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about
a hempen collar;

It's glory,—but, in spite o' all my
tryin' to get callous,

I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin'
to the gallus.

But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—
I tell ye I felt streaked

The fust time't ever I found out wy
baggonets wuz peaked;

Here's how it wuz: I started out
to go to a fandango,

The sentinul he ups an' sez,
"Thet's furdur'an you can go."

"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez
he, "Stan' back!" "Ain't you
a buster?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I
guess I've ben to muster;

I know wy sentinuls air sot; you
ain't agoin' to eat us;

Caleb hain't no monopoly to court
the seenoreetas;

* i bait the Site of a feller with a
muskit as I du pizn But their *is* fun
to a cornwallis I ain't agoin' to deny
it.—H. B.

† he means Not quite so fur I
guess.—H. B.

My folks to hum air full ez good
ez hisn be, by golly!"

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not
thinkin' wut would folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his
one-pronged pitchfork in me

An' made a hole right thru my
close ez ef I wuz an in'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt
hoorawin' in ole Funnel,

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the
sword to our Leftenan Cunule,

(It's Mister Secondary Bolles,* thet
writ the prize peace essay;

Thet's why he didn't list himself
along o' us, I dessay,)

An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud,
but don't put *his* foot in it,

Coz human life's so sacred thet he's
principled agin it,—

Though I myself can't rightly see
it's any wus achokin' on 'em,

Than puttin' bullets thru their
lights, or with a bagnet pokin'
on 'em;

How drefle slick he reeled it off
(like Blitz at our lyceum

Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so
quick you skeercely see 'em),

About the Anglo-Saxon race (an'
saxons would be handy

To du the buryin' down here upon
the Rio Grandy),

About our patriotic pas an' our
star-spangled banner,

Our country's bird alookin' on an'
singin' out hosanner,

An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz
happy fer Ameriky,—

I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle
mite histericky.

I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a
drefle kind o' privilege

Atrampin' round thru Boston
streets among the gutter's
drivelage;

I act'ly thought it wuz a treat to
hear a little drummin',

An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum
wuz acomin'

Wen all on us got suits (darned like
them wore in the state prison)

* the ignerant creeter means Sekke-
tary; but he ollers stuck to his book,
like cobbler's wax to anile-stone.—H. B.

An' every feller felt ez though all
Mexico wuz hisn'.

This 'ere's about the meanest place
a skunk could wal diskiver
(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer
wut we call Salt-river);
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat
doos beat all nater,
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o'
one good blue-nose tater;
The country here thet Mister Bolles
declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the
most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.

He talked about delishis froots,
but then it wuz a wopper all,
The holl on 't's mud an' prickly
pears, with here an' there a
chapparal;
You see a feller peekin' out, an',
fust you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a
cops, fore you can say, "Wut
air ye at?"
You never see sech darned gret
bugs (it may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabæus
pilularius* † big ez a year old
elephant),
The rigiment come up one day in
time to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle
Wright,—twuz jest a common
cimex lectularius.

* it must be aloud that there's a
streak of nater in lovin' sho, but it
sartinly is 1 of the curusest things in
nater to see a rispecktable dri goods
dealer (deckon of a chutch mayby) a
riggin' himself out in the Weigh they
du and struttin' round in the Reign
aspilin' his trowsis and makin' wet
goods of himself. Ef any thin's
foolisher and moor dicklus than mili-
terry gloary it is milishy gloary.—H. B.
† these fellers are very propilly
called Rank Heroes, and the more tha
kill the ranker and more Herowick tha
bekum.—H. B.

‡ it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it,
but the parson put the Latten instid.
i sed t'other maid better meeter, but
he said tha was eddykated peepl to
Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no
how. idnow as tha wood and idnow as
tha wood.—H. B.

One night I started up on eend an'
the thought I wuz to hum agin,
I hee'd in a horn, thinks I it's Sol
fair the fisherman hez come agin.
t riffs, yellowses is sound enough,—
His t' d'z I'm a livin' creeter,
e: bus' thing go thru my leg,—
I felt ene' uz nothin' more 'n askeeter!
'twan' here's the yaller fever, tu,
Then thet 't call it here el vomito,—
they thet wun't du, you land-
(Come, I st there, I tell ye to le' go
crab t voe!
my t'ious! it's a scorpion thet's
My grace n' shine to play with 't,
took art-keer the tarnal thing fer
I darsn't fore'd run away with 't.)
Afore I d' come away from hum I
hed a ff strong persuasion
Thet Me' buxicans worn't human
beans,*—an ourang outang
nation, he
A sort o' f' silk a chap could kill an'
never d' dream on't arter,
No more'n e a feller'd dream o' pigs
thet he' a hed hed to slarter;
I'd an idee thet they were built
arter the de darkie fashion all.
An' kickin' c' n' colored folks about, you
know, 'n a kind o' national;
But wen I j' asned I wornt so wise ez
thet air ' queen o' Sheby,
Fer, come to look at 'em, they ain't
much diff' rent from wut we be.
An' here we a' ir ascrugin' 'em out
o' thir own dominions,
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under
our eagle's pinions,
Wich means t'ao take a feller up
jest by the w slack o' 's trowsis,
An' walk him S'panish clean right
out o' all his homes an' houses;
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but
then hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, n fer Caleb sez it's
reg'lar Anglo-saxon.
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they
say, they piz' n all the water,
An' du amazin' lo' ats o' things thet
isn't wut they ough' to;
Bein' they hain't no lead, they make
their bullets out o' copper

* he means human beins, that's wut
he means. i spose he kinder thought
tha wuz human bein's ware the Xisle
Poles comes from.—E. B.

An' shoot the darned things at us,
tu, wich Caleb sez aint proper;
He sez they'd ough' to stan' right
up an' let us pop 'em fairly
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet
he'll hev to git up airly),
Thet our nation's bigger 'n theirn
an' so its rights air bigger,
An' thet it's all to make 'em free
thet we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee's
abreakin' 'em to pieces,
An' thet idee's thet every man doos
jest wut he damn pleases;
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear,
perhaps in some respex I can,
I know thet "every man" don't
mean a nigger or a Mexican;
An' there's another thing I know,
an' thet is, ef these creeturs,
Thet stick an' Anglosaxon mask
onto State-prison feeturs,
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer
to-argify an' spout on't,
The gals 'ould count the silver
spoons the minnit they cleared
out on't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye
hain't one agreeable feetur,
An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes,
I'd home agin short meter;
Oh, wouldn't I be off quick time,
ef 't worn't thet I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into me to
pay me fer desartin'!
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but
jest to you I may state
Our ossifers ain't wut they wuz
 afore they left the Bay-state;
Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir,
you're middlin' well now, be ye?
Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm
dreffle glad to see ye;"
But now it's "Ware's my eppylet?
here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!
An' mind your eye, be thund'rin'
spry, or, damn ye, you shall
ketch it!"
Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork
will bile so, but by mighty,
Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd
give 'em linkum vity,
I'd play the rogue's march on their
hides an' other music follerin' -

But I must close my letter here,
fer one on 'em's ahollerin',
These Anglosaxon ossifers,—wal,
tain't no use ajawin',
I'm safe enlisted fer the war,
Yourn,
BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken, not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita vix duabus Anticyris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bull, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the zealous Gomara (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella, skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such Paynims as refused to swallow the bread of life (doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy gobbets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights,—*Seigneurs, tuez! tuez!* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors. This would argue for the pantoglottism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mather, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semeiologist the most expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs; no other discourse, indeed, being needful, than such as the mackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial oratory is Satan cunning in. Before one he traffs a hat and feather; or a bare feather without a hat; before another, a Presidential chair or a tide-waiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangleing there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but, once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is

time now *revocare gradum*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eyewitnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papists, not to speak of Echetaeus at Marathon and those *Dioscuri* (whom we must conclude imps of the pit) who sundry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not in some such wise also signalised. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war? Or has that day become less an object of His especial care since the year 1697, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em; only on *Saturdays* they still caught a couple, and on the *Lord's Days* they could catch none at all?" Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those banes of the salt-water angler) which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a symbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial second. If ever the country should be seized with another such mania *de propaganda fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery. Those iron evangelists

would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen lads, unimpregnate with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure pickerel, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too nigh the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown in the time of the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers* of men?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this war,—I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonised by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *No* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetic Public Opinion is the Pope, the Anti-Christ, for us to protest against *e corde cordum*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's vicar, our binder and looser, elected? Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and shuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, Οὐτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἔρχεται οἰκάδ' ἑλάσσῃ. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow of a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing, if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to

that pestilent fallacy,—“Our country, right or wrong,”—by tracing its original to a speech of Ensign Cilley at a dinner of the Bungtown Fencibles.—H. W.]

No. III.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

[A FEW remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal, but only a general, application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard, till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen, had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate, to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be dissipated *tenues in auris*. For what says Seneca? *Longum iter per praecepta, breve et efficax per exempla*. A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our arrows, but, still dodging behind this neighbour or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood, and as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden his sensibility to the force of language. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing gloves, and yet forget that the older they grow,

the more plainly may the knuckles in, side be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monitory hand laid on his arm,—*aliquid suffraginandum erat*. I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *aqua fortis*, yet, where so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scuffle on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Est ars etiam maledicendi*, says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that “one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions.”—H. W.]

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,

An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

My ! ain't it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?

We can't never choose him o' course,—thet's flat ;

Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you ?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drefle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He's been true to one party,—an' thet is himself ;—

So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Ginerall C.

Ginerall C. he goes in fer the war ;
 He don't vally principle more'n
 an old cud ;
 Wut did God make us raytional
 creeturs fer,
 But gloryan' gunpowder, plunder
 an' blood ?

So John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he shall vote fer Ginerall C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here
 to our village,
 With good old ideas o' wut's right
 an' wut ain't,
 We kind o' thought Christ went
 agin war an' pillage,
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the
 best mark of a saint ;

But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this kind o' thing's an ex-
 ploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers
 be took,
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he*
 is our country.

An' the angel thet writes all our
 sins in a book
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us
 the *per contry* ;

An' John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez this is his view o' the thing
 to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these
 argimunts lies ;
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but
 jest *fee, faw, fum* ;

An' thet all this big talk of our
 destinies
 Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other
 half rum ;

But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an',
 of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd
 in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in
 their swaller-tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a
 drum an' a fife,
 To git some on 'em office, an'
 some on 'em votes ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez they didn't know every-
 thin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to
 tell us
 The rights an' the wrongs o'
 these matters, I vow,—
 God sends country lawyers, an'
 other wise fellers,
 To start the world's team wen it
 gits in a slough ;

Fer John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez the world'll go right, ef he
 hollers out Gee!

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—"Our country, right or wrong." It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor diminish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriæ jūnus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrone fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert

them from this their original intentment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude,—“*Our country, however bounded!*” he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing poem, there appeared some comments upon it in one of the public prints which seemed to call for animadversion. I accordingly addressed to Mr. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, the following letter:—

“JAALAM, November 4, 1847,

“To the Editor of the Courier:

“RESPECTED SIR,—Calling at the post-office this morning, our worthy and efficient postmaster offered for my perusal a paragraph in the Boston Morning Post of the 3d instant, wherein certain effusions of the pastoral muse are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell. For aught I know or can affirm to the contrary, this Mr. Lowell may be a very deserving person and a youth of parts (though I have seen verses of his which I could never rightly understand); and if he be such, he, I am certain, as well as I, would be free from any proclivity to appropriate to himself whatever of credit (or discredit) may honestly belong to another. I am confident, that, in penning these few lines, I am only forestalling a disclaimer from that young gentleman, whose silence hitherto, when rumour pointed to himward, has excited in my bosom mingled emotions of sorrow and surprise. Well may my young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, exclaim with the poet,

“*Sic vos non vobis,*” &c.;

though, in saying this, I would not convey the impression that he is a

proficient in the Latin tongue,—the tongue, I might add, of a Horace and a Tully.

“Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lucre of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, &c. He does not wait upon Providence for mercies, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, &c.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

“If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruser sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone, and their plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas!* so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it.

“The productions of Mr. B. have been stigmatised in some quarters as unpatriotic; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating, attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Dean Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected sir, to see that young man mow. He cuts a cleaner and wider swath than any in this town.

“But it is time for me to be at my Post. It is very clear that my young friend's shot has struck the lintel, for the Post is shaken (Amos ix, 1). The

editor of that paper is a strenuous advocate of the Mexican war, and a colonel, as I am given to understand. I presume, that, being necessarily absent in Mexico, he has left his journal in some less judicious hands. At any rate, the Post has been too swift on this occasion. It could hardly have cited a more incontrovertible line from any poem than that which it has selected for animadversion, namely,—
 'We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.'

"If the Post maintains the converse of this proposition, it can hardly be considered as a safe guide-post for the moral and religious portions of its party, however many other excellent qualities of a post it may be blessed with. There is a sign in London on which is painted,—'The Green Man.' It would do very well as a portrait of any individual who would support so unscriptural a thesis. As regards the language of the line in question, I am bold to say that He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly which conveys a sound and pious sentiment. I could wish that such sentiments were more common, however uncouthly expressed. Saint Ambrose affirms, that *veritas a quocunque* (why not, then, *quomodocunque*?) *dicatur, a spiritu sancto est*. Digest also this of Baxter: 'The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters.'

"When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction was that which classed him with the Whig party. He says, that, if resolutions are a nourishing kind of diet, that party must be in a very hearty and flourishing condition; for that they have quietly eaten more good ones of their own baking than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess that, in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*horresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the Liberator, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combating, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.

"I did not see Mr. B.'s verses until they appeared in print, and there is certainly one thing in them which I consider highly improper. I allude to the personal references to myself by name. To confer notoriety on an humble individual who is labouring quietly in his vocation, and who keeps his cloth as free as he can from the dust of the political arena (though *re mihi si non evangelizavero*), is no doubt an indecorum. The sentiments which he attributes to me I will not deny to be mine. They were embodied, though in a different form, in a discourse preached upon the last day of public fasting, and were acceptable to my entire people (of whatever political views), except the post-master, who dissented *ex officio*. I observe that you sometimes devote a portion of your paper to a religious summary. I should be well pleased to furnish a copy of my discourse for insertion in this department of your instructive journal. By omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to insure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town. I will cheerfully render myself responsible for ten. It might possibly be advantageous to issue it as an *extra*. But perhaps you will not esteem it an object, and I will not press it. My offer does not spring from any weak desire of seeing my name in print; for I can enjoy this satisfaction at any time by turning to the Triennial Catalogue of the University, where it also possesses that added emphasis of Italics with which those of my calling are distinguished.

"I would simply add, that I continue to fit ingenuous youth for college, and that I have two spacious and airy sleeping apartments at this moment unoccupied. *Ingenuos didicisse*, &c. Terms, which vary according to the circumstances of the parents, may be known on application to me by letter, post-paid. In all cases the lad will be expected to fetch his own towels. This rule, Mrs. W. desires me to add, has no exceptions.

"Respectfully, your obedient
 servant,

"HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

"P.S. Perhaps the last paragraph may look like an attempt to obtain the insertion of my circular gratuitously. If it should appear to you in that light, I desire that you would erase it, or charge for it at the usual rates, and deduct the amount from the proceeds in

your hands from the sale of my discourse, when it shall be printed. My circular is much longer and more explicit, and will be forwarded without charge to any who may desire it. It has been very neatly executed on a letter-sheet, by a very deserving printer, who attends upon my ministry, and is a creditable specimen of the typographic art. I have one hung over my mantel-piece in a neat frame, where it makes a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and balances the profile of Mrs. W., cut with her toes by the young lady born without arms.

"H. W."

I have in the foregoing letter mentioned General Scott, in connection with the Presidency, because I have been given to understand that he has blown to pieces and otherwise caused to be destroyed more Mexicans than any other commander. His claim would therefore be deservedly considered the strongest. Until accurate returns of the Mexicans killed, wounded, and maimed be obtained, it will be difficult to settle these nice points of precedence. Should it prove that any other officer has been more meritorious and destructive than General S., and has thereby rendered himself more worthy of the confidence and support of the conservative portion of our community, I shall cheerfully insert his name, instead of that of General S., in a future edition. It may be thought, likewise, that General S. has invalidated his claims by too much attention to the decencies of apparel, and the habits belonging to a gentleman. These abstruser points of statesmanship are beyond my scope. I wonder not that successful military achievement should attract the admiration of the multitude. Rather do I rejoice with wonder to behold how rapidly this sentiment is losing its hold upon the popular mind. It is related of Thomas Warton, the second of that honoured name who held the office of Poetry Professor at Oxford, that, when one wished to find him, being absconded, as was his wont, in some obscure alehouse, he was counselled to traverse the city with a drum and fife, the sound of which inspiring music would be sure to draw the Doctor from his retirement into the street. We are all more or less bitten with this martial insanity. *Nescio quæ dulcedine . . . cunctos ducit.* I confess to some infection of that itch myself. When I see a Brigadier-General

maintaining his insecure elevation in the saddle under the severe fire of the training-field, and when I remember that some military enthusiasts, through haste, inexperience, or an over-desire to lend reality to those fictitious combats, will sometimes discharge their ramrods, I cannot but admire, while I deplore, the mistaken devotion of these heroic officers. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* I was myself, during the late war with Great Britain, chaplain of a regiment, which was fortunately never called to active military duty. I mention this circumstance with regret rather than pride. Had I been summoned to actual warfare, I trust that I might have been strengthened to bear myself after the manner of that reverend father in our New England Israel, Dr. Benjamin Colman, who, as we are told in Turell's life of him, when the vessel in which he had taken passage for England was attacked by a French privateer, "fought like a philosopher and a Christian, . . . and prayed all the while he charged and fired." As this note is already long, I shall not here enter upon a discussion of the question, whether Christians may lawfully be soldiers. I think it sufficiently evident, that, during the first two centuries of the Christian era, at least, the two professions were esteemed incompatible. Consult Jortin on this head.—H. W.]

NO. IV.

REMARKS OF INCREASE D. O'PHACE,
ESQUIRE, AT AN EXTRUMPERY
CAUCUS IN STATE STREET, RE-
PORTED BY MR. H. BIGLOW.

[THE ingenious reader will at once understand that no such speech as the following was ever *totidem verbis* pronounced. But there are simpler and less guarded wits, for the satisfying of which such an explanation may be needful. For there are certain invisible lines, which as Truth successively overpasses, she becomes Untruth to one and another of us, as a large river, flowing from one kingdom into another, sometimes takes a new name, albeit the waters undergo no change, how small soever. There is, moreover, a truth of fiction more veracious than the truth of fact, as that of the Poet, which represents to us things and events as they ought to be, rather than servilely copies them as they are imperfectly imaged in the crooked and smoky glass of our mundane affairs. It is this which

makes the speech of Antonius, though originally spoken in no wider a forum than the brain of Shakespeare, more historically valuable than that other which Appian has reported, by as much as the understanding of the Englishman was more comprehensive than that of the Alexandrian. Mr. Biglow, in the present instance, has only made use of a license assumed by all the historians of antiquity, who put into the mouths of various characters such words as seem to them most fitting to the occasion and to the speaker. If it be objected that no such oration could ever have been delivered, I answer, that there are few assemblages for speech-making which do not better deserve the title of *Parliamentum Indoctorum* than did the sixth Parliament of Henry the Fourth, and that men still continue to have as much faith in the Oracle of Fools as ever Pantagruel had. Howell, in his letters, recounts a merry tale of a certain ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, who, having written two letters, —one to her Majesty, and the other to his wife,—directed them at cross-purposes, so that the Queen was beducked and bedared and requested to send a change of hose, and the wife was be-princessed and otherwise unwontedly besuperlatived, till the one feared for the wits of her ambassador, and the other for those of her husband. In like manner it may be presumed that our speaker has misdirected some of his thoughts, and given to the whole theatre what he would have wished to confide only to a select auditory at the back of the curtain. For it is seldom that we can get any frank utterance from men, who address, for the most part, a Buncombe either in this world or the next. As for their audiences, it may be truly said of our people, that they enjoy one political institution in common with the ancient Athenians: I mean a certain profitless kind of *ostracism*, wherewith, nevertheless, they seem hitherto well enough content. For in Presidential elections, and other affairs of the sort, whereas I observe that the *oysters* fall to the lot of comparatively few, the *shells* (such as the privileges of voting as they are told to do by the *ostrivori* aforesaid, and of huzzing at public meetings) are very liberally distributed among the people, as being their prescriptive and quite sufficient portion.

The occasion of the speech is supposed to be Mr. Palfrey's refusal to vote for the Whig candidate for the Speakership.—H. W.]

No? Hez he? He hain't, though?

Wut? Voted agin him?

Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him;

I seem's though I see her, with wrath in each quill,

Like a chancery lawyer, aflin' her bill,

An' grindin' her talents ez sharp ez all nater,

To pounce like a writ on the back o' the traitor.

Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het,

But a crisis like this must with vigour be met;

Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner bestains,

Holl Fourth o' Julys seem to bile in my veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous rig

Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose fer a Wig?

"We knowed wut his principles wuz fore we sent him?"

Wut wuz ther in them from this vote to prevent him?

A marciful Providence fashioned us holler

O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller;

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the pelican,

Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is stranger)

Puts her family into her pouch wen there's danger.

Ain't principle precious? then, who's goin' to use it

Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is so sure

Ez thet principle kind o' gits spiled by exposure;*

* The speaker is of a different mind from Tully, who, in his recently discovered tractate *De Republica*, tells us, —*Nec vero habere virtutem satis est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare*, and from our Milton, who says: "I cannot praise a

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git
a sight on't
Ough' to hev it all took right away,
every mite on't;
Ef he can't keep it all to himself
wen it's wise to,
He ain't one it's fit to trust nothin'
so nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power
in latitude
To shift a man's morril relations an'
attitude;
Some flossifers think thet a fak-
kilty's granted
The minnit it's proved to be thar-
oughly wanted,
Thet a change o' demand makes a
change o' condition,
An' thet everythin' 's nothin' ex-
cept by position;
Ez, fer instance, thet rubber-trees
fust begun bearin'
Wen p'litikle consunces come into
wearin',—
Thet the fears of a monkey, whose
holt chanced to fail,
Drawed the vertibry out to a pre-
hensile tail;
So, wen one's chose to Congriss, ez
soon ez he's in it,
A collar grows right round his neck
in a minnit,
An' sartin it is thet a man cannot
be strict
In bein' himself, wen he gits to the
Deestrick,
Fer a coat thet sets wal here in
ole Massachusetts,
Wen it gits on to Washinton,
somehow askew sets.

Resolves, do you say, o' the Spring-
field Convention?
Thet's percisely the pint I was
goin' to mention;

fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, *not without dust and heat.*"—*Areop.* He had taken the words out of the Roman's mouth, without knowing it, and might well exclaim with Austin (if a saint's name may stand sponsor for a curse), *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!*—H. W.

Resolves air a thing we most
gen'ally keep ill,
They're a cheap kind o' dust fer
the eyes o' the people;
A parcel o' delligits jest git together
An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an'
the weather,
Then, comin'to order, they squabble
awile
An' let off the speeches they're
ferful 'll spile;
Then—Resolve,—Thet we wunt
hev an inch o' slave territory;
Thet President Polk's holl perceed-
ins air very tory;
Thet the war is a damned war, an'
them thet enlist in it
Should hev a cravat with a drefle
tight twist in it;
Thet the war is a war fer the
spreadin' o' slavery;
Thet our army desarnes our best
thanks fer their bravery;
Thet we're the original friends o'
the nation,
All the rest air a paltry an' base
fabrication;
Thet we highly respect Messrs. A,
B, an' C,
An' ez deeply despise Messrs. E, F,
an' G.
In this way they go to the eend
o' the chapter,
An' then they bust out in a kind
of a raptur
About their own vartoo, an' folks's
stone-blindness
To the men thet 'ould actilly do
'em a kindness,—
The American eagle,—the Pilgrims
thet landed,—
Till on ole Plymouth Rock they
git finally stranded.
Wal, the people they listen an' say,
"Thet's the ticket;
Ez fer Mexico, 'tain't no great glory
to lick it,
But 'twould be a darned shame to
go pullin' o' triggers
To extend the aree of abusin' the
niggers."

So they march in percessions, an'
git up hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the
good o' the cause,

An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin'
the prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the
holders of offices ;
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably
seated,
One humbug's victor'ous an't'other
defeated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest
wut he axes,
An' the people, — their annooal soft-
sodder an' taxes.

Now, to keep unimpaired all these
glorious feeturs
Thet characterise morril an'
reasonin' creeturs,
Thet give every payriot all he can
cram,
Thet oust the untrustworthy Presi-
dunt Flam,
An' stick honest Presidunt Sham
in his place,
To the manifest gain o' the holl
human race,
An' to some indervidgewals on't in
partickler,
Who love Public Opinion an' know
how to tickle her, —
I say thet a party with gret aims
like these
Must stick jest ez close ez a hive
full o' bees.

I'm willin' a man should go toll-
able strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet
kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits
pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never
committed ;
But he musn't be hard on par-
tickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's
own shins ;
On'y look at the Demmercrats, see
wut they've done
Jest simply by stickin' together
like fun ;
They've sucked us right into a
mis'able war
Thet no one on airth ain't respon-
sible for ;
They've run us a hundred cool
millions in debt

(An' fer Demmercrat Horners
ther's good plums left yet) ;
They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer
a high one,
An' so coax all parties to build up
their Zion ;
To the people they're ollers ez
slick ez molasses,
An' butter their bread on both sides
with The Masses,
Half o' whom they've persuaded,
by way of a joke,
Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell
upon Polk.

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs
might enjoy,
Ef they'd gumption enough the
right means to imploy ; *
Fer the silver spoon born in Der-
mocracy's mouth
Is a kind of a sringe thet they hev
to the South ;
Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick
'em an' wale 'em,
An' they notice it less 'an the ass
did to Balaam ;
In this way they screw into second-
rate offices
Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould
subtract too much off his ease ;
The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer
they, by their wiles,
Unlike the old viper, grow fat on
their files.
Wal, the Wigs hev been tryin' to
grab all this prey frum 'em
An' to hook this nice spoon o' good
fortin' away frum 'em,
An' they might ha' succeeded, ez
likely ez not,
In lickin' the Demmercrats all
round the lot,
Ef it warn't thet, wile all faithful
Wigs were their knees on,
Some stuffy old codger would
holler out, — "Treason !
You must keep a sharp eye on a
dog thet hez bit you once,
An' I ain't agoin' to cheat my con-
stitoounts," —

* That was a pithy saying of Persius,
and fits our politicians without a
wrinkle, — *Magister artis, ingenique
largitor venter.* — H. W.

Wen every fool knows thet a man
represents
Not the fellers thet sent him, but
them on the fence,—
Impartially ready to jump either
side
An' make the fust use of a turn o'
the tide,—
The waiters on Providence here in
the city,
Who compose wut they call a State
Centerl Committy.
Constitoounts air hendy to help a
man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the
heft of a pin.
Wy, the people can't all live on
Uncle Sam's pus,
So they've nothin' to du with't fer
better or wus ;
It's the folks thet air kind o'
brought up to depend on't
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet
is the end on't.

Now here wuz New England ahevin'
the honour
Of a chance at the Speakership
showered upon her ;—
Do you say,—"She don't want no
more Speakers, but fewer ;
She's hed plenty o' them, wut she
wants is a *doer*" ?
Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorous
in town
Thet her own representatives du
her quite brown.
But thet's nothin' to du with it ;
wut right hed Palfrey
To mix himself up with fanatical
small fry ?
Warn't we gittin' on prime with
our hot an' cold blowin',
Acondemnin' the war wilst we kep'
it agoin' ?
We'd assumed with gret skill a
commandin' position,
On this side or thet, no one couldn't
tell wich one,
So, wutever side whipped, we'd a
chance at the plunder
An' could sue fer infringin' our
paytented thunder ;
We were ready to vote fer whoever
wuz eligible,

Ef on all pints at issoo he'd stay
unintelligible.
Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down
our perfessions,
We were ready to come out next
mornin' with fresh ones ;
Besides, ef we did, 'twas our
business alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would
with our own ?
An' ef a man can, wen pervisions
hev riz so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy
it is so.
Wy, these chaps frum the North,
with back-bones to 'em, darn
'em,
'Ould be wurth more 'an Gennle
Tom Thumb is to Barnum :
Ther's enough thet to office on
this very plan grow,
By exhibitin' how very small a
man can grow ;
But an M. C. frum here ollers
hastens to state he
Belongs to the order called inver-
tebraty,
Wence some gret filologists judge
primy fashy
Thet M. C. is M. T. by parono-
mashy ;
An' these few exceptions air *loosus*
naytury
Folks 'ould put down their quarters
to stare at, like fury.
It's no use to open the door o'
success.
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin'
or less ;
Wy, all o' them grand constitoo-
tional pillers,
Our fore-fathers fetched with 'em
over the billers,
Them pillers the people so soundly
hev slep' on,
Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt
they were swep' on,
Wile our Destiny higher an' higher
kep' mountin'
(Though I guess folks 'll stare wen
she hendes her account in),
Ef members in this way go kicken'
agin 'em,
They wunt hev so much ez a feather
left in 'em.

An', ez fer this Palfrey,* we thought
 wen we'd gut him in,
 He'd go kindly in wutever harness
 we put him in;
 Supposin' we *did* know thet he wuz
 a peace man?
 Doos he think he can be Uncle
 Sammle's policeman,
 An' when Sam gits tipsy an' kicks
 up a riot,
 Lead him off to the lockup to snooze
 till he's quiet?
 Wy, the war is a war thet true
 paytriots can bear, ef
 It leads to the fat promised land
 of a tayriff;
 We don't go an fight it, nor ain't
 to be driv on,
 Nor Demmercrats nuther, thet hev
 wut to live on;
 Ef it ain't jest the thing thet's
 well pleasin' to God,
 It makes us thought highly on
 elsewhere abroad;
 The Rooshian black eagle looks
 blue in his eerie
 An' shakes both his heads wen he
 hears o' Monteery;
 In the Tower Victory sets, all of a
 fluster,
 An' reads, with locked doors, how
 we won Cherry Buster;
 An' old Philip Lewis—thet come
 an' kep' school here
 Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his
 ryalist ruler
 On the tenderest part of our kings
in futuro—
 Hides his crown underneath an old
 shut in his bureau,
 Breaks off in his brags to a suckle
 o' merry kings,
 How he often hed hidid young
 native Amerrikins,
 An' turnin' quite faint in the midst
 of his fooleries,
 Sneaks down stairs to bolt the
 front door o' the Tooleries.†

* There is truth yet in this of Juvenal,—
 "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura colum-
 bas."

H. W.

† Jortin is willing to allow of other
 miracles besides those recorded in Holy
 Writ, and why not of other prophecies?
 It is granting too much to Satan to

You say,—“ We'd ha' scared 'em
 by growin' in peace,
 A plaguy sight more then by bob-
 beries like these”?
 Who is it dares say thet our nay-
 tional eagle
 Wun't much longer be classed with
 the birds thet air regal,
 Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an'
 she, arter this slaughter,
 'll bring back a bill ten times lon-
 ger 'n she ough' to”?
 Wut's your name? Come, I see ye,
 you up-country feller,
 You've put me out severil times
 with your beller;
 Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I
 say nothin' furder,
 Thet feller would like nothin'
 better 'n a murder;
 He's a traider, blasphemmer, an' wut
 ruther worse is,
 He puts all his ath'ism in dreflle
 bad verses;
 Socity ain't safe till sech monsters
 air out on it,
 Refer to the Post, ef you hev the
 least doubt on it;
 Wy, he goes agin war, agin indirect
 taxes,
 Agin sellin' wild lands 'cept to
 settlers with axes,
 Agin holdin' o' slaves, though he
 knows it's the corner
 Our libbaty rests on, the mis'able
 scornor!

suppose him, as divers of the learned
 have done, the inspirer of the ancient
 oracles. Wiser, I esteem it, to give
 chance the credit of the successful ones.
 What is said here of Louis Philippe was
 verified in some of its minute partic-
 ulars within a few months' time.
 Enough to have made the fortune of
 Delphi or Hammon, and no thanks to
 Beelzebub neither! That of Seneca in
 Medea will suit here:—

Rapida fortuna ac levis
 Præcæpque regno eripuit, exsilio dedit."

Let us allow, even to richly deserved
 misfortune, our commiseration, and be
 not over-hasty meanwhile in our cen-
 sure of the French people, left for the
 first time to govern themselves, re-
 membering that wise sentence of
 Æschylus,—

"Ἀπας δὲ τραχὺς ὅστις ἂν νέον κρατῇ.

H. W.

In short, he would wholly upset
 with his ravages
 All thet keeps us above the brute
 critters an' savages,
 An' pitch into all kinds o' briles
 an' confusions
 The holl of our civilised, free in-
 stitutions;
 He writes fer thet rather unsafe
 print, the Courier,
 An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to
 Foorier;
 I'll be——, thet is, I mean I'll be
 blest,
 Ef I hark to a word frum so noted
 a pest;
 I shan't talk with *him*, my reli-
 gion's too fervent.—
 Good mornin', my friends, I'm
 your most humble servant.

[Into the question, whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. It has not seldom occurred to me (noting how in our national legislature everything runs to talk, as lettuces, if the season or the soil be unpropitious, shoot up lankly to seed, instead of forming handsome heads) that Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble. In these days, what with Town Meetings, School Committees, Boards (lumber) of one kind and another, Congresses, Parliaments, Diets, Indian Councils, Palavers, and the like, there is scarce a village which has not its factories of this description driven by (milk-and-) water power. I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Martello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garrulity. For this reason I have ever preferred the study of the dead languages, those primitive formations being Ararats upon whose silent peaks I sit secure and watch this new deluge without fear, though it rain figures (*simulacra*, semblances) of speech forty days and nights together, as it not uncommonly happens. Thus is my coat, as it were, without buttons

by which any but a vernacular wild bore can seize me. Is it not possible that the Shakers may intend to convey a quiet reproof and hint, in fastening their outer garments with hooks and eyes?

This reflection concerning Babel, which I find in no Commentary, was first thrown upon my mind when an excellent deacon of my congregation (being infected with the Second Advent delusion) assured me that he had received a first instalment of the gift of tongues as a small earnest of larger possessions in the like kind to follow. For of a truth, I could not reconcile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy that the single wall which protected people of other languages from the incursions of this otherwise well-meaning propagandist should be broken down.

In reading Congressional debates, I have fancied, that, after the subsidence of those painful buzzings in the brain which result from such exercises, I detected a slender residuum of valuable information. I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polypus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be produced. I would recommend to the attention of *viva voce* debaters and controversialists the admirable example of the monk Copres, who, in the fourth century, stood for half an hour in the midst of a great fire, and thereby silenced a Manichean antagonist who had less of the salamander in him. As for those who quarrel in print, I have no concern with them here, since the eyelids are a divinely granted shield against all such. Moreover, I have observed in many modern books that the printed portion is becoming gradually smaller, and the number of blank or fly-leaves (as they are called) greater. Should this fortunate tendency of literature continue, books will grow more valuable from year to year, and the whole Serbonian bog yield to the advances of firm arable land.

The sagacious Lacedæmonians hearing that Tesephone had bragged that he could talk all day long on any given subject, made no more ado, but forthwith banished him, whereby they supplied him a topic and at the same time took care that his experiment upon it should be tried out of ear-shot.

I have wondered, in the Representatives' Chamber of our own Commonwealth, to mark how little impression

seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of the members. Our wiser ancestors, no doubt, hung it there as being the animal which the Pythagoreans revered for its silence, and which certainly in that particular does not so well merit the epithet *cold-blooded*, by which naturalists distinguish it, as certain bipeds, afflicted with ditch-water on the brain, who take occasion to tap themselves in Faneuil Halls, meeting-houses, and other places of public resort.—H. W.]

NO. V.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT.

SOT TO A NUSRY RHYME.

[THE incident which gave rise to the debate satirised in the following verses, was the unsuccessful attempt of Drayton and Sayres to give freedom to seventy men and women, fellow-beings and fellow-Christians. Had Tripoli, instead of Washington, been the scene of this undertaking, the unhappy leaders in it would have been as secure of the theoretic as they now are of the practical part of martyrdom. I question whether the Dey of Tripoli is blessed with a District Attorney so benighted as ours at the seat of government. Very fitly is he named Key, who would allow himself to be made the instrument of locking the door of hope against sufferers in such a cause. Not all the waters of the ocean can cleanse the vile smutch of the jailer's fingers from off that little Key. *Ahenea clavis*, a brazen Key indeed!]

Mr. Calhoun, who is made the chief speaker in this burlesque, seems to think that the light of the nineteenth century is to be put out as soon as he tinkles his little cow-bull curfew. Whenever slavery is touched, he sets up his scarecrow of dissolving the Union. This may do for the North, but I should conjecture that something more than a pumpkin-lantern is required to scare manifest and irretrievable Destiny out of her path. Mr. Calhoun cannot let go the apron-string of the Past. The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast, after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her

lap, whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her.

But we are all alike. We have all heard it said, often enough, that little boys must not play with fire; and yet, if the matches be taken away from us, and put out of reach upon the shelf, we must needs get into our little corner, and scowl and stamp and threaten the dire revenge of going to bed without our supper. The world shall stop till we get our dangerous plaything again. Dame Earth, meanwhile, who has more than enough household matters to mind, goes bustling hither and thither as a hiss or a sputter tells her that this or that kettle of hers is boiling over, and before bedtime we are glad to eat our porridge cold, and gulp down our dignity along with it.

Mr. Calhoun has somehow acquired the name of a great statesman, and, if it be great statesmanship to put lance in rest and run a tilt at the Spirit of the Age with the certainty of being next moment hurled neck and heels into the dust amid universal laughter, he deserves the title. He is the Sir Kay of our modern chivalry. He should remember the old Scandinavian mythus. Thor was the strongest of gods, but he could not wrestle with Time, nor so much as lift up a fold of the great snake which knit the universe together; and when he smote the Earth, though with his terrible mallet, it was but as if a leaf had fallen. Yet all the while it seemed to Thor that he had only been wrestling with an old woman, striving to lift a cat, and striking a stupid giant on the head.

And in old times, doubtless, the giants were stupid, and there was no better sport for the Sir Launcelots and Sir Gawains than to go about cutting off their great blundering heads with enchanted swords. But things have wonderfully changed. It is the giants, nowadays, that have the science and the intelligence, while the chivalrous Don Quixotes of Conservatism still cumber themselves with the clumsy armour of a bygone age. On whirls the restless globe through unsounded time, with its cities and its silences, its births and funerals, half light, half shade, but never wholly dark, and sure to swing round into the happy morning at last. With an involuntary smile, one sees Mr. Calhoun letting slip his pack-thread cable with a crooked pin at the end of it to anchor South Carolina upon the bank and shoal of the Past.—H. W.]

TO MR. BUCKENAM.

MR. EDITER, As i wuz kinder
prunin round, in a little nussry sot
out a year or 2 a go, the Dbait in
the sennit cum inter my mine An
so i took & Sot it to wut I call a
nussry rime. I hev made sum
onnable Gentlemun speak that
dident speak in a Kind uv Poeti-
kul lie sense the seeson is dreffle
backerd up This way

ewers as ushul
HOSEA BIGLOW.

"HERE we stan' on the Constitu-
tion, by thunder !

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils
o' proofs ;
Fer how could we trample on't so,
I wonder,

Eft' worn't thet it's ollers under
our hoofs?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;
"Human rights hain't no
more

Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the
moon," sez he.

"The North hain't no kind o'
bisness with nothin',

An' you've no idee how much
bother it saves ;

We ain't none riled by their frettin'
an' frothin',

We're used to layin' the string
on our slaves,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
Sez Mister Foote,

"I should like to shoot
The holl gang, by the gret horn
spoon !" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery,
thet ther's no doubt on,

It's sutthin' thet's—wha' d'ye
call it?—divine,—

An' the slaves thet we ollers make
the most out on

Air them north o' Mason an'
Dixon's line,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
"Fer all thet," sez Mangum,

"'Twould be better to hang
'em,

An' so git red on 'em soon,"
sez he.

"The mass ough' to labour an' we
lay on soffies,

Thet's the reason I want to
spread Freedom's aree ;

It puts all the cunninest on us in
office,

An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal
idee,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,

"Ez thet some one's an ass,

It's ez clear ez the sun is at
noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the
friend of oppression,

But keep all your spare breath
fer coolin' your broth,

Fer I ollers hev strove (at least
thet's my impression)

To make cussed free with the
rights o' the North,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,

"The perfection o' bliss,
Is in skinnin' thet same old
coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends
on complexion,

It's God's law thet fetters on
black skins don't chafe ;

Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid
reflection !)

Wich of our onnable body'd be
safe?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

Sez Mister Hannegan,

Afore he began agin,

"Thet exception is quite opper-
toon," sez he.

"Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be
twitchin' your collar,

Your merit's quite clear by the
dut on your knees,

At the North we don't make no
distinctions o' colour ;

You can all take a lick at our
shoes wen you please,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wunt hev to larn
agin,
They all on 'em know the old
toon," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no
ways bewilderin'.

North an' South hev one int'rest,
it's plain to a glance ;
No'thern men, like us patriarchs,
don't sell their childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef
they git a good chance,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon,"
sez he.

"It'll break up the Union, this
talk about freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we
split) 'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other
to lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' promiscuous
Ned,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
"Yes, the North," sez

Colquitt,

"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted
balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut
anuyky's brewin'

In the beautiful clime o' the olive
an' vine,

All the wise aristox'y's a tumblin'
to ruin,

An' the sankylots drorin' an'
drinkin' their wine,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in

France

They're beginnin' to dance
Beëlzebub's own rigadoon," sez
he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't
feel a mite skeery,

Our slaves in their darkness an'
dut air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hally-
luggers the ery

Wen our eagle kicks yourn from
the naytional nest,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"O," sez Westcott o' Florida,

"Wut treason is horrider

Then our priv'leges tryin' to
proon?" sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet,
wen crazy sarpints

Stick their nose in our bizness,
we git so darned riled ;

We think it's our dooty to give
pooty sharp hints,

Thet the last crumb of Edin on
airth shan't be spiled,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,

"It perfectly true is

Thet slavery's airth's grettest
boon," sez he.

It was said of old time, that riches have wings ; and, though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction. I marvel that the grand jury of Washington did not find a true bill against the North Star for aiding and abetting Drayton and Sayres. It would have been quite of a piece with the intelligence displayed by the South on other questions connected with slavery. I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument,—*Our fathers knew no better !* Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later. Or shall we try the experiment of hiding our Jonah in a safe place, that none may lay hands on him to make jetsam of him ? Let us, then, with equal forethought and wisdom, lash ourselves to the anchor, and await, in pious confidence, the certain result. Perhaps our suspicious passenger is no Jonah after all, being black. For it is well known that a superintending Providence made a kind of sandwich of Ham and his descendants, to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

In God's name, let all, who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons, says,—SPEAK! The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes,—SPEAK! Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries,—SPEAK! From the soul's trembling abysses the still, small voice not vaguely murmurs,—SPEAK! But alas! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say—BEDUMB!

It occurs to me to suggest, as a topic of inquiry in this connection, whether, on that momentous occasion when the goats and the sheep shall be parted, the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., will be expected to take their places on the left as our hircine vicars.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?*

There is a point where toleration sinks into sheer baseness and poltroonery. The toleration of the worst leads us to look on what is barely better as good enough, and to worship what is only moderately good. Woe to that man, or that nation, to whom mediocrity has become an ideal!

Has our experiment of self-government succeeded, if it barely manage to *rub and go*? Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown, and others say shall *not* cease. I would by no means deny the eminent respectability of these gentlemen, but I confess that, in such a wrestling-match, I cannot help having my fears for them.

*Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere
divos.*

H. W.]

NO. VI.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2: "Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel." Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the "Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss" has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all round him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chapelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercises any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy*! 'to bark and bite as 'tis their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

"Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,

—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *πομπὴν λαόν*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweddledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweddledee*."—H. W.]

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their
sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per
ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many
days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to
all,—

I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm that forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin'.

An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe that I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live
Frum him my bread an' cheese
air;

I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to
rest,—

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen,
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin';
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudent course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an'
then
Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder
n' ball

Airgood-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;

This heth my faithful shepherd
ben,

In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

[I subjoin here another passage
from my before-mentioned discourse.

"Wonderful, to him that has eyes to
see it rightly, is the newspaper. To
me, for example, sitting on the critical
front bench of the pit, in my study
here in Jaalam, the advent of my
weekly journal is as that of a strolling
theatre, or rather of a puppet-show,
on whose stage, narrow as it is, the
tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are
played in little. Behold the whole
huge earth sent to me hebdomadally
in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hitber, to my obscure corner, by
wind or steam, on horseback or drome-
dary-back, in the pouch of the Indian
runner, or clicking over the magnetic
wires, troop all the famous performers
from the four quarters of the globe.
Looked at from a point of criticism,
tiny puppets they seem all, as the
editor sets up his booth upon my desk
and officiates as showman. Now I can
truly see how little and transitory is
life. The earth appears almost as a
drop of vinegar, on which the solar
microscope of the imagination must be
brought to bear in order to make out
anything distinctly. That animalcule
there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Phi-
lippe, just landed on the coast of Eng-
land. That other, in the gray surtout
and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bona-
parte Smith, assuring France that she
need apprehend no interference from
him in the present alarming juncture.
At that spot, where you seem to see
a speck of something in motion, is an
immense mass-meeting. Look sharper,
and you will see a mite brandishing
his mandibles in an excited manner.
That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining
his position amid tumultuous and
irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal
creature, upon whom some score of
others, as minute as he, are gazing in
open-mouthed admiration, is a famous
philosopher, expounding to a select
audience their capacity for the Infinite.
That scarce discernible puffet of smoke
and dust is a revolution. That speck
there is a reformer, just arranging the
lever with which he is to move the
world. And lo, there creeps forward
the shadow of a skeleton that blows
one breath between its grinning teeth,
and all our distinguished actors are

whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it; for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty:—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous

(even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."

—H. W.]

NO. VII.

A LETTER

FROM A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN ANSWER TO SUTTIN QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, INCLOSED IN A NOTE FROM MR. BIGLOW TO S. H. GAY, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTISLAVERY STANDARD.

[CURIOSITY may be said to be the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes and segregates man from the lower animals. As we trace the scale of animated nature downward, we find this faculty (as it may truly be called) of the mind diminished in the savage, and quite extinct in the brute. The first object which civilised man proposes to himself I take to be the finding out whatsoever he can concerning his neighbours. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*; I am curious about even John Smith. The desire next in strength to this (an opposite pole, indeed, of the same magnet) is that of communicating the unintelligence we have carefully picked up.

Men in general may be divided into the inquisitive and the communicative. To the first class belong Peeping-Toms, eaves-droppers, navel-contemplating Brahmins, metaphysicians, travellers, Empedocleses, spies, the various societies for promoting Rhinotism. Columbuses, Yankées, discoverers, and men of science, who present themselves to the mind as so many marks of interrogation wandering up and down the world, or sitting in studies and laboratories. The second class I should again subdivide into four. In the first subdivision I would rank those who have an itch to tell us about themselves,—as keepers of diaries, insignificant persons generally, Montaignes, Horace Walpoles, autobiographers, poets. The second includes those who are anxious to impart information

concerning other people,—as historians, barbers, and such. To the third belong those who labour to give us intelligence about nothing at all, as novelists, political orators, the large majority of authors, preachers, lecturers, and the like. In the fourth come those who are communicative from motives of public benevolence,—as finders of mares'-nests and bringers of ill news. Each of us two-legged fowls without feathers embraces all these subdivisions in himself to a greater or less degree, for none of us so much as lays an egg, or incubates a chalk one, but straightway the whole barnyard shall know it by our cackle or our cluck. *Omnibus hoc vitium est.* There are different grades in all these classes. One will turn his telescope toward a back-yard, another toward Uranus; one will tell you that he dined with Smith, another that he supped with Plato. In one particular, all men may be considered as belonging to the first grand division, inasmuch as they all seem equally desirous of discovering the mote in their neighbour's eye.

To one or another of these species every human being may safely be referred. I think it beyond a peradventure that Jonah prosecuted some inquiries into the digestive apparatus of whales, and that Noah sealed up a letter in an empty bottle, that news in regard to him might not be wanting in case of the worst. They had else been super or subter human. I conceive, also, that, as there are certain persons who continually peep and pry at the key-hole of that mysterious door through which, sooner or later, we all make our exits, so there are doubtless ghosts fidgeting and fretting on the other side of it, because they have no means of conveying back to this world the scraps of news they have picked up in that. For there is an answer ready somewhere to every question, the great law of *give and take* runs through all nature, and if we see a hook, we may be 'sure that an eye is waiting for it. I read in every face I meet a standing advertisement of information wanted in regard to A. B., or that the friends of C. D. can hear something to his disadvantage by application to such a one.

It was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented. Letters (for by this usurped title epistles are now commonly known) are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all,—as

letters-patent, letters dimissory, letters enclosing bills, letters of administration, Pliny's letters, letters of diplomacy, of Cato, of Mentor, of Lords Lyttelton, Chesterfield, and Orrery, of Jacob Behmen, Seneca (whom St. Jerome includes in his list of sacred writers), letters from abroad, from sons in college to their fathers, letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. Second, are real letters, such as those of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, Howell, Lamb, D. Y., the first letters from children (printed in staggering capitals). Letters from New York, letters of credit, and others interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written. I have read also letters from Europe by a gentleman named Pinto, containing some curious gossip, and which I hope to see collected for the benefit of the curious. There are, besides, letters addressed to posterity,—as epitaphs, for example, written for their own monuments by monarchs, whereby we have lately become possessed of the names of several great conquerors and kings of kings, hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but valuable to the student of the entirely dark ages. The letter which St. Peter sent to King Pepin in the year of grace 755, that of the Virgin to the magistrates of Messina, that of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus to the D—I, and that of this last-mentioned active police-magistrate to a nun of Girgenti, I would place in a class by themselves, as also the letters of candidates, concerning which I shall dilate more fully in a note at the end of the following poem. At present, *sat prata biberunt.* Only, concerning the shape of letters, they are all either square or oblong, to which general figures circular letters and round-robins also conform themselves.—H. W.]

DEER SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about 'em. this here i wich I send wus thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscripts, but as all the ansers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock

a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef mad-guistracy.—H. B.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints thet rile the land;
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns

Ez bein' mum or underhand;
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' cree-tur

Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,

An ef I've one pecooler feetur,
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
I ain't agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,

I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;

My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
An' say wich party hez most sense;

There may be folks o' greater talence
Thet can't sit stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;

I leave a side thet looks like losin',
But (wile there's doubt) I stiek to both;

I stan' upon the Constitution,
Ez preudent statesmun say, who've planned

A way to git the most profusion
O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
I mean to say I kind o' du,—

Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlisation *doos* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
I never hed a grain o' doubt,
Nor I ain't one my sense to scatter
So'st no one couldn't pick it out;
My love fer North an' South is equil,

So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil,—
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Tho' I ain't one thet ary test shuns
'll give our folks a helpin' shove;
Kind o' promiscuous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground

I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree;
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
Thet preudent farmers don't turn out,—

Ez long'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer'mto grout about?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion

In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
I think they air an Institution,
A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem:
Do I own any? Of my merit
On thet pint you yourself may jedge;

All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I hain't never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short;

Thet's fair an' square an' par-
pendicler,

But, ef the Public cares a fig
To hev me an' thin' in particler,
Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
O' course, you know, it's sheer
an' sheer,
An' there is sutthin' wuth your
hearin'

I'll mention in *your* privit ear;
Ef you get *me* inside the White
House,

Your head with ile I'll kin' o'
'hint
By gittin' *you* inside the Light-
house

Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to
brustlin'

At bein' scrouged frum off the
roost,

I'll tell ye wut'll save all tusslin'
An' give our side a harnsome
boost,—

Tell 'em thet on the Slavery
question

I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm
lawth;

This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by
North.

[And now of epistles candidial, which are of two kinds,—namely, letters of acceptance, and letters definitive of position. Our republic, on the eve of an election, may safely enough be called a republic of letters. Epistolary composition becomes then an epidemic, which seizes one candidate after another, not seldom cutting short the thread of political life. It has come to such a pass, that a party dreads less the attacks of its opponents than a letter from its candidate. *Litera scripta manet*, and it will go hard if something bad cannot be made of it. General Harrison, it is well understood, was surrounded, during his candidacy, with the *cordon sanitaire* of a vigilance committee. No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of writing materials. The soot was scraped carefully from the chimney-places; out-posts of expert rifle-shooters

rendered it sure death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain limited distance of North Bend; and all domestic fowls about the premises were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these precautions the General was saved. *Parva componere magnis*, I remember, that, when party-spirit once ran high among my people, upon occasion of the choice of a new deacon, I, having my preferences, yet not caring too openly to express them, made use of an innocent fraud to bring about that result which I deemed most desirable. My stratagem was no other than the throwing a copy of the Complete Letter-Writer in the way of the candidate whom I wished to defeat. He caught the infection, and addressed a short note to his constituents, in which the opposite party detected so many and so grave improprieties (he had modelled it upon the letter of a young lady accepting a proposal of marriage), that he not only lost his election, but, falling under a suspicion of Sabellianism and I know not what (the widow Endive assured me that he was a Paralipomenon, to her certain knowledge), was forced to leave the town. Thus it is that the letter killeth.

The object which candidates propose to themselves in writing is to convey no meaning at all. And here is a quite unsuspected pitfall into which they successively plunge headlong. For it is precisely in such cryptographies that mankind are prone to seek for and find a wonderful amount and variety of significance. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. How do we admire at the antique world striving to crack those oracular nuts from Delphi, Hammon, and elsewhere, in only one of which can I so much as surmise that any kernel had ever lodged; that, namely, wherein Apollo confessed that he was mortal. One Didymus is, moreover, related to have written six thousand books on the single subject of grammar, a topic rendered only more tenebific by the labours of his successors, and which seems still to possess an attraction for authors in proportion as they can make nothing of it. A singular loadstone for theologians, also, is the Beast in the Apocalypse, whereof, in the course of my studies I have noted two hundred and three several interpretations, each lethaliferal to all the rest. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, yet I have myself ventured upon a two hundred and fourth, which I embodied in a discourse preached on occasion of

the demise of the late usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, and which quieted, in a large measure, the minds of my people. It is true that my views on this important point were ardently controverted by Mr. Shearjashub Holden, the then preceptor of our academy, and in other particulars a very deserving and sensible young man, though possessing a somewhat limited knowledge of the Greek tongue. But his heresy struck down no deep root, and, he having been lately removed by the hand of Providence, I had the satisfaction of reaffirming my cherished sentiments in a sermon preached upon the Lord's day immediately succeeding his funeral. This might seem like taking an unfair advantage, did I not add that he had made provision in his last will (being celibate) for the publication of a posthumous tractate in support of his own dangerous opinions.

I know of nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks, the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret*, though supported *pugnīs et calcibus* by many of the learned, and not wanting the countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposite thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or what he will do, but whether he can be elected. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

But, since an imitation of the Greeks in this particular (the asking of questions being one chief privilege of freemen) is hardly to be hoped for, and our candidates will answer, whether they are questioned or not, I would recommend that these ante-electionary

dialogues should be carried on by symbols, as were the diplomatic correspondences of the Scythians and Macrobi, or confined to the language of signs, like the famous interview of Panurge and Goatsnose. A candidate might then convey a suitable reply to all committees of inquiry by closing one eye, or by presenting them with a phial of Egyptian darkness to be speculated upon by their respective constituencies. These answers would be susceptible of whatever retrospective construction the exigencies of the political campaign might seem to demand, and the candidate could take his position on either side of the fence with entire consistency. Or, if letters must be written, profitable use might be made of the Dighton rock hieroglyphic or the cuneiform script, every fresh decipherer of which is enabled to educe a different meaning, whereby a sculptured stone or two supplies us, and will probably continue to supply posterity, with a very vast and various body of authentic history. For even the briefest epistle in the ordinary chirography is dangerous. There is scarce any style so compressed that superfluous words may not be detected in it. A severe critic might curtail that famous brevity of Cæsar's by two-thirds, drawing his pen through the supererogatory *veni et vidi*. Perhaps, after all, the surest footing of hope is to be found in the rapidly increasing tendency to demand less and less of qualification in candidates. Already have statesmanship, experience, and the possession (nay, the profession, even) of principles been rejected as superfluous, and may not the patriot reasonably hope that the ability to write will follow? At present, there may be death in pot-hooks as well as pots, the loop of a letter may suffice for a bow-string, and all the dreadful heresies of Antislavery may lurk in a flourish.—H. W.]

NO. VIII.

A SECOND LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr. Savin returning, a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum nutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of his certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the

nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of Humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her by what name you will), had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar-ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stench, and the whole loathsome next morning of the bar-room,—an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened, a ruddy rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething,—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul,—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say,—“My poor, forlorn, foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me?” Not so, but,—“Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle.” So she claps an ugly gray suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with Gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me, See there a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is

but as the rude first effort of a child,—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future,—a contrivance, not for turning out pins, or stitching buttonholes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State! My heart burned within me for pity and indignation, and I renewed this covenant with my own soul,—*In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemis contra Christum, non ita.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you wonder ware I be; I
can't tell, fer the soul o' me,
Exactly ware I be myself,—meanin'
by thet the holl o' me.
Wen I left hum, I hed two legs,
an they worn't bad ones
neither
(The scaliest trick they ever played
wuz bringin' on me hither),
Now one on 'em's I dunno ware;—
they thought I wuz adyin',
An' sawed it off because they said
'twuz kin' o' mortifyin';
I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an'
yit I don't see, nuther,
Wy one shoud take to feelin' cheap
a minnit sooner'n t'other,
Sence both wuz equilly to blame;
but things is ez they be;
It took on so they took it off, an'
thet's enough fer me:
There's one good thing, though, to
be said about my wooden new
one,—
The liquor can't git into it ez't
used to in the true one;
So it saves drink; an' then, besides
a feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' then to hev one
ollers sober peg;
It's true a chap's in want o' two
fer follerin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is
jest to Kingdom Come.
I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss
it's easy to supply

Out o' the glory that I've gut, fer
 thet is all my eye;
 An' one is big enough, I guess, by
 diligently usin' it,
 To see all I shall ever git by way
 o' pay fer losin' it;
 Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer
 all our thumps an' kickins',
 Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter
 the fattest pickins;
 So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll
 larn to go without it,
 An' not allow *myself* to be no gret
 put out about it.
 Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I
 used, 'fore leavin' Jaalam,
 To count things on my finger-eends,
 but sutthin' seems to ail 'em:
 Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it,
 yes, I recollect wut's cum on't;
 I hain't no left arm but my right,
 an' thet's gut jest a thumb on't;
 It ain't so hendy ez it wuz to cal-
 'late a sum on't.
 I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I
 b'lieve),—I hain't kep' no ac-
 count on 'em;
 Wen pensions git to be the talk,
 I'll settle the amount on 'em.
 An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it
 kin' o' brings to mind
 One thet I couldn't never break,—
 the one I lef' behind;
 Ef you should see her, jest clear
 out the spout o' your invention
 An' pour the longest sweetnin' in
 about an annooal pension,
 An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know,
 the critter should refuse to be
 Consolated) I ain't so 'xpensive now
 to keep ez wut I used to be;
 There's one arm less, ditto one eye,
 an' then the leg thet's wooden
 Can be took off an' sot away wen-
 ever ther's a puddin'.
 I spose you think I'm comin' back
 ez opperlunt ez thunder,
 With shiploads o' gold images an'
 varus sorts o' plunder;
 Wal, 'fore I vullinteeded, I thought
 this country wuz a sort o'
 Cañaan, a reg'lar Promised Land
 flowin' with rum an water,
 Ware propaty growed up like time,
 without no cultivation,

An' gold wuz dug ez taters be
 among our Yankee nation,
 Ware nateral advantages were
 puffyly amazin',
 Ware every rock there wuz about
 with preciousstuns wuz blazin',
 Ware mill-sites filled the country
 up ez thick ez you could cram
 em'
 An' desput rivers run about a
 beggin' folks to dam 'em;
 Then there were meetin'houses, tu,
 chockful o' gold an' silver
 Thet you could take, an' no one
 couldn't hand ye in no bill
 fer;—
 Thet's wut I thought afore I went,
 thet's wut them fellers told us
 Thet stayed to hum an' speechified
 an' to the buzzards sold us;
 I thought thet gold-mines could
 be gut cheaper than Chiny
 asters,
 An' see myself a comin' back like
 sixty Jacob Astors;
 But sech idees soon melted down
 an' didn't leave a grease-spot;
 I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles
 wouldn't come nigh a V spot;
 Although, most anywares we've
 ben, you needn't break no locks,
 Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill
 your pocket full o' rocks.
 I 'xpect I mentioned in my last
 some o' the nateral feeturs
 O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th'
 way o' awfle creeturs,
 But I fergut to name (new things
 to speak on so abounded)
 How one day you'll most die o'
 thust, an' 'fore the next git
 drowned.
 The clymit seems to me jest like a
 teapot made o' pewter
 Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't
 pour (all she could du) to suit
 her;
 Fust place the leaves 'ould choke
 the spout, so's not a drop 'ould
 dreen out,
 Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an'
 tip, till the holl kit bust clean
 out,
 The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-
 leaves an' tea an' kiver
 'ould all come down *kerswosh!* ez

though the dam broke in a river.
 Jest so 'tis here; holl months there ain't a day o' rainy weather,
 An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin' heads together
 Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech a milingtary deepot,—
 'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin' teapot.
 The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed to leave here,
 One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's the shakin' fever;
 It's reggular employment, though, an' thet ain't thought to harm one,
 Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with t'other leg an' arm on;
 An' it's a consolation, tu, although it doosn't pay,
 To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' o' way.
 'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I thought o' fortin-makin',—
 One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an' next ez good ez bakin',—
 One day abrin' in the sand, then smoth'r'in' in the mashes,—
 Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an' smashes.
 But then, thinks I, at any rate, there's glory to be hed,—
 Thet's an investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn out so bad;
 But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks
 Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks;
 The Gin'rais gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an' so on,—
 We never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on;
 An' spose we hed, I wonder how you're goin' to contrive its
 Division so's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits;
 Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one,
 You wouldn't git more'n half enough to speak of on a grave-stun;
 We git the licks,—we're jest the

grist thet's put into War's hoppers;
 Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers.
 It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in't,
 An' ain't contented with a hide without a bagnet hole in't;
 But glory is a kin' o' thing I sha'n't pursue no furdur,
 Coz thet's the off'cers parquiseite,—yourn's on'y jest the murder.

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least there's one
 Thing in the bills we ain't hed yit, an' thet's the GLORIOUS FUN:
 Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may persume we
 All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.
 I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would like 'em;
 We never gut inside the hall: the highest ever I come
 Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an', fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
 A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet came out thru the entry,
 An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my passes an' repasses,
 A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses:
 I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Ginrais hed inside;
 All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles wuz fried,
 An' not a hunderd miles away frum ware this child wuz posted,
 A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled an' roasted;
 The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to me
 Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now; fer my part I've some doubt on't,
 't'll take more fish-skin than folks think to take the rile clean out on't;
 At any rate, I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin',
 The on'y chance thet's left to me is politics or writin';

Now, ez the people's gut to hev a
 milingitary man,
 An' I ain't nothin' else jest now,
 I've hit upon a plan;
 The can'idatin' line, you know,
 'ould suit me to a T,
 An' ef I lose, 'twunt hurt my ears
 to lodge another flea;
 So I'll set up ez can'idate fer any
 kin' o' office,
 (I mean fer any thet includes good
 easy-cheers an' soffies;
 Fer ez tu runnin' fer a place ware
 work's the time o' day,
 You know thet's wut I never did,—
 except the other way;)
 Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer
 wich I'd better run,
 Wut two legs anywares about could
 keep up with my one?
 There ain't no kin' o' quality in
 can'idates, it's said,
 So useful ez a wooden leg,—except
 a wooden head;
 There's nothin' ain't so poppylar—
 (wy, it's a perfect sin
 To think wut Mexico hez paid fer
 Santy Anny's pin;)—
 Then I hain't gut no princerples,
 an', sence I wuz knee-high,
 I never *did* hev any gret, ez you
 can testify;
 I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go
 agin the war,—
 Fer now the holl on't 's gone an'
 past, wut is there to go *for*?
 Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round,
 some curus chaps should beg
 To know my views o' state affairs,
 jest answer WOODEN LEG!
 Ef they ain't settisfied with thet,
 an' kin' o' pry an' doubt
 An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest
 say ONE EYE PUT OUT!
 Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll
 find 'll answer to a charm,
 An' wen you're druv tu nigh the
 wall, hol' up my missin' arm;
 Ef they should nose round fer a
 pledge, put on a vartuous look
 An' tell 'em thet's precisely wut I
 never gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timber-
 toes,"—thet's wut the people
 likes;

Sutthin' combinin' morril truth
 with phrases sech ez strikes;
 Some say the people's fond o' this,
 or thet, or wut you please,—
 I tell ye wut the people want is
 jest correct idees;
 "Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a
 creed it's safe to be quite bold
 on,
 There's nothin' in't the other side
 can any ways git hold on;
 It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin'
 to embody
 Thet valooable class o' men who
 look thru brandy-toddy;
 It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest
 level with the mind
 Of all right-thinkin', honest folks
 thet mean to go it blind;
 Then there air other good hooraws
 to dror on ez you need 'em,
 Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER,
 the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM!
 Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet
 think, ez well ez o' the masses,
 An' makes you sartan o' the aid o'
 good men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in doubt
 about; in order to be Presi-
 dunt,
 It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a
 Southern residunt;
 The Constitution settles thet, an'
 also thet a feller
 Must own a nigger o' some sort,
 jet black, or brown, or yellor.
 Now I hain't no objections agin
 particklar climes,
 Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except
 the truth sometimes),
 But, ez I hain't no capital, up there
 among ye, maybe,
 You might raise funds enough fer
 me to buy a low-priced baby,
 An' then to suit the No'thern
 folks, who feel obleeged to say
 They hate an' cuss the very thing
 they vote fer every day,
 Say you're assured I go full butt
 fer Libbaty's diffusion
 An' make the purchis on'y jest to
 spite the Institootion;—
 But, golly! there's the currier's
 hoss upon the pavement
 pawin'!

I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.
Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[We have now a tolerably fair chance of estimating how the balance-sheet stands between our returned volunteer and glory. Supposing the entries to be set down on both sides of the account in fractional parts of one hundred, we shall arrive at something like the following result:—

B. SAWIN, Esq., in account with
(BLANK) GLORY.

Cr.		Dr.	
By loss of one leg, 20		To one 675th three	
" do. one arm, 15		cheers in Faneu-	
" do. four fingers, 5		ll Hall, . . . 30	
" do. one eye, 10		" do. do. on occasion of	
" the breaking of		sword to Col.	
six ribs, . . . 6		Wright, . . . 25	
" having served		" onesuit of gray	
under Colonel		clothes (ingen-	
Cushing one		uously unbe-	
month, . . . 44		coming), . . . 15	
		" musical enter-	
		tainments	
		(drum and fife	
		six months), . . . 5	
		" one dinner at	
		ter return, . . . 1	
		" chance of pen-	
		sion, . . . 1	
		" privilege of	
		drawing long-	
		bow during	
		rest of natu-	
		ral life, . . . 23	
	190		100

E. E.

It would appear that Mr. Sawin found the actual feast curiously the reverse of the bill of fare advertised in Faneu'll Hall and other places. His primary object seems to have been the making of his fortune. *Querenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos.* He hoisted sail for Eldorado, and shipwrecked on Point Tribulation. *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* The speculation has sometimes crossed my mind, in that dreary interval of drought which intervenes between quarterly stipendiary showers, that Providence, by the creation of a money-tree, might have simplified wonderfully the sometimes perplexing problem of human life. We read of bread-trees, the butter for which lies ready-churned in Irish bogs. Milk-trees we are assured of in South America, and stout Sir John Hawkins testifies to water-trees in the Canaries. Boot-trees bear abundantly in Lynn and elsewhere; and I have seen, in the

entries of the wealthy, hat-trees with a fair show of fruit. A family-tree I once cultivated myself, and found therefrom but a scanty yield, and that quite tasteless and innutritious. Of trees bearing men we are not without examples; as those in the park of Louis the Eleventh of France. Who has forgotten, moreover, that olive-tree, growing in the Athenian's back-garden, with its strange uxorious crop, for the general propagation of which, as of a new and precious variety, the philosopher Diogenes, hitherto uninterested in arboriculture, was so zealous? In the *sylva* of our own Southern States, the females of my family have called my attention to the china-tree. Not to multiply examples, I will barely add to my list the birch-tree, in the smaller branches of which has been implanted so miraculous a virtue for communicating the Latin and Greek languages, and which may well, therefore, be classed among the trees producing necessities of life,—*venerabile donum fatalis virge*. That money-trees existed in the golden age there want not prevalent reasons for our believing. For does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on every bush, imply a *fortiori* that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again, there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the root of all evil. From which two adages it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then ascended underground, and finally in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favourable exposures it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and, indeed, what else could that tree in the sixth *Æneid* have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory, for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable (too) foreign kingdom? Whether these speculations of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were, in more primitive and happier times, shops where money was sold,—and that, too, on credit and at a bargain,—I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that *Æolus* who supplied Ulysses with motive-power for his fleet in bags?

What that Ericus, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? what, in more recent times, those Lapland Normas who traded in favourable breezes? All which will appear the more clearly when we consider, that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own. For, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated natural-historical and archaeological theories, as I was passing, *hec negotia perituis mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a sign-board, — **CHEAP CASH-STORE.** Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin, as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the imps of the bottle are so cunning in raising up. Already had my Alnaschar-fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the Jaalam meeting-house, a gift appropriately, but modestly, commemorated in the parish and town-records, both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the University. Whether, for the moment, we may not be considered as actually lording it over those Baratarias with the viceroyalty of which Hope invests us, and whether we are ever so warmly housed as in our Spanish castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that sign-board to be no other than a bait to the trap of a decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight by reason of immense flights of harpy flies who pursued and lighted upon their prey even in the very scales), which purchase I made, not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a figurative reproof of that too

frequent habit of my mind, which, for, getting the due order of chronology, will often persuade me that the happy sceptre of Saturn is stretched over this *Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.*

Having glanced at the ledger of Glory under the title *Sawin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we thoroughly appreciate the fact, that, whenever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late *muck* which the country has been running has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If, by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty house-keepers, we could see where and how fast the money was going, we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present these things are managed in such a hugger-mugger way, that we know not what we pay for; the poor man is charged as much as the rich; and, while we are saving and scrimping at the spigot, the government is drawing off at the bung. If we could know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us a-thinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a government official entering my study and handing me the following bill:—

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1848.

REV. HOMER WILBUR to Uncle Samuel. Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on partnership account, sundry jobs, as below.	
"killing, maiming, and wounding about 5000 Mexicans.	\$ 2.00
"slaughtering one woman carrying water to wounded	.10
"extra work on two different Sabbaths (one bombardment, and one assault), whereby the Mexicans were prevented from defiling themselves with the idolatries of high mass,	3.50
	<hr/> 5.60

Brought forward,	5.60
To throwing an especially fortunate and Protestant bombshell into the Cathedral at Vera Cruz, whereby several female Papists were slain at the altar,50
“his proportion of cash paid for conquered territory, . .	1.75
“do. do. for conquering do. .	1.50
“manuring do. with new superior compost called ‘American Citizen,’50
“extending the area of freedom and Protestantism, . .	.01
“glory,01
	<hr/>
	\$ 9.87

Immediate payment is requested.

N.B. Thankful for former favours, U. S. requests a continuance of patronage. Orders executed with neatness and despatch. Terms as low as those of any other contractor for the same kind and style of work.

I can fancy the official answering my look of horror with,—“Yes, sir, it looks like a high charge, sir; but in these days slaughtering is slaughtering.” Verily, I would that every one understood that it was: for it goes about obtaining money under the false pretence of being glory. For me, I have an imagination which plays me uncomfortable tricks. It happens to me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day’s work, and forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head and epaulettes upon his shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency. So, also, on a recent public occasion, as the place assigned to the “Reverend Clergy” is just behind that of “Officers of the Army and Navy” in processions, it was my fortune to be seated at the dinner-table over against one of these respectable persons. He was arrayed as (out of his own profession) only kings, court-officers, and footmen are in Europe, and Indians in America. Now what does my over-officious imagination but set to work upon him, strip him of his gay livery, and present him to me coatless, his trousers thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick with clotted blood, and a basket on his arm out of which lolled a gore-smeared axe, thereby destroying my relish for the temporal mercies upon the board before me!—H. W.]

No. IX.

A THIRD LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[UPON the following letter slender comment will be needful. In what river Seleimnus has Mr. Sawin bathed, that he has become so swiftly oblivious of his former loves? From an ardent and (as befits a soldier) confident wooer of that coy bride, the popular favour, we see him subside of a sudden into the (I trust not jilted) Cincinnatus, returning to his plough with a goodly sized branch of willow in his hand; figuratively returning, however, to a figurative plough, and from no profound affection for that honoured implement of husbandry (for which, indeed, Mr. Sawin never displayed any decided predilection), but in order to be gracefully summoned therefrom to more congenial labours. It would seem that the character of the ancient Dictator had become part of the recognised stock of our modern political comedy, though, as our term of office extends to a quadrennial length, the parallel is not so minutely exact as could be desired. It is sufficiently so, however, for purposes of scenic representation. An humble cottage (if built of logs, the better) forms the Arcadian background of the stage. This rustic paradise is labelled Ashland, Jaalam, North Bend, Marshfield, Kinderhook, or Bâton Rouge, as occasion demands. Before the door stands a something with one handle (the other painted in proper perspective), which represents, in happy ideal vagueness, the plough. To this the defeated candidate rushes with delirious joy, welcomed as a father by appropriate groups of happy labourers, or from it the successful one is torn with difficulty, sustained alone by a noble sense of public duty. Only I have observed, that, if the scene be laid at Bâton Rouge or Ashland, the labourers are kept carefully in the background, and are heard to shout from behind the scenes in a singular tone resembling ululation, and accompanied by a sound not unlike vigorous clapping. This, however, may be artistically in keeping with the habits of the rustic population of those localities. The precise connection between agricultural pursuits and statesmanship, I have not been able, after diligent inquiry, to discover. But, that my investigations may not be barren of all fruit, I will mention one curious statistical fact, which I consider thoroughly estab-

lished, namely, that no real farmer ever attains practically beyond a seat in General Court, however theoretically qualified for more exalted station.

It is probable that some other prospect has been opened to Mr. Sawin, and that he has not made this great sacrifice without some definite understanding in regard to a seat in the cabinet or a foreign mission. It may be supposed that we of Jaalam were not untouched by a feeling of villatic pride in beholding our townsman occupying so large a space in the public eye. And to me, deeply revolving the qualifications necessary to a candidate in these frugal times, those of Mr. S. seemed peculiarly adapted to a successful campaign. The loss of a leg, an arm, an eye, and four fingers reduced him so nearly to the condition of a *vox et præterea nihil*, that I could think of nothing but the loss of his head by which his chance could have been bettered. But since he has chosen to balk our suffrages, we must content ourselves with what we can get, remembering *lactucas non esse dandas, dum cardui sufficient.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you recollect thet I explained my gennle views
In the last billet thet I writ, 'way
down frum Veery Cruze,
Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously sot up
To run unannermously fer the Presidential cup;
O' course it worn't no wish o' mine,
'twuz ferfiely distressin'
But poppuler enthusiasm gut so almighty pressin'
Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed an' fussed an' sorrered,
There didn't seem no ways to stop their bringin' on me forrerd:
Fact is, they udged the matter so, I couldn't help admittin'
The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet but mine 'ould fit in,
Besides the savin' o' the soles fer ages to succeed,
Seein' thet with one wannut foot, a pair 'd be more'n I need;
An', tell ye wut, them shoes 'll want a thund'r in sight o' patchin',
Ef this ere fashion is to last we've gut into o' hatchin'
A pair o' second Washintons fer every new election,—

Though, fer ez number one's consarned, I don't make no objection.

I wuz agoin' to say thet wen at fust
I saw

The masses would stick to't I wuz the Country's father-n-law,
(They would ha' hed it *Father*, but I told 'em 'twouldn't du,
Coz thet wuz sutthin' of a sort they couldn't split in tu,
An' Washinton hed hed the thing laid fairly to his door,
Nor darsn't say 'tworn't his'n, much ez sixty year afore,)
But 'tain't no matter ez to thet; wen I wuz nomernated,
'Tworn't natur but wut I should feel consid'able elated,
An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz kind o' noo an' fresh,
I thought our ticket would ha' caird the country with a resh.

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked round, I think I seem to find
Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make me change my mind;
It's clear to any one whose brain ain't fur gone in a phthisis,
Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin' thru a crisis,
An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the people's mind distracted
By bein' all at once by sey'ral pop'lar names attacked;
'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss an' threefour months o' jaw
Ef some illustrious paytriot should back out an' withdraw:
So, ez I ain't a crooked stick, jest like—like ole (I swow,
I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go back to my plough.

Weneveran Amerikindistinguished politishin
Begins to try et wut they call definin' his posishin,
Wal, I, fer one, feel sure he ain't gut nothin' to define;
It's so nine cases out o' ten, but jest that tenth is mine;

And 'tain't no more'n is proper'n'
 right in sech a sitoation
 To hint the course you think'll be
 the savin' o' the nation;
 To funk right out o' p'lit'cal strife
 ain't thought to be the thing,
 Without you deacon off the toon
 you want your folkssouldsing;
 So I edvise the noomrous friends
 thet's in one boat with me
 To jest up killock, jam right down
 their hellum hard a lee,
 Haul the sheets taut, an' laying
 out upon the Suthun tack,
 Make fer the safest port they can,
 wich, I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know, I
 spose, wut argimunts I seem
 To see thet makes me think this
 ere'll be the strongest team;
 Fust place, I've ben consid'bleround
 in bar-rooms an' saloons
 Agetherin' publicsentiment'mongst
 Demmercrats and Coons,
 An' 'tain't ve'y often thet I meet a
 chap but wut goes in
 Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an'
 square, hufs, taller, horns, an'
 skin;
 I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez
 fur ez I could see,
 I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphia
 nomernee;
 I could ha' pintoed to a man thet
 wuz, I guess, a peg
 Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an'
 with a wooden leg;
 But every day with more an' more
 o' Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
 Seein' wich way the tide thet sets
 to office is aturnin';
 Wy, into Bellers's we notched the
 votes down on three sticks,—
 'Twuz Birdofredum one, Cass caught,
 an' Taylor twenty-six,
 An' bein' the on'y canderdote thet
 wuz upon the ground,
 They said 'twuz no more'n right thet
 I should pay the drinks all
 round;
 Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I
 wouldn't ha' cut my foot
 By goin' an' votin' fer myself like
 a consumed coot;

It didn't make no diff'rence, though;
 I wish I may be cust,
 Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to
 say he wouldn't trust!

Another pint thet influences the
 minds o' sober jedges
 Is thet the Gin'ral hezn't gut tied
 hand an' foot with pledges;
 He hezn't told ye wut he is, an' so
 there ain't no knowin'
 But wut he may turn out to be
 the best there is agoin';
 This, at the on'y spot thet pinched,
 the shoe directly eases,
 Coz every one is free to 'spect per-
 cisely wut he pleases;

I want free-trade; you don't;
 the Gin'ral isn't bound to
 neither;

I vote my way; you, yourn; an'
 both air sooted to a T there.
 Ole Rough an' Ready, tu, 's a Wig,
 but without bein' ultry

(He's like a holsome hayin' day,
 thet's warm, but isn't sultry)

He's jest wut I should call myself,
 a kin o' *scratch* ez't ware,
 Thet ain't exacy all a wig nor
 wholly your own hair;

I've ben a Wig three weeks my-
 self, jest o' this mod'rate sort,
 An' don't find them an' Demmer-
 crats so different ez I thought;

They both act pooty much alike,
 an' push an' scrouge an' cus;

They're like two pickpockets in
 league fer Uncle Samwell's pus;
 Each takes a side, an' then they
 squeeze the ole man in between
 'em,

Turn all his pockets wrong side out
 an' quick ez lightnin' clean 'em;

To nary one on 'em I'd trust a
 secon'-handed rail

No funder off 'an I could sling a
 bullock by the tail.

Webster sot matters right in thet
 air Mashfiel' speech o' his'n;—

"Taylor," sez he, "ain't nary ways
 the one thet I'd a chizzen,

Nor he ain't fittin' fer the place,
 an' like ez not he ain't

No more'n a tough ole bullethead,
 an' no gret of a saint;

But then," sez he, "obsarve my pint, he's jest ez good to vote fer
 Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a thing to hire Choate fer;
 Aint it ez easy done to drop a ballot in a box
 Fer one ez 'tis fer t'other, fer the bull-dog ez the fox?"
 It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact, ez big ez all ou' doors,
 To find out thet it looks like rain arter it fairly pours;
 I 'gree with him, it ain't so dreffle troublesome to vote
 Fer Taylor arter all,—it's jest to go an change your coat;
 Wen he's once greased, you'll swaller him an' never know on't, scource,
 Unless he scratches, goin' down, with them 'ere Gin'ral's spurs.
 I've ben a votin' Demmercrat, ez reg'lar as a clock,
 But don't find goin' Taylor gives my narves no gret 'f a shock;
 Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever sence fust they found
 Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev kep' a edgin' round;
 They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out th' ole platform one by one
 An' made it gradooally noo, 'fore folks know'd wut wuz done,
 Till, fur'z I know, there ain'tau inch thet I could lay my han' on,
 But I, or any Demmercrat, feels comf'tble to stan' on,
 An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look, their occ'pants bein' gone,
 Lonesome ez saddles on a mash without no hayricks on.
 I spose it's time now I should give my thoughts upon the plan,
 Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o' settin' up ole Van.
 I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan, I'm clean disgusted,—
 He ain't the man thet I can say is fittin' to be trusted;
 He ain't half antislav'ry'nough, nor I ain't sure, ez some be,
 He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick o' Columby;

Au', now I come to recollect, it kin' 'o makes me sick 'z
 A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen thirty-six.
 An' then, another thing;—I guess, though mebbly I am wrong,
 This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror almighty strong;
 Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet No'thun dough'll rise,
 Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I wouldn't trust my eyes;
 'Twill take more emptins, a long chalk, than this noo party's gut,
 To give sech heavy cakes ez them a start, I tell ye wut.
 But even ef they caird the day, there wouldn't be no endurin'
 To stan' upon a platform with sech critters ez Van Buren;—
 An' his son John, tu, I can't think how thet 'ere chap should dare
 To speak ez he doos; wy, they say he used to cuss an' swear!
 I spose he never read the hymn thet tells how down the stairs
 A feller with long legs wuz throwed thet wouldn't say his prayers.
 This brings me to another pint: the leaders o' the party
 Ain't jest sech men ez I can act along with free an' hearty;
 They ain't not quite respectable, an' wen a feller's morrils
 Don't toe the straightest kin' o' mark, wy, him an' me jest quarrels.
 I went to a free soil meetin' once, an' wut d'ye think I see?
 A feller was aspoutin' there thet act'lly come to me,
 About two year ago last spring, ez nigh ez I can jedge,
 An' axed me ef I didn't want to sign the Temprunce pledge!
 He's one o' them that goes about an' sez you hedn't ough'ter
 Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night, stronger 'an Taunton water.
 There's one rule I've ben guided by, in settlin' how to vote, ollers,—
 I take the side thet *isn't* took by 'hem consarned teetotallers.

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South,
 an' thet hez changed my min' ;
 A lazier, more ongrateful set, you
 couldn't nowers fin'.
 You know I mentioned in my last
 thet I should buy a nigger,
 Ef I could make a purchase at a
 pooty mod'rate figger ;
 So, ez there's nothin' in the world
 I'm fonder of 'an gunnin',
 I closed a bargain finally to take a
 feller runnin'.
 I shou'dered queen's-arm an'
 stumped out, an' wen I come
 t' th' swamp,
 'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon
 the nest o' Pomp ;
 I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an',
 playin' round the door,
 Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez
 many'z six or more.
 At fust I thought o' frin', but
think twice is safest ollers ;
 There ain't, thinks I, not one on
 'em but's wuth his twenty
 dollars,
 Or would be, ef I hed 'em back into
 a Christian land,—
 How temptin' all on 'em would
 look upon an auction-stand !
 (Not but wut I hate Slavery, in th'
 abstract, stem to starn,—
 I leave it ware our fathers did, a
 privit State consarn.)
 Soon 'z they see me, they yelled an'
 run, but Pomp wuz out ahoein'
 A leetle patch o' corn he hed, or
 else there ain't on knowin'
 He wouldn't ha' took a pop at me ;
 but I hed gut the start,
 An' wen he looked, I vow he groaned
 ez though he'd broke his heart ;
 He done it like a wite man, tu, ez
 nat'ral ez a pictur,
 The imp'dunt, pis'nous hypocrite !
 wus 'an a boy constrictur.
 "You can't gum me, I tell ye now,
 an' so you needn't try,
 I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail,
 so jest shet up," sez I.
 "Don't go to actin' ugly now, or
 else I'll let her strip,
 You'd best draw kindly, seein' 'z
 how I've gut ye on the hip ;
 Besides, you darned ole fool, it ain't
 no gret of a disaster

To be benev'lently druv back to a
 contented master,
 Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges
 you don't seem quite aware on,
 Or you'd ha' never run away from
 bein' well took care on ;
 Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz
 so fond on ye, he said
 He'd give a fifty spot right out, to
 git ye, 'live or dead ;
 Wite folks ain't sot by half ez much ;
 'member I run away,
 Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes,
 to Mattysqumscot Bay ;
 Don't know him, likely ? Spouse not ;
 wal, the mean ole codger went
 An' offered — wut reward, think ?
 Wal, it worn't no less 'n a cent."

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an'
 druv 'em on afore me,
 The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o'
 the ill-will they bore me,
 We walked till som'ers about noon,
 an' then it grew so hot
 I thought it best to camp awile, so
 I chose out a spot
 Jest under a magnoly tree, an'
 there right down I sot ;
 Then I unstrapped my wooden leg,
 coz it begun to chafe,
 An' laid it down 'long side o' me,
 supposin' all wuz safe ;
 I made my darkies all set down
 around me in a ring,
 An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how
 much the lot would bring ;
 But, wile I dranked the peaceful
 cup of a pure heart an' min'
 (Mixed with some wiskey, now an'
 then), Pomp he snaked up
 behin',
 An' creepin' grad'llly close tu, ez
 quiet ez a mink,
 Jest grabbed my leg, and then
 pulled foot, quicker 'an you
 could wink,
 An', come to look, they each on 'em
 hed gut behin' a tree,
 An' Pomp poked out the leg a piece,
 jest so ez I could see,
 An' yelled to me to throw away my
 pistils an' my gun,
 Or else thet they'd cair off the leg,
 an' fairly cut an' run.

I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a
decent alligatur
Thet hed a heart so destitoot o'
common human natur;
However, ez there worn't no help,
I finally give in
An' heft my arms away to git my
leg safe back agin.
Pomp gethered all the weapins up,
an' then he come an' grinned,
He showed his ivory some, I
guess, an' sez, "You're fairly
pinned;
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an'
git right up an' come,
'Twun't du for fammerly men like
me to be so long frum hum."
At fust I put my foot right down
an' swore I wouldn't budge.
"Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite
cool, "either be shot or
trudge."
So this black-hearted monster took
an' act'lly druv me back
Along the very footmarks o' my
happy mornin' track,
An' kep' me pris'n'r 'bout six
months, an' worked me, tu,
like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn an' his
Carliny taters in;
He made me larn him readin', tu
(although the crittur saw
How much it hut my morril sense
to act agin the law),
So'st he could read a Bible he'd
gut; an axed ef I could pint
The North Star out; but there I
put his nose some out o' jint,
Fer I weeled roun' about sou'west,
an' lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one
an' tole him thet wuz it.
Fin'ly, he took me to the door, an',
givin' me a kick,
Sez,— "Ef you know wut's best fer
ye, be off, now, double-quick;
The winter-time's a comin' ou, an',
though I gut ye cheap,
You're so darned lazy, I don't
think you're hardly wuth your
keep;
Besides, the childrin's growin' up,
an' you ain't jest the model
I'd like to hev 'em immertate, an'
so you'd better toddle!"

Now is there anythin' on airth 'll
ever prove to me
Thet renegader slaves like him air
fit fer bein' free?
D' you think they'll suck me in to
jine the Buff'lo chaps, an' them
Rank infidels thet go agin the
Scriptur'l cus o' Shem?
Not by a jugfull! sooner 'n thet,
I'd go thru fire an' water;
Wen I hev once made up my mind,
a meet'nhus ain't sotter;
No, not though all the crows thet
flies to pick my bones wuz
cawin',—
I guess we're in a Christian land,—
Yourn,
BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[Here, patient reader, we take leave of each other, I trust with some mutual satisfaction. I say *patient*, for I love not that kind which skims dippingly over the surface of the page, as swallows over a pool before rain. By such no pearls shall be gathered. But if no pearls there be (as, indeed, the world is not without example of books wherefrom the longest-winded diver shall bring up no more than his proper handful of mud), yet let us hope that an oyster or two may reward adequate perseverance. If neither pearls nor oysters, yet is patience itself a gem worth diving deeply for.

It may seem to some that too much space has been usurped by my own private lucubrations, and some may be fain to bring against me that old jest of him who preached all his hearers out of the meeting-house save only the sexton, who, remaining for yet a little space, from a sense of official duty, at last gave out also, and, presenting the keys, humbly requested our preacher to lock the doors, when he should have wholly relieved himself of his testimony. I confess to a satisfaction in the self-act of preaching, nor do I esteem a discourse to be wholly thrown away even upon a sleeping or unintelligent auditory. I cannot easily believe that the Gospel of Saint John, which Jacques Cartier ordered to be read in the Latin tongue to the Canadian savages, upon his first meeting with them, fell altogether upon stony ground. For the earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dullest intellects and most alien ears. In this wise did Episcopus convert many to his opinions, who yet

understood not the language in which he discoursed. The chief thing is that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. For counterfeit messengers that mode of treatment which Father John de Plano Carpini relates to have prevailed among the Tartars would seem effectual, and, perhaps, deserved enough. For my own part, I may lay claim to so much of the spirit of martyrdom as would have led me to go into banishment with those clergymen whom Alphonso the Sixth of Portugal drove out of his kingdom for refusing to shorten their pulpit eloquence. It is possible, that, having been invited into my brother Biglow's desk, I may have been too little scrupulous in using it for the venting of my own peculiar doctrines to a congregation drawn together in the expectation and with the desire of hearing him.

I am not wholly unconscious of a peculiarity of mental organisation which impels me, like the railroad-engine with its train of cars, to run backward for a short distance in order to obtain a fairer start. I may compare myself to one fishing from the rocks when the sea runs high, who, misinterpreting the suction of the undertow for the biting of some larger fish, jerks suddenly, and finds that he has *caught bottom*, hauling in upon the end of his line a trail of various *algæ*, among which, nevertheless, the naturalist may haply find somewhat to repay the disappointment of the angler. Yet have I conscientiously endeavoured to adapt myself to the impatient temper of the age, daily degenerating

more and more from the high standard of our pristine New England. To the catalogue of lost arts I would mournfully add also that of listening to two-hour sermons. Surely we have been abridged into a race of pygmies. For, truly, in those of the old discourses yet subsisting to us in print, the endless spinal column of divisions and subdivisions can be likened to nothing so exactly as to the vertebræ of the saurians, whence the theorist may conjecture a race of Anakim proportionate to the withstanding of these other monsters. I say Anakim rather than Nephelim, because there seem reasons for supposing that the race of those whose heads (though no giants) are constantly enveloped in clouds (which that name imports) will never become extinct. The attempt to vanquish the innumerable *heads* of one of those afore-mentioned discourses may supply us with a plausible interpretation of the second labour of Hercules, and his successful experiment with fire affords us a useful precedent.

But while I lament the degeneracy of the age in this regard, I cannot refuse to succumb to its influence. Looking out through my study-window, I see Mr. Biglow at a distance busy in gathering his Baldwins, of which, to judge by the number of barrels lying about under the trees, his crop is more abundant than my own,—by which sight I am admonished to turn to those orchards of the mind wherein my labours may be more prospered, and apply myself diligently to the preparation of my next Sabbath's discourse.—H. W.]

MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

THE
Biglow Papers,

SECOND SERIES.

"Ἐστὶν ἄρ' ὁ ἰδιωτισμὸς ἐνίοτε τοῦ κόσμου παραπολὺ ἐμφανιστικώτερον.
LONGINUS.

"J'aimerois mieulx que mon fils apprinst aux tavernes à parler, qu'aux escholes
de la parlerie."
MONTAIGNE.

"Unser Sprach iſt auch ein Sprach und kann ſo wohl ein Saſſ
nennen als die Lateiner saccus."
FISCHART.

"Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert."
QUINTILIANUS.

"O ma lengo,
Plantarèy une estèlo à toun froun encrumit!"
JASMIN.

TO
E. R. HOAR.

"Multos enim, quibus loquendi ratio non desit, invenias, quos curiose potius loqui dixeris quam Latine: quomodo et illa Attica anus Theophrastum, hominem alioqui disertissimum, annotata unius affectatione verbi, hospitem dixit, nec alio se id deprehendisse interrogata respondit, quam quod nimium Attice loqueretur."
—QUINTILIANUS.

"Et Anglice sermonicari solebat populo, sed secundum linguam Norfolchie ubi natus et nutritus erat."—CRONICA JOCELINI.

"La politique est une pierre attachée au cou de la littérature, et qui en moins de six mois la submerge. . . . Cette politique va offenser mortellement une moitié des lecteurs, et ennuyer l'autre qui l'a trouvée bien autrement spéciale et énergique dans le journal du matin."—HENRI BEYLE.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH prefaces seem of late to have fallen under some reproach, they have at least this advantage, that they set us again on the feet of our personal consciousness and rescue us from the gregarious mock-modesty or cowardice of that *we* which shrills feebly throughout modern literature like the shrieking of mice in the walls of a house that has passed its prime. Having a few words to say to the many friends whom the "Biglow Papers" have won me, I shall accordingly take the freedom of the first person singular of the personal pronoun. Let each of the good-natured unknown who have cheered me by the written communication of their sympathy look upon this Introduction as a private letter to himself.

When, more than twenty years ago, I wrote the first of the series, I had no definite plan and no intention of ever writing another. Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an upcountry man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. When I began to carry out my conception and to write in my assumed character, I found myself in a strait between two

perils. On the one hand, I was in danger of being carried beyond the limit of my own opinions, or at least of that temper with which every man should speak his mind in print, and on the other I feared the risk of seeming to vulgarise a deep and sacred conviction. I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity. Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin, though drawn from the life, I adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery, for I conceive that true humour is never divorced from moral conviction, I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet-show. I meant to embody in him that half-conscious *unmorality* which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intenser savour which had long gone out of its faith and life. In the three I thought I should find room enough to express, as it was my plan to do, the popular feeling and opinion of the time. For the names of two of my char-

acters, since I have received some remonstrances from very worthy persons who happen to bear them, I would say that they were purely fortuitous, probably mere unconscious memories of sign-boards or directories. Mr. Sawin's sprang from the accident of a rhyme at the end of his first epistle, and I purposely christened him by the impossible surname of Birdofredum not more to stigmatise him as the incarnation of "Manifest Destiny," in other words, of national recklessness as to right and wrong, than to avoid the chance of wounding any private sensitiveness.

The success of my experiment soon began not only to astonish me, but to make me feel the responsibility of knowing that I held in my hand a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick I had supposed. Very far from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonyme copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated; I once even, when rumour had at length caught up my name in one of its eddies, had the satisfaction of overhearing it demonstrated, in the pauses of a concert, that *I* was utterly incompetent to have written anything of the kind. I had read too much not to know the utter worthlessness of contemporary reputation, especially as regards satire, but I knew also that by giving a certain amount of influence it also had its worth, if that influence were used on the right side. I had learned, too, that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral, and that even good writing, to please long, must have more than an average amount either of imagination or common-sense. The first of these falls to the lot of scarcely one in several generations; the last is within the reach of

many in every one that passes; and of this an author may fairly hope to become in part the mouthpiece. If I put on the cap and bells and made myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart. I say this because there is no imputation that could be more galling to any man's self-respect than that of being a mere jester. I endeavoured, by generalising my satire, to give it what value I could beyond the passing moment and the immediate application. How far I have succeeded I cannot tell, but I have had better luck than I ever looked for in seeing my verses survive to pass beyond their nonage.

In choosing the Yankee dialect, I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother-tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart, and that our only chance of escape was by seeking it at its living sources among those who were, as Scottowe says of Major-General Gibbons, "divinely illiterate." President Lincoln, the only really great public man whom these latter days have seen, was great also in this, that he was master—witness his speech at Gettysburg—of a truly masculine English, classic because it was of no special period, and level at once to the highest and lowest of his countrymen. But whoever should read the debates in Congress might fancy himself present at a meeting of the city council of some city of Southern Gaul in the decline of the Empire, where barbarians with a Latin varnish emulated each other in being more than Ciceronian. Whether it be want of culture, for the highest outcome of that is simplicity,

or for whatever reason, it is certain that very few American writers or speakers wield their native language with the directness, precision, and force that are common as the day in the mother country. We use it like Scotchmen, not as if it belonged to us, but as if we wished to prove that we belonged to it, by showing our intimacy with its written rather than with its spoken dialect. And yet all the while our popular idiom is racy with life and vigour and originality, bucksome (as Milton used the word) to our new occasions, and proves itself no mere graft by sending up new suckers from the old root in spite of us. It is only from its roots in the living generations of men that a language can be reinforced with fresh vigour for its needs; what may be called a literate dialect grows ever more and more pedantic and foreign, till it becomes at last as unfitting a vehicle for living thought as monkish Latin. That we should all be made to talk like books is the danger with which we are threatened by the Universal Schoolmaster, who does his best to enslave the minds and memories of his victims to what he esteems the best models of English composition, that is to say, to the writers whose style is faultily correct and has no blood-warmth in it. No language after it has faded into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigour and

heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man, where the brain is kindled and the lips supplied by downright living interests and by passion in its very throes. Language is the soil of thought, and our own especially is a rich leaf-mould, the slow deposit of ages, the shed foliage of feeling, fancy, and imagination, which has suffered an earth-change, that the vocal forest, as Howell called it, may clothe itself anew with living green. There is death in the dictionary; and, where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also; and we get a *potted* literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees.

But while the schoolmaster has been busy starching our language and smoothing it flat with the mangle of a supposed classical authority, the newspaper reporter has been doing even more harm by stretching and swelling it to suit his occasions. A dozen years ago I began a list, which I have added to from time to time, of some of the changes which may be fairly laid at his door. I give a few of them as showing their tendency, all the more dangerous that their effect, like that of some poisons, is insensibly cumulative, and that they are sure at last of effect among a people whose chief reading is the daily paper. I give in two columns the old style and its modern equivalent.

Old Style.

Was hanged.
When the halter was put round his neck.

A great crowd came to see.

Great fire.
The fire spread.

House burned.
The fire was got under.

New Style.

Was launched into eternity.
When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions.
A vast concourse was assembled to witness.
Disastrous conflagration.
The conflagration extended its devastating career.
Edifice consumed.
The progress of the devouring element was arrested.

Old Style.

Man fell.
A horse and waggon ran against.

The frightened horse.
Sent for the doctor.

The mayor of the city in a short speech
welcomed.

I shall say a few words.

Began his answer.
A bystander advised.

He died.

In one sense this is nothing new. The school of Pope in verse ended by wire-drawing its phrase to such thinness that it could bear no weight of meaning whatever. Nor is fine writing by any means confined to America. All writers without imagination fall into it of necessity whenever they attempt the figurative. I take two examples from Mr. Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire," which, indeed, is full of such. "The last years of the age familiarly styled the Augustan were singularly barren of the literary glories from which its celebrity was chiefly derived. One by one the stars in its firmament had been lost to the world; Virgil and Horace, etc., had long since died; the charm which the imagination of Livy had thrown over the earlier annals of Rome had ceased to shine on the details of almost contemporary history; and if the flood of his eloquence still continued flowing, we can hardly suppose that the stream was as rapid, as fresh, and as clear as ever." I will not waste time in criticising the bad English or the mixture of metaphor in these sentences, but will simply cite another

New Style.

Individual was precipitated.
A valuable horse attached to a vehicle driven by J. S., in the employment of J. B., collided with.
The infuriated animal.
Called into requisition the services of the family physician.
The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well-chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.
I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.
Commenced his rejoinder.
One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion.
He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, etc.

from the same author which is even worse. "The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued to flit before the eyes of the Cæsar. There was still, he apprehended, a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house, or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself and raise the standard of patrician independence." Now a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the scion of a house in the act of throwing itself upon a germ of sentiment to raise a standard! I am glad, since we have so much in the same kind to answer for, that this bit of horticultural rhetoric is from beyond sea. I would not be supposed to condemn truly imaginative prose. There is a simplicity of splendour, no less than of plainness, and prose would be poor indeed if it could not find a tongue for that meaning of the mind which is behind the meaning of the words. It has sometimes seemed to me that in England there was a growing tendency to curtail language into a mere convenience, and to defecate it of all emotion as thoroughly as algebraic

signs. This has arisen, no doubt, in part from that healthy national contempt of humbug which is characteristic of Englishmen, in part from that sensitiveness to the ludicrous which makes them so shy of expressing feeling, but in part also, it is to be feared, from a growing distrust, one might almost say hatred, of whatever is super-material. There is something sad in the scorn with which their journalists treat the notion of there being such a thing as a national ideal, seeming utterly to have forgotten that even in the affairs of this world the imagination is as much matter-of-fact as the understanding. If we were to trust the impression made on us by some of the cleverest and most characteristic of their periodical literature, we should think England hopelessly stranded on the good-humoured cynicism of well-to-do middle-age, and should fancy it an enchanted nation, doomed to sit for ever with its feet under the mahogany in that after-dinner mood which follows conscientious repletion, and which it is ill-manners to disturb with any topics more exciting than the quality of the wines. But there are already symptoms that a large class of Englishmen are getting weary of the dominion of consols and divine common-sense, and to believe that eternal three *per cent.* is not the chief end of man, nor the highest and only kind of interest to which the powers and opportunities of England are entitled.

The quality of exaggeration has often been remarked on as typical of American character, and especially of American humour. In Dr. Petri's *Gedrängtes Handbuch der Fremdwörter*, we are told that the word *humbug* is commonly used for the exaggerations of the North-Americans. To be sure, one would be tempted to think the dream of Columbus half fulfilled, and that Europe had found in the West a nearer way to Orientalism, at least in diction. But it seems to me

that a great deal of what is set down as mere extravagance is more fitly to be called intensity and picturesqueness, symptoms of the imaginative faculty in full health and strength, though producing, as yet, only the raw and formless material in which poetry is to work. By and by, perhaps, the world will see it fashioned into poem and picture, and Europe, which will be hard pushed for originality ere long, may have to thank us for a new sensation. The French continue to find Shakespeare exaggerated because he treated English just as our country-folk do when they speak of a "steep price," or say that they "freeze to" a thing. The first postulate of an original literature is that a people should use their language instinctively and unconsciously, as if it were a lively part of their growth and personality, not as the mere torpid boon of education or inheritance. Even Burns contrived to write very poor verse and prose in English. Vulgarisms are often only poetry in the egg. The late Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called on his young friends to practise upon it in life. There was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly. This charm which a familiar expression gains by being commented, as it were, and set in a new light by a foreign language, is curious and instructive. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Matthew Arnold forgets this a little too much sometimes when he writes of the beauties of French style. It would not be hard to find in the works of French Academicians phrases as coarse as those he cites from Burke, only they are veiled by the unfamiliarity of the language. But, however this may be, it is certain that poets and peasants please us in the same way by

translating words back again to their primal freshness, and infusing them with a delightful strangeness which is anything but alienation. What, for example, is Milton's "edge of battle" but a doing into English of the Latin *acies*?

Was die Gans gedacht das der Schwan vollbracht, what the goose but thought, that the swan full brought (or, to de-Saxonize it a little, what the goose conceived, that the swan achieved), and it may well be that the life, invention, and vigour shown by our popular speech, and the freedom with which it is shaped to the instant want of those who use it, are of the best omen for our having a swan at last. The part I have taken on myself is that of the humbler bird.

But it is affirmed that there is something innately vulgar in the Yankee dialect. M. Sainte-Beuve says, with his usual neatness: "*Je définis un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs, ou encore une langue toute jeune et qui n'a pas fait fortune.*" The first part of his definition applies to a dialect like the Provençal, the last to the Tuscan before Dante had lifted it into a classic, and neither, it seems to me, will quite fit a *patois*, which is not properly a dialect, but rather certain archaisms, proverbial phrases, and modes of pronunciation, which maintain themselves among the uneducated side by side with the finished and universally accepted language. Norman French, for example, or Scotch down to the time of James VI., could hardly be called *patois*, while I should be half inclined to name the Yankee a *lingo* rather than a dialect. It has retained a few words now fallen into disuse in the mother country, like *to tarry*, *to progress*, *fleshy*, *fall*, and some others; it has changed the meaning of some, as in *freshet*; and it has clung to what I suspect to have been the broad Norman pronunciation of *e* (which Molière puts into the mouth of his rustics) in such words as *sarvant*,

parfect, *vartoo*, and the like. It maintains something of the French sound of *a* also in words like *chamber*, *dänger* (though the latter had certainly begun to take its present sound so early as 1636, when I find it sometimes spelt *dainger*). But in general it may be said that nothing can be found in it which does not still survive in some one or other of the English provincial dialects. I am not speaking now of Americanisms properly so called, that is, of words or phrases which have grown into use here either through necessity, invention, or accident, such as a *carry*, a *one-horse affair*, a *prairie*, *to ramose*. Even these are fewer than is sometimes taken for granted. But I think some fair defence may be made against the charge of vulgarity. Properly speaking, vulgarity is in the thought, and not in the word or the way of pronouncing it. Modern French, the most polite of languages, is barbarously vulgar if compared with the Latin out of which it has been corrupted, or even with Italian. There is a wider gap, and one implying greater boorishness, between *ministerium* and *métier*, or *sapiens* and *sachant*, than between *druv* and *drove* or *agin* and *against*, which last is plainly an arrant superlative. Our rustic *coverlid* is nearer its French original than the diminutive *coverlet*, into which it has been ignorantly corrupted in politer speech. I obtained from three cultivated Englishmen at different times three diverse pronunciations of a single word, — *cow-cumber*, *cocucumber*, and *cucumber*. Of these the first, which is Yankee also, comes nearest to the nasality of *concombre*. Lord Ossory assures us that Voltaire saw the best society in England, and Voltaire tells his countrymen that *handkerchief* was pronounced *handkercher*. I find it so spelt in Hakluyt and elsewhere. This enormity the Yankee still persists in, and as there is always a reason for such deviations from the sound as represented by the spell-

ing, may we not suspect two sources of derivation, and find an ancestor for *kercher* in *couverture* rather than in *couvrechef*? And what greater phonetic vagary (which Dryden, by the way, called *fegary*) in our *lingua rustica* than this *ker* for *couvre*? I copy from the fly-leaves of my books where I have noted them from time to time a few examples of pronunciation and phrase which will show that the Yankee often has antiquity and very respectable literary authority on his side. My list might be largely increased by referring to glossaries, but to them every one can go for himself, and I have gathered enough for my purpose.

I will take first those cases in which something like the French sound has been preserved in certain single letters and diphthongs. And this opens a curious question as to how long this Gallicism maintained itself in England. Sometimes a divergence in pronunciation has given us two words with different meanings, as in *genteel* and *jaunty*, which I find coming in toward the close of the seventeenth century, and wavering between *genteel* and *jantee*. It is usual in America to drop the *u* in words ending in *our*, — a very proper change recommended by Howell two centuries ago, and carried out by him so far as his printers would allow. This and the corresponding changes in *musique*, *musick*, and the like, which he also advocated, show that in his time the French accent indicated by the superfluous letters (for French had once nearly as strong an accent as Italian) had gone out of use. There is plenty of French accent down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. In Daniel we have *riches* and *counsel*, in Bishop Hall *comet*, *chapelain*, in Donne *pictures*, *virtue*, *presence*, *mortal*, *merit*, *hainous*, *giant*, with many more, and Marston's satires are full of them. The two latter, however, are not to be relied on, as they may be suspected of Chaucerizing. Her-

rick writes *baptime*. The tendency to throw the accent backward began early. But the incongruities are perplexing, and perhaps mark the period of transition. In Warner's "Albion's England" we have *creator* and *créature* side by side with the modern *creator* and *creature*. *E'nvyy* and *e'nvying* occur in Campion (1602), and yet *envy* survived Milton. In some cases we have gone back again nearer to the French, as in *rev'enue* for *reven'ue*. I had been so used to hearing *imbecile* pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which is in accordance with the general tendency in such matters, that I was surprised to find *imbec'ile* in a verse of Wordsworth. The dictionaries all give it so. I asked a highly cultivated Englishman, and he declared for *imbec'el*. In general it may be assumed that accent will finally settle on the syllable dictated by greater ease and therefore quickness of utterance. *Blas'phemous*, for example, is more rapidly pronounced than *blasphem'ous*, to which our Yankee clings, following in this the usage of many of the older poets. *Ameri'can* is easier than *Ameri'can*, and therefore the false quantity has carried the day, though the true one may be found in George Herbert, and even so late as Cowley.

To come back to the matter in hand. Our "uplandish man" retains the soft or thin sound of the *u* in some words, such as *rule*, *truth* (sometimes also pronounced *trúth*, not *trooth*), while he says *noo* for *new*, and gives to *view* and *few* so indescribable a mixture of the two sounds with a slight nasal tincture that it may be called the Yankee shibboleth. Spenser writes *deow* (*dew*) which can only be pronounced with the Yankee nasality. In *rule* the least sound of a precedes the *u*. I find *reule* in Pecock's "Repressor." He probably pronounced it *rayoolë*, as the old French word from which it is derived was very likely to be sounded at first, with

a reminiscence of its original *regula*. Tindal has *ruler*, and the Coventry Plays have *preudent*. As for *noo*, may it not claim some sanction in its derivation, whether from *nouveau* or *neuf*, the ancient sound of which may very well have been *noof*, as nearer *novus*? Beef would seem more like to have come from *buffe* than from *bœuf*, unless the two were mere varieties of spelling. The Saxon *few* may have caught enough from its French cousin *peu* to claim the benefit of the same doubt as to sound; and our slang phrase *a few* (as "I licked him a few") may well appeal to *un peu* for sense and authority. Nay, might not *lick* itself turn out to be the good old word *lam* in an English disguise, if the latter should claim descent as, perhaps, he fairly might, from the Latin *lambere*? The New England *ferce* for *fierce*, and *perce* for *pierce* (sometimes heard as *fairce* and *pairce*), are also Norman. For its antiquity I cite the rhyme of *verse* and *pierce* in Chapman and Donne, and in some commendatory verses by a Mr. Berkenhead before the poems of Francis Beaumont. Our *pairlous* for *perilous* is of the same kind, and is nearer Shakespeare's *parlous* than the modern pronunciation. One other Gallicism survives in our pronunciation. Perhaps I should rather call it a semi-Gallicism, for it is the result of a futile effort to reproduce a French sound with English lips. Thus for *joint*, *employ*, *royal*, we have *jynt*, *emply*, *ryle*, the last differing only from *rile* (*roul*) in a prolongation of the *y* sound. In Walter de Bibbesworth I find *solives* Englished by *gistes*. This, it is true, may have been pronounced *jeests*, but the pronunciation *jystes* must have preceded the present spelling, which was no doubt adopted after the radical meaning was forgotten, as analogical with other words in *oi*. In the same way after Norman-French influence had softened the *l* out of *would* (we already find *woud* for *veut* in N. F. poems), *should*

followed the example, and then an *l* was put into *could*, where it does not belong, to satisfy the logic of the eye, which has affected the pronunciation and even the spelling of English more than is commonly supposed. I meet with *eyster* for *oyster* as early as the fourteenth century. I find *dystrye* for *destroy* in the Coventry Plays, *viage* in Bishop Hall and Middleton the dramatist, *bile* in Donne and Chronothologos, *line* in Hall, *ryall* and *chyse* (for *choice*) in the Coventry Plays. In Chapman's "All Fools" is the misprint of *employ* for *imply*, fairly inferring an identity of sound in the last syllable. Indeed, this pronunciation was habitual till after Pope, and Rogers tells us that the elegant Gray said *naise* for *noise* just as our rustics still do. Our *cornish* (which I find also in Herrick) remembers the French better than *cornice* does. While, clinging more closely to the Anglo-Saxon in dropping the *g* from the end of the present participle, the Yankee now and then pleases himself with an experiment in French nasality in words ending in *n*. It is not, so far as my experience goes, very common, though it may formerly have been more so. *Captng*, for instance, I never heard save in jest, the habitual form being *kepp'n*. But at any rate it is no invention of ours. In that delightful old volume, "Ane Compendious Buke of Godly and Spirituall Songs," in which I know not whether the piety itself or the simplicity of its expression be more charming, I find *burding*, *garding*, and *cousing*, and in the State Trials *uncertng* used by a gentleman. I confess that I like the *n* better than the *ng*.

Of Yankee preterites I find *risse* and *rize* for *rose* in Middleton and Dryden, *clim* in Spenser, *chees* (*chose*) in Sir John Mandevill, *give* (*gave*) in the Coventry Plays, *shet* (*shut*) in Golding's Ovid,* *het* in

* Cited in Warton's Obs. Faery

Chapman and in Weever's Epitaphs, *thriv* and *smit* in Drayton, *quit* in Ben Jonson and Henry More, and *pled* in the Paston Letters, nay, even in the fastidious Laudor. *Rid* for *rode* was anciently common. So likewise was *see* for *saw*, but I find it in no writer of authority (except Golding), unless Chaucer's *seie* was so sounded. *Shew* is used by Hector Boece, Giles Fletcher, Drummond of Hawthornden, and in the Paston Letters. Similar strong preterites, like *snew*, *thew*, and even *mew*, are not without example. I find *sew* for *sewed* in Piers Ploughman. Indeed, the anomalies in English preterites are perplexing. We have probably transferred *flew* from *flow* (as the preterite of which I have heard it) to *fly* because we had another preterite in *fled*. Of weak preterites the Yankee retains *grovew*, *blowew*, for which he has good authority, and less often *knowed*. His *sot* is merely a broad sounding of *sat*, no more inelegant than the common *got* for *gat*, which he further degrades into *gut*. When he says *darst*, he uses a form as old as Chaucer.

The Yankee has retained something of the long sound of the *a* in such words as *axe*, *wax*, pronouncing them *exe*, *wex* (shortened from *aix*, *waix*). He also says *hev* and *hed* (*hāve*, *hād*) for *have* and *had*. In most cases he follows an Anglo-Saxon usage. In *aix* for *axe* he certainly does. I find *wex* and *aishes* (*ashes*) in Pecock, and *exe* in the Paston Letters. Golding rhymes *wax* with *wexce*, and spells *challenge chelenge*. Chaucer wrote *hendy*. Dryden rhymes *can* with *men*, as Mr. Biglow would. Alexander Gill, Milton's teacher, in his "Logonomia" cites *hez* for *hath* as peculiar to Lincolnshire. I find *hayth* in Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature" under the date 1584, and Lord Cromwell so wrote it. Sir Christopher Wren wrote *belcony*. Our *fect* is only the O. F. *faict*.

Thaim for *them* was common in the sixteenth century. We have an example of the same thing in the double form of the verb *thrash*, *thresh*. While the New-Englander cannot be brought to say *instead* for *instid* (commonly 'stid where not the last word in a sentence), he changes the *i* into *e* in *red* for *rid*, *tell* for *till*, *hender* for *hinder*, *rense* for *rinse*. I find *red* in the old interlude of "Thersytes," *tell* in a letter of Daborne to Henslowe, and also, I shudder to mention it, in a letter of the great Duchess of Marlborough, Atossa herself! It occurs twice in a single verse of the Chester Plays,

"Tell the day of dome, tell the beames blow."

From the word *blow* is formed *blowth*, which I heard again this summer after a long interval. Mr. Wright* explains it as meaning "a blossom." With us a single blossom is a *blow*, while *blowth* means the blossoming in general. A farmer would say that there was a good *blowth* on his fruit-trees. The word retreats farther inland and away from the railways, year by year. Wither rhymes *hinder* with *slender*, and Shakespeare and Lovelace have *renched* for *rinsed*. In "Gammer Gurton" is *sence* for *since*; Marlborough's Duchess so writes it, and Donne rhymes *since* with *Amiens* and *patience*, Bishop Hall and Otway with *pretence*, Chapman with *citizens*, Dryden with *providence*. Indeed, why should not *sithence* take that form? Dryden's wife (an earl's daughter) has *tell* for *till*, Margaret, mother of Henry VII., writes *seche* for *such*, and our *ef* finds authority in the old form *yeffe*.

E sometimes takes the place of *u*, as *jedge*, *tredge*, *bresh*. I find *tredge* in the interlude of "Jack Jugler," *bresh* in a citation by Collier from "London Cries" of the

* Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English.

middle of the seventeenth century, and *resche* for *rush* (fifteenth century) in the very valuable "Volume of Vocabularies" edited by Mr. Wright. *Resce* is one of the Anglo-Saxon forms of the word in Bosworth's A. S. Dictionary. Golding has *shet*. The Yankee always shortens the *u* in the ending *ture*, making *ventur*, *natur*, *pictur*, and so on. This was common, also, among the educated of the last generation. I am inclined to think it may have been once universal, and I certainly think it more elegant than the vile *vencher*, *naycher*, *pickcher*, that have taken its place, sounding like the invention of a lexicographer with his mouth full of hot pudding. Nash in his "Pierce Penniless" has *ventur*, and so spells it, and I meet it also in Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Prior. Spenser has *tort'rest*, which can be contracted only from *tortur* and not from *torcher*. Quarles rhymes *nature* with *creator*, and Dryden with *satire*, which he doubtless pronounced according to its older form of *satyr*. Quarles has also *torture* and *mortar*. Mary Boleyn writes *kreatur*.

I shall now give some examples which cannot so easily be ranked under any special head. Gill charges the Eastern counties with *kiver* for *cover* and *ta* for *to*. The Yankee pronounces both *too* and *to* like *ta* (like the *tau* in *touch*) where they are not emphatic. When they are, both become *tu*. In old spelling, *to* is the common (and indeed correct) form of *too*; which is only *to* with the sense of *in addition*. I suspect that the sound of our *too* has caught something from the French *tout*, and it is possible that the old *too too* is not a reduplication, but a reminiscence of the feminine form of the same word (*toute*) as anciently pronounced, with the *e* not yet silenced. Gill gives a Northern origin to *geaun* for *gown* and *waund* for *wound* (*vulnus*). Lovelace has

waund, but there is something too dreadful in suspecting Spenser (who borealized in his pastorals) of having ever been guilty of *geaun*! And yet some delicate mouths even now are careful to observe the Hibernicism of *ge-ard* for *guard*, and *ge-urrl* for *girl*. Sir Philip Sydney (*credite posteri*!) wrote *furr* for *far*. I would hardly have believed it had I not seen it in *fac-simile*. As some consolation, I find *furder* in Lord Bacon and Donne, and Wither rhymes *far* with *cur*. The Yankee, who omits the final *d* in many words, as do the Scotch, makes up for it by adding one in *geound*. The purist does not feel the loss of the *d* sensibly in *lawn* and *yon*, from the former of which it has dropped again after a wrongful adoption (retained in *laundry*), while it properly belongs to the latter. But what shall we make of *git*, *yit*, and *yis*? I find *yis* and *git* in Warner's "Albion's England," yet rhyming with *wit*, *admit*, and *fit* in Donne, with *wit* in the "Revenger's Tragedy," Beaumont, and Suckling, with *writ* in Dryden, and latest of all with *wit* in Sir Hanbury Williams. Prior rhymes *flitting* and *begetting*. Worse is to come. Among others, Donne rhymes *again* with *sin*, and Quarles repeatedly with *in*. *Ben* for *been*, of which our dear Whittier is so fond, has the authority of Sackville, "Gammer Gurton" (the work of a bishop), Chapman, Dryden, and many more, though *bin* seems to have been the common form. Whittier's accenting the first syllable of *rom'ance* finds an accomplice in Drayton among others, and though manifestly wrong, is analogous with *Rom'ans*. Of other Yankeeisms, whether of form or pronunciation, which I have met with I add a few at random. Peacock writes *sowdiers* (*sogers*, *soudoyers*), and Chapman and Gill *sodder*. This absorption of the *l* is common in various dialects, especially in the Scottish. Peacock writes also *biyende*, and the authors

of "Jack Jugler" and "Gammer Gurton" *yender*. The Yankee includes "*yon*" in the same category, and says "hither an' *yen*," for "to and fro." (Cf. German *jenseits*.) Pecoek and plenty more have *urastle*. Tindal has *agynste*, *gretter*, *shett*, *ondone*, *debyttē*, and *scace*. "Jack Jugler" has *scacely* (which I have often heard, though *skurce* is the common form), and Donne and Dryden make *great* rhyme with *set*. In the inscription on Caxton's tomb I find *ynd* for *end*, which the Yankee more often makes *eend*, still using familiarly the old phrase "right anend" for "continuously." His "*stret* (straight) along" in the same sense, which I thought peculiar to him, I find in Pecoek. Tindal's *debyttē* for *deputy* is so perfectly Yankee that I could almost fancy the brave martyr to have been deacon of the First Parish at Jaalam Centre. "Jack Jugler" further gives us *playsent* and *sartayne*. Dryden rhymes *certain* with *parting*, and Chapman and Ben Jonson use *certain*, as the Yankee always does, for *certainly*. The "Coventry Mysteries" have *occavied*, *massage*, *nateralle*, *materal* (*material*), and *meracles*.—all excellent Yankeeisms. In the "*Quatre fils, Aymon*" (1504),* is *vertus* for *virtuous*. Thomas Fuller called *volume vollum*, I suspect, for he spells it *volumne*. However, *per contra*, Yankees habitually say *colume* for *column*. Indeed, to prove that our ancestors brought their pronunciation with them from the Old Country, and have not wantonly debased their mother tongue, I need only to cite the words *scriptur*, *Israll*, *athists*, and *cherfulness* from Governor Bradford's "History." So the good man wrote them, and so the good descendants of his fellow-exiles still pronounce them. Brampton Gurdon writes *shet* in a letter to Winthrop. *Purtend* (*pretend*) has

* Cited in Collier. (I give my authority where I do not quote from the original book.)

crept like a serpent into the "Paradise of Dainty Devices;" *purvide*, which is not so bad, is in Chaucer. These, of course, are universal vulgarisms, and not peculiar to the Yankee. Butler has a Yankee phrase, and pronunciation too, in "To which these carr'ings-on did tend." Langham or Laneham, who wrote an account of the festivities at Kenilworth in honour of Queen Bess, and who evidently tried to spell phonetically, makes *sorrows* into *sororz*. Herrick writes *hollow* for *halloo*, and perhaps pronounced it (*horresco suggerens*!) *holla*, as Yankees do. Why not, when it comes from *hold*? I find *ffelaschyppe* (fellowship) in the Coventry Plays. Spenser and his queen neither of them scrupled to write *afore*, and the former feels no inelegance even in *chaw* and *idee*. 'Fore was common till after Herrick. Dryden has *do's* for *does*, and his wife spells *worse* *wosce*. *Afeard* was once universal. Warner has *ery* for *ever* a; nay, he also has *illy*, with which we were once ignorantly reproached by persons more familiar with Murray's Grammar than with English literature. And why not *illy*? Mr. Bartlett says it is "a word used by writers of an inferior class, who do not seem to perceive that *ill* is itself an adverb, without the termination *ly*," and quotes Dr. Messer, President of Brown University, as asking triumphantly, "Why don't you say *welly*?" I should like to have had Dr. Messer answer his own question. It would be truer to say that it was used by people who still remembered that *ill* was an adjective, the shortened form of *evil*, out of which Shakespeare ventured to make *evilly*. I find *illy* in Warner. The objection to *illy* is not an etymological one, but simply that it is contrary to good usage,—a very sufficient reason. *Ill* as an adverb was at first a vulgarism, precisely like the rustic's when he says, "I was treated *bad*." May not the reason of this exceptional

form be looked for in that tendency to dodge what is hard to pronounce, to which I have already alluded? If the letters were distinctly uttered, as they should be, it would take too much time to say *ill-ly*, *well-ly*, and it is to be observed that we have avoided *smally** and *tally* in the same way, though we add *ish* to them without hesitation in *smallish* and *tallish*. We have, to be sure, *dully* and *fully*, but for the one we prefer *stupidly*, and the other (though this may have come from eliding the *y* before *as*) is giving way to *full*. The uneducated, whose utterance is slower, still make adverbs when they will by adding *like* to all manner of adjectives. We have had *big* charged upon us, because we use it where an Englishman would now use *great*. I fully admit that it were better to distinguish between them, allowing to *big* a certain contemptuous quality; but as for authority, I want none better than that of Jeremy Taylor, who, in his noble sermon "On the Return of Prayer," speaks of "Jesus, whose spirit was meek and gentle up to the greatness of the *biggest* example." As for our double negative, I shall waste no time in quoting instances of it, because it was once as universal in English as it still is in the neo-Latin languages, where it does not strike us as vulgar. I am not sure that the loss of it is not to be regretted. But surely I shall admit the vulgarity of slurring or altogether eliding certain terminal consonants? I admit that a clear and sharp-cut enunciation is one of the crowning charms and elegancies of speech. Words so uttered are like coins fresh from the mint, compared with the worn and dingy drudges of long service,—I do not mean American coins, for those look less badly the more they lose of their original ugliness. No one is more painfully conscious than I

* The word occurs in a letter of Mary Boleyn, in Golding, and Warner.

of the contrast between the rifle-crack of an Englishman's *yes* and *no*, and the wet-fuse drawl of the same monosyllables in the mouths of my countrymen. But I do not find the dropping of final consonants disagreeable in Allan Ramsay or Burns, nor do I believe that our literary ancestors were sensible of that inelegance in the fusing them together of which we are conscious. How many educated men pronounce the *t* in *chestnut*? how many say *pentise* for *penthouse*, as they should? When a Yankee skipper says that he is "boun' for Gloster" (not Gloucester, with the leave of the Universal Schoolmaster), he but speaks like Chaucer or an old ballad-singer, though they would have pronounced it *boon*. This is one of the cases where the *d* is surreptitious, and has been added in compliment to the verb *bind*, with which it has nothing to do. If we consider the root of the word (though of course I grant that every race has a right to do what it will with what is so peculiarly its own as its speech), the *d* has no more right there than at the end of *gone*, where it is often put by children, who are our best guides to the sources of linguistic corruption, and the best teachers of its processes. Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII., writes *worle* for *world*. Chapman has *wan* for *wand*, and *lawn* has rightfully displaced *laund*, though with no thought, I suspect, of etymology. Rogers tells us that Lady Bathurst sent him some letters written to William III. by Queen Mary, in which she addresses him as "*Dear Husban*." The old form *expoun'*, which our farmers use, is more correct than the form with a barbarous *d* tacked on which has taken its place. Of the kind opposite to this, like our *gownd* for *gown*, and the London cockney's *wind* for *wine*, I find *drownd* for *drown* in the "Misfortunes of Arthur" (1584) and in Swift. And, by the way, whence came the long sound of *wind* which

our poets still retain, and which survives in "winding" a horn, a totally different word from "winding" a kite-string? We say *behind* and *hinder* (comparative), and yet *to hinder*. Shakespeare pronounced *kind kind*, or what becomes of his play on that word and *kin* in Hamlet? Nay, did he not even (shall I dare to hint it?) drop the final *d* as the Yankee still does? John Lilly plays in the same way on *kindred* and *kindness*. But to come to some other ancient instances. Warner rhymes *bounds* with *crowns*, *grounds* with *towns*, *test* with *sex*, *worst* with *crust*, *interrupts* with *cups*; Drayton, *defects* with *sex*; Chapman, *amends* with *cleanse*; Webster, *defects* with *checks*; Ben Jonson, *minds* with *combines*; Marston, *trust* and *obsequious*, *clothes* and *shows*; Dryden gives the same sound to *clothes*, and has also *minds* with *designs*. Of course, I do not affirm that their ears may not have told them that these were imperfect rhymes (though I am by no means sure even of that), but they surely would never have tolerated any such had they suspected the least vulgarity in them. Prior has the rhyme *first* and *trust*, but puts it into the mouth of a landlady. Swift has *stunted* and *burnt it*, an intentionally imperfect rhyme, no doubt, but which I cite as giving precisely the Yankee pronunciation of *burned*. Donne couples in unhallowed wedlock *after* and *matter*, thus seeming to give to both the true Yankee sound; and it is not uncommon to find *after* and *daughter*. Worse than all, in one of Dodsley's Old Plays we have *onions* rhyming with *minions*.—I have tears in my eyes while I record it. And yet what is viler than the universal *Misses* (Mrs.) for *Mistress*? This was once a vulgarism, and in "The Miseries of Inforced Marriage" the rhyme (printed as prose in Dodsley's Old Plays by Collier),

"To make my young *mistress*,
Delighting in *kisses*,"

is put in the mouth of the clown. Our people say *Injun* for *Indian*. The tendency to make this change where *i* follows *d* is common. The Italian *giorno* and French *jour* from *diurnus* are familiar examples. And yet *Injun* is one of those deprivations which the taste challenges peremptorily, though it have the authority of Charles Cotton—who rhymes "*Indics*" with "cringes"—and four English lexicographers, beginning with Dr. Sheridan, bid us say *invidgeous*. Yet after all it is no worse than the debasement which all our terminations in *tion* and *tience* have undergone, which yet we hear with *resignashun* and *payshunce*, though it might have aroused both *impatience* and *indignation* in Shakespeare's time. When George Herbert tells us that if the sermon be dull,

"God takes a text and preacheth
pati-ence,"

the prolongation of the word seems to convey some hint at the longanimity of the virtue. Consider what a poor curtail we have made of Ocean. There was something of his heave and expanse in *ocean*, and Fletcher knew how to use it when he wrote so fine a verse as the second of these, the best deep-sea verse I know,—

"In desperate storms stem with a
little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean."

Oceanus was not then wholly shorn of his divine proportions, and our modern *oshun* sounds like the gush of small-beer in comparison. Some other contractions of ours have a vulgar air about them. *More'n* for *more than*, as one of the worst, may stand for a type of such. Yet our old dramatists are full of such obscurations (elisions they can hardly be called) of the *th*, making *we'r* of *whether*, *bro'r* of *brother*, *sno'r* of *smother*, *mo'r* of *mother*, and

so on. Indeed, it is this that explains the word *rare* (which has Dryden's support), and which we say of meat where an Englishman would use *underdone*. I do not believe, with the dictionaries, that it had ever anything to do with the Icelandic *hrar* (*raw*), as it plainly has not in *rareripe*, which means earlier ripe. And I do not believe it, for this reason, that the earlier form of the word with us was, and the commoner now in the inland parts still is, so far as I can discover, *raredone*. Golding has "egs reere-rosted." I find *rather* as a monosyllable in Donne, and still better, as giving the sound, rhyming with *fair* in Warner. There is an epigram of Sir Thomas Browne in which the words *rather than* make a monosyllable :

"What furie is't to take Death's part
And rather than by Nature, die by
Art!"

The contraction *more'n* I find in the old play "Fuimus Troes," in a verse where the measure is so strongly accented as to leave it beyond doubt,—

"A golden crown whose heirs
More than half the world subdue."

It may be, however, that the contraction is in "th' orld." It is unmistakable in the "Second Maiden's Tragedy" :—

"It were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of *more than* I can
perform."

Is our *gin* for *given* more violent than *mar'l* for *marvel*, which was once common, and which I find as late as Herrick? Nay, Herrick has *gin* (spelling it *g'en*), too, as do the Scotch, who agree with us likewise in preferring *chimny* to *chimney*.

I will now leave pronunciation and turn to words or phrases which have been supposed peculiar to us, only pausing to pick up a single dropped stitch, in the pronunciation of the word *sup'reme*, which I had thought native till I found it in the well-linguaged Daniel. I

will begin with a word of which I have never met with any example in print. We express the first stage of withering in a green plant suddenly cut down by the verb *to wilt*. It is, of course, own cousin of the German *welken*, but I have never come upon it in print, and my own books of reference give me faint help. Graff gives *welhèn*, *marcescere*, and refers to *weih* (*weak*), and conjecturally to A. S. *hvelan*. The A. S. *wealwian* (*to wither*) is nearer, but not so near as two words in the Icelandic, which perhaps put us on the track of its ancestry,—*velgi tepefacere* (and *velki*, with the derivative) meaning *contaminare*. *Wilt*, at any rate, is a good word, filling, as it does, a sensible gap between drooping and withering, and the imaginative phrase "he wilted right down," like "he caved right in," is a true Americanism. *Wilt* occurs in English provincial glossaries, but is explained by *with*, which with us it does not mean. We have a few words such as *cache*, *cohog*, *carry* (*portage*), *shoot* (*chute*), *timber* (*forest*), *bush-whack* (to pull a boat along by the bushes on the edge of a stream), *buckeye* (a picturesque word for the horse-chestnut); but how many can we be said to have fairly brought into the language, as Alexander Gill, who first mentions Americanisms, meant it when he said, "*Sed et ab Americanis nonnulla mutuumur ut MATZ et CANOA*"? Very few, I suspect, and those mostly by borrowing from the French, German, Spanish, or Indian. "The Dipper" for the "Great Bear" strikes me as having a native air. *Bogus*, in the sense of *worthless*, is undoubtedly ours, but is, I more than suspect, a corruption of the French *bagasse* (from low Latin *bagasea*), which travelled up the Mississippi from New Orleans, where it was used for the refuse of the sugar-cane. It is true, we have modified the meaning of some words. We use *freshet* in the sense of *flood*, for which I have

not chanced upon any authority. Our New England cross between Ancient Pistol and Dugald Dalgetty, Captain Underhill, uses the word (1638) to mean a *current*, and I do not recollect it elsewhere in that sense. I therefore leave it with a ? for future explorers. *Crick* for *creek* I find in Captain John Smith and in the dedication of Fuller's "Holy Warre," and *run*, meaning a *small stream*, in Waymouth's "Voyage" (1605). *Humans* for *men*, which Mr. Bartlett includes in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," is Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer. I find it also in the old play of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl." *Dogs* for *andirons* is still current in New England, and in Walter de Bibbesworth I find *chiens* glossed in the margin by *andirons*. *Gunning* for *shooting* is in Drayton. We once got credit for the poetical word *fall* for *autumn*, but Mr. Bartlett and the last edition of Webster's Dictionary refer us to Dryden. It is even older, for I find it in Drayton, and Bishop Hall has *autumn fall*. Middleton plays upon the word: "May'st thou have a reasonable good *spring*, for thou art like to have many dangerous foul *falls*." Daniel does the same, and Coleridge uses it as we do. Gray uses the archaism *picked* for *peaked*, and the word *smudge* (as our backwoodsmen do) for a smothered fire. Lord Herbert of Cherbury (more properly perhaps than even Sidney, the last *preux chevalier*) has "the Emperor's folks" just as a Yankee would say it. *Loan* for *lend*, with which we have hitherto been blackened, I must retort upon the mother island, for it appears so long ago as in "Albion's England." *Fleshy*, in the sense of *stout*, may claim Ben Jonson's warrant. *Chore* is also Jonson's word, and I am inclined to prefer it to *chare* and *char*, because I think that I see a more natural origin for it in the French *jour*—whence it might come to

mean a day's work, and thence a job—than anywhere else. *At onst* for *at once* I thought a corruption of our own, till I found it in the Chester Plays. I am now inclined to suspect it no corruption at all, but only an erratic and obsolete superlative *at onest*. *To progress'* was flung in our teeth till Mr. Pickering retorted with Shakespeare's "doth pro'gress down thy cheeks." I confess that I was never satisfied with this answer, because the accent was different, and because the word might here be reckoned a substantive quite as well as a verb. Mr. Bartlett (in his dictionary above cited) adds a surrebutter in a verse from Ford's "Broken Heart." Here the word is clearly a verb, but with the accent unhappily still on the first syllable. Mr. Bartlett says that he "cannot say whether the word was used in Bacon's time or not." It certainly was, and with the accent we give to it. Ben Jonson, in the "Alchemist," has this verse,

"Progress' so from extreme unto extreme,"

and Sir Philip Sidney,

"Progressing then from fair Turia's golden place."

Surely we may now sleep in peace, and our English cousins will forgive us, since we have cleared ourselves from any suspicion of originality in the matter! *Poor* for *lean*, *thirds* for *dower*, and *dry* for *thirsty* I find in Middleton's plays. *Dry* is also in Skelton and in the "World" (1754). In a note on Middleton, Mr. Dyce thinks it needful to explain the phrase *I can't tell* (universal in America) by the gloss *I could not say*. Middleton also uses *sneaked*, which I had believed an Americanism till I saw it there. It is, of course, only another form of *snatch*, analogous to *theek* and *thatch* (cf. the proper names Dekker and Thacher), *break* (*brack*) and *breach*, *make* (still com-

mon with us) and *match*. 'Long on for occasioned by ("who is this 'long on?") occurs likewise in Middleton. 'Cause why is in Chaucer. *Raising* (an English version of the French *leaven*) for *yeast* is employed by Gayton in his "Festivous Notes on Don Quixote." I have never seen an instance of our New England word *emptins* in the same sense, nor can I divine its original. Gayton has *limekill*; also *shuts* for *shutters*, and the latter is used by Mrs. Hutchinson in her "Life of Colonel Hutchinson." Bishop Hall, and Purchas in his "Pilgrims," have *chist* for *chest*, and it is certainly nearer *cista*, as well as to its form in the Teutonic languages, whence probably we got it. We retain the old sound in *cist*, but *chest* is as old as Chaucer. Lovelace says *wropt* for *wrapt*. "Musicianer" I had always associated with the militia-musters of my boyhood, and too hastily concluded it an abomination of our own, but Mr. Wright calls it a Norfolk word, and I find it to be as old as 1642 by an extract in Collier. "Not worth the time of day" had passed with me for native till I saw it in Shakespeare's "Pericles." For *slick* (which is only a shorter sound of *sleek*, like *crick* and the now universal *britches* for *breeches*) I will only call Chapman and Jonson. "That's a sure card!" and "That's a stinger!" both sound like modern slang, but you will find the one in the old interlude of "Thersytes" (1537), and the other in Middleton. "Right here," a favourite phrase with our orators and with a certain class of our editors, turns up *passim* in the Chester and Coventry Plays. Mr. Dickens found something very ludicrous in what he considered our neologism *right away*. But I find a phrase very like it, and which I would gladly suspect to be a misprint for it, in "Gammer Gurton:"—

"Lyght it and bring it tite away."

After all, what is it but another form of *straightway*? *Cussedness*, meaning *wickedness*, *malignity*, and *cuss*, a sneaking, ill-natured fellow, in such phrases as "He done it out o' pure cussedness," and "He is a nateral cuss," have been commonly thought Yankeeisms. To vent certain contemptuously indignant moods they are admirable in their rough-and-ready way. But neither is our own. *Cursydnesse*, in the same sense of malignant wickedness, occurs in the Coventry Plays, and *cuss* may perhaps claim to have come in with the Conqueror. At least the term is also French. Saint Simon uses it and confesses its usefulness. Speaking of the Abbé Dubois, he says, "Qui étoit en plein ce qu'un mauvais françois appelle un *sacre*, mais qui ne se peut guère exprimer autrement." "Not worth a cuss," though supported by "not worth a damn," may be a mere corruption, since "not worth a *cress*" is in "Piers Ploughman." "I don't see it" was the popular slang a year or two ago, and seemed to spring from the soil; but no, it is in Cibber's "Careless Husband." *Green sauce* for *vegetables* I meet in Beaumont and Fletcher, Gayton, and elsewhere. Our rustic pronunciation *sahce* (for either the diphthong *au* was anciently pronounced *ah*, or else we have followed abundant analogy in changing it to the latter sound, as we have in *chance*, *dance*, and so many more) may be the older one, and at least gives some hint at its ancestor *salsa*. *Warn*, in the sense of *notify*, is, I believe, now peculiar to us, but Pecock so employs it. *To cotton* to is, I rather think, an Americanism. The nearest approach to it I have found is *cotton together*, in Congreve's "Love for Love." *To cotton* or *cotten*, in another sense, is old and common. Our word means to *cling*, and its origin, possibly, is to be sought in another direction, perhaps in A. S. *cvead*, which means *mud*, *clay* (both proverbially cling-

ing), or better yet, in the Icelandic *qvoda* (otherwise *kóð*), meaning *resin* and *glue*, which are *κατ' ἐξοχήν* sticky substances. To *spit* cotton is, I think, American, and also, perhaps, to *flax* for to *beat*. To the *halves* still survives among us, though apparently obsolete in England. It means either to let or to hire a piece of land, receiving half the profit in money or in kind (*partibus locare*). I mention it because in a note by some English editor, to which I have lost my reference, I have seen it wrongly explained. The editors of Nares cite Burton. To *put*, in the sense of to go, as *Put!* for *Begone!* would seem our own, and yet it is strictly analogous to the French *se mettre à la voie*, and the Italian *mettersi in via*. Indeed, Dante has a verse,

"Io sarei [for *mi sarei*] già messo per lo sentiero,"

which, but for the indignity, might be translated,

"I should, ere this, have *put* along the way."

I deprecate in advance any share in General Banks's notions of international law, but we may all take a just pride in his exuberant eloquence as something distinctively American. When he spoke a few years ago of "letting the Union slide," even those who, for political purposes, reproached him with the sentiment, admired the indigenous virtue of his phrase. Yet I find "let the world slide" in Heywood's "Edward IV."; and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money" Valentine says,

"Will you go drink,
And let the world slide?"

So also in Sidney's *Arcadia*,

"Let his dominion slide."

In the one case it is put into the mouth of a clown, in the other of a gentleman, and was evidently

proverbial. It has even higher sanction, for Chaucer writes,

"Well nigh all other cures let he slide."

Mr. Bartlett gives "above one's bend" as an Americanism; but compare Hamlet's "to the top of my bent." In *his tracks* for immediately has acquired an American accent, and passes where he can for a native, but it is an importation nevertheless; for what is he but the Latin *e vestigio*, or at best the Norman French *eneslespas*, both which have the same meaning? *Hotfoot* (provincial also in England), I find in the old romance of "Tristan,"

"Si s'en parti CHAUT PAS."

Like for *as* is never used in New England, but is universal in the South and West. It has on its side the authority of two kings (*ego sum rex Romanorum et supra grammaticam*), Henry VIII. and Charles I. This were ample, without throwing into the scale the scholar and poet Daniel. *Them* was used as a nominative by the majesty of Edward VI., by Sir P. Hoby and by Lord Paget (in Froude's "History"). I have never seen any passage adduced where *guess* was used as the Yankee uses it. The word was familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, but with a different shade of meaning from that we have given it, which is something like *rather think*, though the Yankee implies a confident certainty by it when he says, "I guess *i du!*" There are two examples in Otway, one of which ("So in the struggle, I guess the note was lost") perhaps might serve our purpose, and Coleridge's

"I guess 'twas fearful there to see,"

certainly comes very near. But I have a higher authority than either in Selden, who, in one of his notes to the "Polyolbion," writes, "The first inventor of them (I *guess* you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz." Here he must

mean by it, "I take it for granted." Another peculiarity almost as prominent is the beginning sentences, especially in answer to questions, with "well." Put before such a phrase as "How d'e do?" it is commonly short, and has the sound of *wul*, but in reply it is deliberative and the various shades of meaning which can be conveyed by difference of intonation, and by prolonging or abbreviating, I should vainly attempt to describe. I have heard *ooa-ahl*, *vahl*, *ahl*, *wäl*, and something nearly approaching the sound of the *lein able*. Sometimes before "I" it dwindles to a mere *l*, as "I *I* dunno." A friend of mine (why should I not please myself, though I displease him, by brightening my page with the initials of the most exquisite of humourists, J. H.?) told me that he once heard five "wells," like pioneers, precede the answer to an inquiry about the price of land. The first was the ordinary *wul*, in deference to custom; the second, the long impending *ooahl*, with a falling inflection of the voice; the third, the same, but with a voice rising, as if in despair of a conclusion, into a plaintively nasal whine; the fourth, *wulh*, ending in the aspirate of a sigh; and then, fifth, came a short, sharp *wal*, showing that a conclusion had been reached. I have used this latter form in the "Biglow Papers," because, if enough nasality be added, it represents most nearly the average sound of what I may call the interjection.

A locution prevails in the Southern and Middle States which is so curious that, though never heard in New England, I will give a few lines to its discussion, the more readily because it is extinct elsewhere. I mean the use of *allow* in the sense of *affirm*, as "I allow that's a good horse." I find the word so used in 1558 by Anthony Jenkinson in Hakluyt: "Come they sowe not, neither doe eate any bread, mocking the Christians

for the same, and disabling our strengthe, saying we live by eating the toppe of a weed, and drinke a drinke made of the same, *allowing* theyr great devouring of flesh and drinking of milke to be the increase of theyr strength." That is, they undervalued our strength, and affirmed their own to be the result of a certain diet. In another passage of the same narrative the word has its more common meaning of approving or praising: "The said king, much *allowing* this declaration, said." Ducange quotes Bracton *sub voce* ADVOCARE for the meaning "to admit as proved," and the transition from this to "affirm" is by no means violent. At the same time, when we consider some of the meanings of *allow* in old English, and of *allowen* in old French, and also remember that the verbs *prize* and *praise* are from one root, I think we must admit *allaudare* to a share in the paternity of *allow*. The sentence from Hakluyt would read equally well, "contemning our strengthe, . . . and praising (or valuing) their great eating of flesh as the cause of their increase in strength." After all, if we confine ourselves to *allocare*, it may turn out that the word was somewhere and sometimes used for *to bet*, analogously to *put up*, *put down*, *post* (cf. Spanish *apostar*), and the like. I hear boys in the street continually saying, "I bet that's a good horse," or what not, meaning by no means to risk anything beyond their opinion in the matter.

The word *improve*, in the sense of "to occupy, make use of, employ," as Dr. Pickering defines it, he long ago proved to be no neologism. He would have done better, I think had he substituted *profit by* for *employ*. He cites Dr. Franklin as saying that the word had never, so far as he knew, been used in New England before he left it in 1723, except in Dr. Mather's "Remarkable Providences," which he oddly calls a "very

old book." Franklin, as Dr. Pickering goes on to show, was mistaken. Mr. Bartlett in his "Dictionary" merely abridges Pickering. Both of them should have confined the application of the word to material things, its extension to which is all that is peculiar in the supposed American use of it. For surely "Complete Letter-Writers" have been "improving this opportunity" time out of mind. I will illustrate the word a little further, because Pickering cites no English authorities. Skelton has a passage in his "Phyllip Sparowe," which I quote the rather as it contains also the word *allowed*, and as it distinguishes *improve* from *employ* :—

"His [Chaucer's] Englysh well
alowed,
So as it is *enproved*,
For as it is *employd*,
There is no English voyd."

Here the meaning is to *profit by*. In Fuller's "Holy Warre" (1647), we have "The Egyptians standing on the firm ground, were thereby enabled to *improve* and enforce their darts to the utmost." Here the word might certainly mean to *make use of*. Mrs. Hutchinson (Life of Colonel H.) uses the word in the same way: "And therefore did not *emproove* his interest to engage the country in the quarrell." Swift in one of his letters says: "There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better *improved* than the people." I find it also in "Strength out of Weakness" (1652), and Plutarch's "Morals" (1714), but I know of only one example of its use in the purely American sense, and that is, "a very good *improvement* for a mill" in the "State Trials" (Speech of the Attorney-General in the Lady Ivy's case, 1684). In the sense of *employ*, I could cite a dozen old English authorities.

In running over the fly-leaves of those delightful folios for this reference, I find a note which reminds

me of another word, for our abuse of which we have been deservedly ridiculed. I mean *lady*. It is true I might cite the example of the Italian *donna** (*domina*), which has been treated in the same way by a whole nation, and not, as *lady* among us, by the uncultivated only. It perhaps grew into use in the half-democratic republics of Italy in the same way and for the same reasons as with us. But I admit that our abuse of the word is villanous. I know of an orator who once said in a public meeting where bonnets preponderated, that "the ladies were last at the cross and first at the tomb!" But similar sins were committed before our day and in the mother country. In the "State Trials" I learn of "a *gentlewoman* that lives cook with" such a one, and I hear the Lord High Steward speaking of the wife of a waiter at a bagnio as a *gentlewoman*! From the same authority, by the way, I can state that our vile habit of chewing tobacco had the somewhat unsavoury example of Titus Oates, and I know by tradition from an eyewitness that the elegant General Burgoyne partook of the same vice. Howell, in one of his letters (dated 26 August, 1623,) speaks thus of another "institution" which many have thought American: "They speak much of that boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here), that, having taken a place where there were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friars, he caus'd divers featherbeds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall, whither the Nuns and Friars were thrust naked with their bodies oil'd and pitch'd, and to tumble among the feathers." Howell speaks as if the thing were new to him, and I know not if the "boisterous" Bishop was the inventor of it, but I find it practised in England before our Revolution.

Before leaving the subject, I will

* *Dame*, in English, is a decayed gentlewoman of the same family.

add a few comments made from time to time on the margin of Mr. Bartlett's excellent "Dictionary," to which I am glad thus publicly to acknowledge my many obligations. "Avails" is good old English, and the *vaits* of Sir Joshua Reynolds's porter are famous. Averse *from*, averse *to*, and in connection with them the English vulgarism "different *to*." The corrupt use of *to* in these cases, as well as in the Yankee "he lives *to* Salem," "to home," and others, must be a very old one, for in the one case it plainly arose from confounding the two French prepositions *à* (from Latin *ad* and *ab*), and in the other from translating the first of them. I once thought "different *to*" a modern vulgarism, and Mr. Thackeray, on my pointing it out to him in "Henry Esmond," confessed it to be an anachronism. Mr. Bartlett refers to "the old writers quoted in Richardson's Dictionary" for "different *to*," though in my edition of that work all the examples are with *from*. But I find *to* used invariably by Sir R. Hawkins in Hakluyt. *Banjo* is a negro corruption of O. E. *bandore*. *Bind-weed* can hardly be modern, for *wood-bind* is old and radically right, intertwining itself through *bindan* and *windan* with classic stems. *Bobolink*: is this a contraction for Bob o' Lincoln? I find *bobolynes*, in one of the poems attributed to Skelton, where it may be rendered *giddy-pate*, a term very fit for the bird in his ecstasies. *Crucel* for *great* is in Hakluyt. *Bowling-alley*, is in Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse." *Curious*, meaning *nice*, occurs continually in old writers, and is as old as Peacock's "Repressor." *Droger* is O. E. *drugger*. *Educational* is in Burke. *Feeze* is only a form of *fizz*. *To fix*, in the American sense, I find used by the Commissioners of the United Colonies so early as 1675, "their arms well *fixed* and fit for service." *To take the foot in the hand* is German; so is *go under*.

Gundalow is old: I find *gundelo* in Hakluyt, and *gundello* in Booth's reprint of the folio Shakespeare of 1623. *Gonoff* is O. E. *gnoffe*. *Heap* is in "Piers Ploughman" (and other names *an heap*"), and in Hakluyt ("seeing such a *heap* of their enemies ready to devour them"). *To liquor* is in the "Puritan" ("call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little"). *To loaf*: this, I think, is unquestionably German. *Laufen* is pronounced *lofen* in some parts of Germany, and I once heard one German student say to another, *Ich lauf* (*lofe*) *heir bis du wiederkehrst*, and he began accordingly to saunter up and down, in short, *to loaf*. *To mull*, Mr. Bartlett says, means "to soften, to dispirit," and quotes from "Margaret," "There has been a pretty considerable *mullin* going on among the doctors,"—where it surely cannot mean what he says it does. We have always heard *mullin* used for *stirring*, *bustling*, sometimes in an underhand way. It is a metaphor derived probably from *mulling* wine, and the word itself must be a corruption of *mell*, from O. F. *mesler*. *Pair of stairs* is in Hakluyt. *To pull up stakes* is in Curwen's Journal, and therefore pre-Revolutionary. I think I have met with it earlier. *Raise*: under this word Mr. Bartlett omits "to raise a house," that is, the frame of a wooden one, and also the substantive formed from it, a *raisin*'. *Retire for go to bed* is in Fielding's "Amelia." *Setting-poles* cannot be new, for I find "some set [the boats] with long poles" in Hakluyt. *Shoulder-hitters*: I find that *shoulder-striker* is old, though I have lost the reference to my authority. *Snag* is no new word, though perhaps the Western application of it is so; but I find in Gill the proverb, "A bird in the bag is worth two on the snag." Dryden has *swoop* and *to rights*. *Trail*: Hakluyt has "many wayes *traled* by the wilde beastes."

I subjoin a few phrases not in Mr. Bartlett's book which I have

heard. *Bald-headed*: "to go it bald-headed;" in great haste, as where one rushes out without his hat. *Bogue*: "I don't git much done 'thout I bogue right in along 'th my men. *Carry*: a portage. *Cat-nap*: a short doze. *Cat-stick*: a small stick. *Chowder-head*: a muddle-brain. *Cling-john*: a soft cake of rye. *Cocoa-nut*: the head. *Cohces*: applied to the people of certain settlements in Western Pennsylvania, from their use of the archaic form *Quo' he*. *Dunnow's I know*: the nearest your true Yankee ever comes to acknowledging ignorance. *Essence-pedler*: a skunk. *First rate and a half*. *Fish-flakes*, for drying fish: O. E. *fleck* (*cratis*). *Gander-party*: a social gathering of men only. *Gaw-nicus*: a dolt. *Hawkins's whetstone*: rum; in derision of one Hawkins, a well-known temperance-lecturer. *Hyper*: to bustle; "I mus' hyper about an' git tea." *Keeler-tub*: one in which dishes are washed. ("And Greasy Joan doth keel the pot.") *Lap-tea*: where the guests are too many to sit at table. *Last of pea-time*: to be hard up. *Lose-laid* (loose-laid): a weaver's term, and probably English; weak-willed. *Malahack*: to cut up hastily or awkwardly. *Moonglade*: a beautiful word: for the track of moonlight on the water. *Off-ox*: an unmanageable, cross-grained fellow. *Old Driver*, *Old Splitfoot*: the Devil. *Onhitch*: to pull trigger (cf. Spanish *disparar*). *Popular*: conceited. *Rote*: sound of surf before a storm. *Rot-gut*: cheap whiskey; the word occurs in Heywood's "English Traveller" and Addison's "Drummer," for a poor kind of drink. *Seem*: it is habitual with the New Englander to put this verb to strange uses, as, "I can't seem to be suited," "I couldn't seem to know him." *Sidehill*, for *hillside*. *State-house*: this seems an Americanism, whether invented or derived from the Dutch *Stadhuys*, I know not. *Strike* and *string*: from the game of ninepins; to make a

strike is to knock down all the pins with one ball, hence it has come to mean fortunate, successful. *Swampers*: men who break out roads for lumberers. *Tormented*: euphemism for damned, as, "not a tormented cent." *Virginia fence*, to make a: to walk like a drunken man.

It is always worth while to note down the erratic words or phrases which one meets with in any dialect. They may throw light on the meaning of other words, of the relationship of languages, or even on history itself. In so composite a language as ours they often supply a different form to express a different shade of meaning, as in *viol* and *fiddle*, *thrid* and *thread*, *smother* and *smoulder*, where the *l* has crept in by a false analogy with *would*. We have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*, formed honestly like *earthy*, *drouthy*, and others, thus enabling their journalists to characterise our President's messages by a word civilly compromising between *long* and *tedious*, so as not to endanger the peace of the two countries by wounding our national sensitiveness to British criticism. Let me give two curious examples of the antiseptic property of dialects at which I have already glanced. Dante has *dindi* as a childish or low word for *danari* (money), and in Shropshire small Roman coins are still dug up which the peasants call *dinders*. This can hardly be a chance coincidence, but seems rather to carry the word back to the Roman soldiery. So our farmers say *chuk*, *chuk*, to their pigs, and *ciacco* is one of the Italian words for *hog*. When a countryman tells us that he "fell all of a heap," I cannot help thinking that he unconsciously points to an affinity between our word *tumble*, and the Latin *tumulus*, that is older than most others. I believe that words, or even the mere intonation of them, have an astonishing vitality and power of propagation by the root, like the

gardner's pest, quitchgrass,* while the application or combination of them may be new. It is in these last that my countrymen seem to me full of humour, invention, quickness of wit, and that sense of subtle analogy which needs only refining to become fancy and imagination. Prosaic as American life seems in many of its aspects to a European, bleak and bare as it is on the side of tradition, and utterly orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity, I cannot help thinking that the ordinary talk of unlettered men among us is fuller of metaphor and of phrases that suggest lively images than that of any other people I have seen. Very many such will be found in Mr. Bartlett's book, though his short list of proverbs at the end seem to me, with one or two exceptions, as un-American as possible. Most of them have no character at all but coarseness, and are quite too long-skirted for working proverbs, in which language always "takes off its coat to it," as a Yankee would say. There are plenty that have a more native and puckery flavour, seedlings from the old stock often, and yet new varieties. One hears such not seldom among us Easterners, and the West would yield many more. "Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog;" "Cold as the north side of a Jenoaary gravestone by starlight;" "Hungry as a graven image;" "Pop'lar as a hen with one chicken;" "A hen's time ain't much;" "Quicker'n greased lightning;" "Ther's sech a thing as bein' *tu*" (our Yankee paraphrase of *μηδὲ ἄγαν*); hence the phrase *tooin' round*, meaning a supererogatory activity like that of flies; "Stingy enough to skim his milk at both ends;" "Hot as the Devil's kitchen;" "Handy as a pocket in a shirt;" "He's a whole team and the dog under the wag-

* Which, whether in that form, or under its aliases *witch-grass* and *cooch-grass*, points us back to its original Saxon *quick*.

gon;" "All deacons are good, but there's odds in deacons" (to *deacon* berries is to put the largest atop); "So thievish they hev to take in their stone walls nights;"* may serve as specimens. "I take my tea *barfoot*," said a backwoodsman when asked if he would have cream and sugar. (I find *barfoot*, by the way, in the Coventry Plays.) A man speaking to me once of a very rocky clearing said, "Stone's got a pretty heavy mortgage on that land," and I overheard a guide in the woods say to his companions who were urging him to sing. "Wal, I *did* sing once, but toons gut invented, an' thet spilt my trade." Whoever has driven over a stream by a bridge made of *slabs* will feel the picturesque force of the epithet *slab-bridged* applied to a fellow of shaky character. Almost every county has some good die-sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighbourhood. Such a one described the county jail (the one stone building where all the dwellings are of wood) as "the house whose underpinnin' come up to the eaves," and called hell "the place where they didn't rake up their fires nights." I once asked a stage-driver if the other side of a hill were as steep as the one we were climbing: "Steep? chain lightnin' couldn' go down it 'thout puttin' the shoe on!" And this brings me back to the exaggeration of which I spoke before. To me there is something very taking in the negro "so black that charcoal made a chalk-mark on him," and the wooden shingle "painted so like marble that it sank in water," as if its very consciousness or its vanity had been overpersuaded by the cunning of the painter. I heard a man, in order to give a notion of some very cold weather, say to another that a cer-

* And, by the way, the Yankee never says "o' nights," but uses the older adverbial form, analogous to the German *nachts*.

tain Joe, who had been taking mercury, found a lump of quicksilver in each boot, when he went home to dinner. This power of rapidly dramatising a dry fact into flesh and blood, and the vivid conception of Joe as a human thermometer, strike me as showing a poetic sense that may be refused into faculty. At any rate there is humour here, and not mere quickness of wit,—the deeper and not the shallower quality. The *tendency* of humour is always towards overplus of expression, while the very essence of wit is its logical precision. Captain Basil Hall denied that our people had any humour, deceived, perhaps, by their gravity of manner. But this very seriousness is often the outward sign of that humorous quality of the mind which delights in finding an element of identity in things seemingly the most incongruous, and then again in forcing an incongruity upon things identical. Perhaps Captain Hall had no humour himself, and if so he would never find it. Did he always feel the point of what was said to himself? I doubt it, because I happen to know a chance he once had given him in vain. The Captain was walking up and down the veranda of a country tavern in Massachusetts while the coach changed horses. A thunder-storm was going on, and, with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be surprised by American merit, which we find so conciliating, he said to a countryman lounging against the door, "Pretty heavy thunder you have here." The other, who had divined at a glance his feeling of generous concession to a new country, drawled gravely, "Waal, we *du*, considerin' the number of inhabitants." This, the more I analyse it, the more humorous does it seem. The same man was capable of wit also when he would. He was a cabinet-maker, and was once employed to make some com-

mandment tables for the parish meeting-house. The parson, a very old man, annoyed him by looking into his workshop every morning, and cautioning him to be very sure to pick out "clear mahogany without any *knots* in it." At last, wearied out, he retorted one day: "Waal, Dr. B., I guess ef I was to leave the *nots* out o' some o' the c'man'ments, 't 'ould soot you full ez wa!"

If I had taken the pains to write down the proverbial or pithy phrases I have heard, or if I had sooner thought of noting the Yankeeisms I met with in my reading, I might have been able to do more justice to my theme. But I have done all I wished in respect to pronunciation, if I have proved that where we are vulgar, we have the countenance of very good company. For, as to the *jus et norma loquendi*, I agree with Horace and those who have paraphrased or commented him, from Boileau to Gray. I think that a good rule for style is Galiani's definition of sublime oratory,—"*l'art de tout dire sans être mis à la Bastille dans un pays où il est défendu de rien dire.*" I profess myself a fanatical purist, but with a hearty contempt for the speech-gilders who affect purism without any thorough, or even pedagogic, knowledge of the engendure, growth, and affinities of the noble language about whose *mésalliances* they profess (like Dean Alford) to be so solicitous. If *they* had their way!—"Doch es sey," says Lessing, "dass jene gothische Höflichkeit eine unentbehrliche Tugend des heutigen Umganges ist. Soll sie darum unsere Schriften eben so schaal und falsch machen als unsern Umgang?" And Drayton was not far wrong in affirming that

"'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's rhyme."

Cumberland in his *Memoirs* tells us that when, in the midst of Ad-

miral Rodney's great sea-fight, Sir Charles Douglas said to him, "Behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!" the Admiral answered peevishly, "Damn the Greeks and damn the Trojans! I have other things to think of." After the battle was won, Rodney spoke thus to Sir Charles, "Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and Trojans, and the whole of Homer's Iliad, or as much of it as you please!" I had some such feeling of the impertinence of our pseudo-classicality when I chose our homely dialect to work in. Should we be nothing, because somebody had contrived to be something (and that perhaps in a provincial dialect) ages ago? and to be nothing by our very attempt to be that something, which they had already been, and which therefore nobody could be again without being a bore? Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*, which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country in which you are born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon; let us try to be *that*. It is perhaps a *pis aller*, but is not *No Thoroughfare* written up everywhere else? In the literary world, things seemed to me very much as they were in the latter half of the last century. Pope, skimming the cream of good sense and expression wherever he could find it, had made, not exactly poetry, but an honest, salable butter of worldly wisdom which pleasantly lubricated some of the drier morsels of life's daily bread, and, seeing this, scores of harmlessly insane people went on for the next fifty years coaxing his buttermilk with the regular up and down of the pentameter churn. And in our day do we not scent everywhere, and even carry away in our clothes against our will, that faint perfume of musk which Mr. Tennyson has left behind him, or worse, of Heine's *pachouli*? And might it not be

possible to escape them by turning into one of our narrow New England lanes, shut in though it were by bleak stone walls on either hand, and where no better flowers were to be gathered than golden-rod and hardhack?

Beside the advantage of getting out of the beaten track, our dialect offered others hardly inferior. As I was about to make an endeavour to state them, I remembered something which the clear-sighted Goethe had said about Hebel's *Allemanische Gedichte*, which, making proper deduction for special reference to the book under review, expresses what I would have said far better than I could hope to do: "Allen diesen innern guten Eigenschaften kommt die behagliche naive Sprache sehr zu statten. Man findet mehrere sinnlich bedeutende und wohlklingende Worte . . . von einem, zwei Buchstaben, Abbreviationen, Contractionen, viele kurze, leichte Sylben, neue Reime, welches, mehr als man glaubt, ein Vortheil für den Dichter ist. Diese Elemente werden durch glückliche Constructionen und lebhaft Formen zu einem Styl zusammenge-drängt der zu diesem Zwecke vor unserer Büchersprache grosse Vorzüge hat." Of course I do not mean to imply that I have come near achieving any such success as the great critic here indicates, but I think the success is *there*, and to be plucked by some more fortunate hand.

Nevertheless, I was encouraged by the approval of many whose opinions I valued. With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius. He often suggested that I should try my hand at some Yankee Pastoral, which would admit of more sentiment and a higher tone without

foregoing the advantage offered by the dialect. I have never completed anything of the kind, but, in this Second Series, both my remembrance of his counsel and the deeper feeling called up by the great interests at stake, led me to venture some passages nearer to what is called poetical than could have been admitted without incongruity into the former series. The time seemed calling to me, with the old poet,—

"Leave, then, your wonted prattle,
The oaten reed forbear;
For I hear a sound of battle,
And trumpets rend the air!"

The only attempt I had ever made at anything like a pastoral (if that may be called an attempt which was the result almost of pure accident) was in "The Courtin'." While the introduction to the First Series was going through the press, I received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. I sat down at once and improvised another fictitious "notice of the press," in which, because verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose, I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. Presently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance* of it. I had none, but to answer such demands, I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition. Those who had only the first continued to importune me. Afterward, being asked to write it out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the characters and making a connected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but I shall put it at the end of this introduction, to answer once for all those kindly importunings.

As I have seen extracts from what purported to be writings of Mr. Biglow, which were not genuine, I may properly take this opportunity to say, that the two volumes now published contain every line I ever printed under that pseudonym, and that I have never, so far as I can remember, written an anonymous article (elsewhere than in the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, during my editorship of it) except a review of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," and, some twenty years ago, a sketch of the antislavery movement in America for an English journal.

A word more on pronunciation. I have endeavoured to express this so far as I could by the types, taking such pains as, I fear, may sometimes make the reading harder than need be. At the same time, by studying uniformity I have sometimes been obliged to sacrifice minute exactness. The emphasis often modifies the habitual sound. For example, *for* is commonly *fer* (a shorter sound than *jur* for *far*), but when emphatic it always becomes *for*, as "wut *for*!" So *too* is pronounced like *to* (as it was anciently spelt), and *to* like *ta* (the sound is in the *tau* of *touch*), but *too*, when emphatic, changes into *tue*, and *to*, sometimes, in similar cases, into *toe*, as, "I did n' hardly know wut *toe* du!" Where vowels come together, or one precedes another following an aspirate, the two melt together, as was common with the older poets who formed their versification on French or Italian models. Drayton is thoroughly Yankee when he says "I 'xpect," and Pope when he says "t' inspire." *With* becomes sometimes 'ith, 'äth, or 'th, or even disappears wholly where it comes before *the*, as, "I went along th' Square" (along with the Squire), the *are* sound being an archaism which I have noticed also in *choir*, like the old Scottish *quhair*. (Herrick has, "Of flowers ne'er sucked

by th' theeving bee.") *Without* becomes *athout* and *'thout*. *Afterwards* always retains its locative *s*, and is pronounced always *ahterwurd's*, with a strong accent on the last syllable. This oddity has some support in the erratic *towards* instead of *to'wards*, which we find in the poets and sometimes hear. The sound given to the first syllable of *to'wards*, I may remark, sustains the Yankee lengthening of the *o* in *to*. At the beginning of a sentence, *ahterwurd's* has the accent on the first syllable; at the end of one, on the last; as, "*ah'terwurd's* he tol' me," "he tol' me *ahterwurd's*." The Yankee never makes a mistake in his aspirates. *U* changes in many words to *e*, always in *such*, *brush*, *tush*, *hush*, *rush*, *blush*, seldom in *much*, oftener in *trust* and *crust*, never in *mush*, *gust*, *bust*, *tumble*, or (?) *flush*, in the latter case probably to avoid confusion with *flesh*. I have heard *flush* with the *ē* sound, however. For the same reason, I suspect, never in *gush* (at least, I never heard it), because we have already one *gesh* for *gash*. *A* and *i* short frequently become *e* short. *U* always becomes *o* in the prefix *un* (except *unto*), and *o* in return changes to *u* short in *uv* for *of*, and in some words beginning with *om*. *T* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *v* and *w*, remain intact. So much occurs to me in addition to what I said on this head in the preface to the former volume.

Of course in what I have said I wish to be understood as keeping in mind the difference between provincialisms properly so called and *slang*. *Slang* is always vulgar, because it is not a natural but an affected way of talking, and all mere tricks of speech or writing are offensive. I do not think that Mr. Biglow can be fairly charged with vulgarity, and I should have entirely failed in my design, if I had not made it appear that high and even refined sentiment may coexist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee

character. I believe that what is essentially vulgar and mean-spirited in politics seldom has its source in the body of the people, but much rather among those who are made timid by their wealth or selfish by their love of power. A democracy can afford much better than an aristocracy to follow out its convictions, and it is perhaps better qualified to build those convictions on plain principles of right and wrong, rather than on the shifting sands of expediency. I had always thought "Sam Slick" a libel on the Yankee character, and a complete falsification of Yankee modes of speech, though, for aught I know, it may be true in both respects so far as the British provinces are concerned. To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-labourer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as in a mother tongue, and I am carried back far beyond any studies of it to long-ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.

But life is short, and prefaces should be. And so, my good friends, to whom this introductory epistle is addressed, farewell. Though some of you have remonstrated with me, I shall never write any more "Biglow Papers," however great the temptation,—great especially at the present time,—unless it be to complete the original plan of this Series by bringing out Mr. Sawin as an "original Union man." The very favour with which they have been received is a hindrance to me, by forcing on me a self-consciousness from which I was entirely free when I wrote the First Series. Moreover, I am no longer the same careless youth, with nothing to do but live to my-

self, my books, and my friends, that I was then. I always hated politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, and I am not likely to grow fonder of them, now that I have learned how rare it is to find a man who can keep principle clear from party and personal prejudice, or can conceive the possibility of another's doing so. I feel as if I could in some sort claim to be an *emeritus*, and I am sure that political satire will have full justice done it by that genuine and delightful humorist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby. I regret that I killed off Mr. Wilbur so soon, for he would have enabled me to bring into this preface a number of learned quotations, which must now go a-begging, and also enabled me to dispersonalise myself into a vicarious egotism. He would have helped me also in clearing myself from a charge which I shall briefly touch on, because my friend Mr. Hughes has found it needful to defend me in his preface to one of the English editions of the "Biglow Papers." I thank Mr. Hughes heartily for his friendly care of my good name, and were his Preface accessible to my readers here (as I am glad it is not, for its partiality makes me blush), I should leave the matter where he left it. The charge is of profanity, brought in by persons who proclaimed African slavery of Divine institution, and is based (so far as I have heard) on two passages in the First Series—

"An' you've gut to git up airly,
Ef you want to take in God,"

and,

"God'll send the bill to you,"

and on some Scriptural illustrations by Mr. Sawin.

Now, in the first place, I was writing under an assumed character, and must talk as the person would whose mouthpiece I made myself. Will any one familiar with the New England countryman

venture to tell me that he does *not* speak of sacred things familiarly? that Biblical allusions (allusions, that is, to the single book with whose language, from his church-going habits, he is intimate) are *not* frequent on his lips? If so, he cannot have pursued his studies of the character on so many long-ago muster-fields and at so many cattle-shows as I. But I scorn any such line of defence, and will confess at once that one of the things I am proud of in my countrymen is (I am not speaking now of such persons as I have assumed Mr. Sawin to be), that they do not put their Maker away far from them, or interpret the fear of God into being afraid of Him. The Talmudists had conceived a deep truth when they said, that "all things were in the power of God, save the fear of God;" and when people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another personage for the Deity. I might justify myself for the passages criticised by many parallel ones from Scripture, but I need not. The Reverend Homer Wilbur's note-books supply me with three apposite quotations. The first is from a Father of the Roman Church, the second from a Father of the Anglican, and the third from a Father of Modern English poetry. The Puritan divines would furnish me with many more such. St. Bernard says, *Sapiens nummularius est Deus: nummum fictum non recipiet*; "A cunning money-changer is God: he will take in no base coin." Latimer says, "You shall perceive that God, by this example, shaketh us by the noses and taketh us by the ears." Familiar enough, both of them, one would say! But I should think Mr. Biglow had verily stolen the last of the two maligned passages from Dryden's "Don Sebastian," where I find

"And beg of Heaven to charge the bill
on me."

And there I leave the matter, being
willing to believe that the Saint,
the Martyr, and even the Poet,
were as careful of God's honour as
my critics are ever likely to be.

J. R. L.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white
an' still

Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an'
hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one
side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell com-
fort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks
hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther
Young
Fetched back from Concord
busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to
ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, Ar,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter,

He'd sparked it with full twenty
gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em,
druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by
spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a
swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd
ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in
prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a
pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked
some!
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furrer,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I
s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come da-
signin'!"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
cl'oes
Agin to-morrer's i'ning'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin'; ;
 Mebbby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin' ;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mis-
 ter :"

Thet last word pricked him like a
 pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up and kist
 her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldysot pale ez ashes,

All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer
 mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
 glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the
 tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

No. I.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

LETTER FROM THE REVEREND
HOMER WILBUR, M.A. ENCLOSING
THE EPISTLE AFORESAID.

JAALAM, 15th Nov., 1861.

It is not from any idle wish to obtrude my humble person with undue prominence upon the publick view that I resume my pen upon the present occasion. *Juniores ad labores*. But having been a main instrument in rescuing the talent of my young parishioner from being buried in the ground, by giving it such warrant with the world as could be derived from a name already widely known by several printed discourses (all of which I may be permitted without immodesty to state have been deemed worthy of preservation in the Library of Harvard College by my esteemed friend Mr. Sibley), it seemed becoming that I should not only testify to the genuineness of the following production, but call attention to it, the more as Mr. Biglow had so long been silent as to be in danger of absolute oblivion. I insinuate no claim to any share in the authorship (*vix ea nostra voco*) of the works already published by Mr. Biglow, but merely take to myself the credit of having fulfilled towards them the office of taster (*experto crede*), who, having first tried, could afterwards bear witness (*credenzen*) it was amply named by the Germans), an office

always arduous, and sometimes even dangerous, as in the case of those devoted persons who venture their lives in the deglutition of patent medicines (*dolus latet in generalibus*, there is deceit in the most of them) and thereafter are wonderfully preserved long enough to append their signatures to testimonials in the diurnal and hebdomadal prints. I say not this as covertly glancing at the authors of certain manuscripts which have been submitted to my literary judgment (though an epick in twenty-four books on the "Taking of Jericho" might, save for the prudent forethought of Mrs. Wilbur in secreting the same just as I had arrived beneath the walls and was beginning a catalogue of the various horns and their blowers, too ambitiously emulous in longanimity of Homer's list of ships, might, I say, have rendered frustrate any hope I could entertain *vacare Musis* for the small remainder of my days), but only the further to secure myself against any imputation of unseemly forthputting. I will barely subjoin, in this connexion, that, whereas Job was left to desire, in the soreness of his heart, that his adversary had written a book, as perchance misanthropically wishing to indite a review thereof, yet was not Satan allowed so far to tempt him as to send Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar, each with an unprinted work in his wallet to be submitted to his censure. But of this enough. Were I in need of other excuse, I might add that I write by the

express desire of Mr. Biglow himself, whose entire winter leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough in itself, and egregiously so to him, who, being no ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name without strange contortions of the face (his nose, even, being essential to complete success) and painfully suppressed Saint-Vitus-dance of every muscle in his body. This, with his having been put in the Commission of the Peace by our excellent Governor (*O, si sic omnes!*) immediately on his accession to office, keeps him continually employed. *Haud inexpertus loquor*, having for many years written myself J. P., and being not seldom applied to for specimens of my chirography, a request to which I have sometimes over weakly assented, believing as I do that nothing written of set purpose can properly be called an autograph, but only those unpremeditated sallies and lively runnings which betray the fireside Man instead of the hunted Notoriety doubling on his pursuers. But it is time that I should bethink me of St. Austin's prayer, *libera me a meipso*, if I would arrive at the matter in hand.

Moreover, I had yet another reason for taking up the pen myself. I am informed that the *Atlantic Monthly* is mainly indebted for its success to the contributions and editorial supervision of Dr. Holmes, whose excellent "Annals of America" occupy an honoured place upon my shelves. The journal itself I have never seen; but if this be so, it might seem that the recommendation of a brother-clergyman (though *par magis quam similis*) should carry a greater weight. I suppose that you have a department for historical lucubrations, and should be glad, if deemed desirable, to forward for publication my "Collections for the Antiquities of Jaalam," and my (now happily complete) pedigree

of the Wilbur family from its *fons et origo*, the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Withdrawn from the active duties of my profession by the settlement of a colleague-pastor, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, formerly of Brutus Four-Corners, I might find time for further contributions to general literature on similar topics. I have made large advances towards a completer genealogy of Mrs. Wilbur's family, the Pilcoxes, not, if I know myself, from any idlevanity, but with the sole desire of rendering myself useful in my day and generation. *Nulla dies sine linea*.

I enclose a meteorological register, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages, and a few *memorabilia* of longevity in Jaalam East Parish for the last half-century. Though spared to the unusual period of more than eighty years, I find no diminution of my faculties or abatement of my natural vigour, except a scarcely sensible decay of memory and a necessity of recurring to younger eyesight or spectacles for the finer print in Cruden. It would gratify me to make some further provision for declining years from the emoluments of my literary labours. I had intended to effect an insurance on my life, but was deterred therefrom by a circular from one of the offices, in which the sudden death of so large a proportion of the insured was set forth as an inducement, that it seemed to me little less than a tempting of Providence. *Neque in summa inopia levis esse senectus potest, ne sapienti quidem*.

Thus far concerning Mr. Biglow; and so much seemed needful (*brevis esse laboro*) by way of preliminary, after a silence of fourteen years. He greatly fears lest he may in this essay have fallen below himself, well knowing that, if exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation. Beset as he has been on all sides, he could not refrain, and would only imprecate patience till he shall again have "got the hang"

(as he calls it), of an accomplishment long disused. The letter of Mr. Sawin was received some time in last June, and others have followed which will in due season be submitted to the publick. How largely his statements are to be depended on, I more than merely dubitate. He was always distinguished for a tendency to exaggeration,—it might almost be qualified by a stronger term. *Fortiter mentire, aliquid hæret*, seemed to be his favourite rule of rhetorick. That he is actually where he says he is the post-mark would seem to confirm; that he was received with the publick demonstrations he describes would appear consonant with what we know of the habits of those regions; but further than this I venture not to decide. I have sometimes suspected a vein of humour in him which leads him to speak by contraries; but since, in the unrestrained intercourse of private life, I have never observed in him any striking powers of invention, I am the more willing to put a certain qualified faith in the incidents and the details of life and manners which give to his narratives some portion of the interest and entertainment which characterises a Century Sermon.

It may be expected of me that I should say something to justify myself with the world for a seeming inconsistency with my well-known principles in allowing my youngest son to raise a company for the war, a fact known to all through the medium of the publick prints. I did reason with the young man, but *expellas naturam furem, tamen usque recurrit*. Having myself been a chaplain in 1812, I could the less wonder that a man of war had sprung from my loins. It was, indeed, grievous to send my Benjamin, the child of my old age; but after the discomfiture of Manassas, I with my own hands did buckle on his armour, trusting in the great Comforter and Commander for strength according to

my need. For truly the memory of a brave son dead in his shroud were a greater staff of my declining years than a living coward (if those may be said to have lived who carry all of themselves into the grave with them), though his days might be long in the land, and he should get much goods. It is not till our earthen vessels are broken that we find and truly possess the treasure that was laid up in them: *Migravi in animam meam*, I have sought refuge in my own soul; nor would I be shamed by the heathen comedian with his *Nequam illud verbum, bene vult, nisi bene facit*. During our dark days, I read constantly in the inspired book of Job, which I believe to contain more food to maintain the fibre of the soul for right living and high thinking than all pagan literature together, though I would by no means vilipend the study of the classicks. There I read that Job said in his despair, even as the fool saith in his heart there is no God,—“The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure.” (*Job* xii. 6). But I sought farther till I found this Scripture also, which I would have those perpend who have striven to turn our Israel aside to the worship of strange gods:—“If I did despise the cause of my manservant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?” (*Job* xxxi. 13, 14.) On this text I preached a discourse on the last day of Fasting and Humiliation with general acceptance, though there were not wanting one or two Laodiceans who said that I should have waited till the President announced his policy. But let us hope and pray, remembering this of Saint Gregory, *Vult Deus rogari, vult cogi, vult quâdam importunitate vinci*.

We had our first fall of snow on Friday last. Frosts have been

unusually backward this fall. A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers,

[The editors of the *Atlantic* find it necessary here to cut short the letter of their valued correspondent, which seemed calculated rather on the rates of longevity in Jaalam than for less favoured localities. They have every encouragement to hope that he will write again.]

With esteem and respect,
Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence
I hain't writ no letters,
An' ther's gret changes hez took
place in all polit'cle metters;
Some canderdates air dead an'
gone, an' some hez ben de-
feated,
Which 'mounts to pooty much the
same; fer it's ben proved re-
peated
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz
once ain't goin' to rise agin,
An' it's jest money throwed away
to put the emptins in:
But thet's wut folks wun't never
larn; they dunno how to go,
Arter you want their room, no
more'n a bullet-headed beau;
Ther's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun'
thet can't see peatime's past,
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads
down an' tails half-mast:
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when
a holl nation does it,
But Chance is like an amberill,—
it don't take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin' o' cur'ous, now,
to know why I hain't writ.
Wal, I've ben where a litt'ry taste
don't somehow seem to git
Th'encouragement a feller'd think,
thet's used to public schools,

An' where sech things ez paper 'n'
ink air clean agin the rules;
A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built
dreffle strong an' stout,
So 's 't honest people can't get in,
ner t'other sort git out,
An' with the winders so contrived,
you'd prob'ly like the view
Better alookin' in than out, though
it seems sing'lar, tu;
But then the landlord sets by ye,
can't bear ye out o' sight,
And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an
outside door at night.

This world is awfle contrary: the
rope may stretch your neck
Thet mebbey kep' another chap frum
washin' off a wreck;
An' you may see the taters grow in
one poor feller's patch,
So small no self-respectin' hen thet
vallied time 'ould scratch,
So small the rot can't find 'em out,
an' then agin, nex' door,
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when
they're 'most too fat to snore.
But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use;
an' ef the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet's all,—
the coppers ain't all tails;
Though I hev seen 'em when I
thought they hedn't no more
head
Than 'd sarve a nussin' Brigadier
thet gets some luk to shed.

When I writ last, I'd ben turned
loose by thet blamed nigger,
Pomp,
Ferlornier than a musquash, ef you'd
took an' dreened his swamp:
But I ain't o' the meechin' kind,
thet sets an' thinks fer weeks
The bottom's out o' th' univarse
coz their own gillpot leaks.
I hed to cross bayous an' criks,
(wal, it did beat all natur'),
Upon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log,
then alligator;
Luck'ly, the critters warn't sharp-
sot; I guess 'twuz overruled
They'd done their mornin's market-
in' an' gut their hunger cooled;
Fer missionaries to the Creeks an'
runaways are viewed

By them an' folks ez sent express
to be their reg'lar food;
Wutever 'twuz, they laid an' snoozed
ez peacefully ez sinners,
Meek ez digestin' deacons be at
ordination dinners;
Ef any on 'em turned an' snapped,
I let 'em kin' o' taste
My live-oak leg, an' so, ye see, ther'
warn't no gret o' waste;
Fer they found out in quicker time
than ef they'd ben to college
'Twarn't heartier food than though
'twuz made out o' the tree o'
knowledge.
But I tell you my other leg hed
larned wut pizon-nettle meant,
An' various other usefule things,
afore I reached a settlement,
An' all o' me thet wuzn't sore an'
sendin' prickles thru me
Wuz jest the leg I parted with in
lickin' Montezumy:
A usefule limb it's ben to me, an'
more of a support
Than wut the other hez ben,—coz
I dror my pension for 't.

Wal, I gut in at last where folks
wuz civerlized an' white,
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 't
warn't hardly night;
Fer 'z I wuz settin' in the bar a-
takin' sunthin' hot,
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over
in one spot,
A feller thet sot oppersite, arter a
squint at me,
Lep up an' drawed his peacemaker,
an', "Dash it, Sir," suz he,
"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't
him thet stole my yaller
chettle,
(You're all the stranger thet's
around), so now you've gut to
settle;
It ain't no use to argerfy ner try
to cut up frisky,
I know ye ez I know the smell of
ole chain-lightnin' whiskey;
We're lor-abidiu' folks down here,
we'll fix ye so's 't a bar
Would n' tech ye with a ten-foot
pole; (Jedge, you jest warm
the tar);

You'll think you'd better ha' gut
among a tribe o' Mongrel Tar-
tars,
'Fore we've done showin' how we
raise our Southun prize tar-
martyrs;
A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he
should see ye, 'd snicker,
Thinkin' he warn't a suckemstance.
Come, genlemun, le' 's liquor;
An', Gin'ral, when you've mixed
the drinks an' chalked 'em up,
tote roun'
An' see ef ther's a feather-bed
(thet's borryable) in town.
We'll try ye fair, ole Grafted-Leg,
an' ef the tar wun't stick,
Th' ain't not a juror here but
wut'll 'quit ye double-quick."
To cut it short, I wun't say sweet,
they gi' me a good dip,
(They ain't *perfessin'* Bahptists
here), then give the bed a
rip,—
The jury 'd sot, an' quicker 'n a
flash they hetched me out, a
livin'
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick
fer a Fejee Thanksgivin'.
Thet I felt some stuck up is wut
it's nat'ral to suppose,
When poppylar enthusiasm hed
funished me sech clo'es;
(Ner 't ain't without edvantiges,
this kin' o' suit, ye see,
It's water-proof, an' water's wut I
like kep' gut o' me);
But nut content with thet, they
took a kerridge from the fence
An' rid me roun' to see the place,
entirely free 'f expense,
With forty-leven new kines o'
sarse without no charge ac-
quainted me,
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed thet
I wuz all their fahncy painted
me;
They treated me to all their eggs
(they keep 'em I should think,
Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for
they wuz mos' distine');
They starred me thick'z the
Milky-Way with indiscrim'nit
cherity,
Fer wut we call reception eggs air
sunthin' of a rerity;

Green ones is plentiful enough, skurce wuth a nigger's gether-in,'
 But your dead-ripe ones ranges higher treatin' Nothin' bretherin;
 A spotteder, ringsreakeder child the' warn't in Uncle Sam's
 Holl farm,—a cross of striped pig an' one of Jacob's lambs;
 'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, new an' enlarged edition,
 An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind; the' warn't no impersonation.
 People's impulsiver down here than wut our folks to home be,
 An' kin' o' go it 'ith a resh in raisin' Hail Columby:
 Thet's so; an' they swarmed out like bees, for your real Southun men's
 Time isn't o' much more account than an ole settin' hen's;
 (They jest work semioccasionally, or else don't work at all,
 An' so their time an' 'tention both air at saci'ty's call.)
 Talk about hospatality! wut Nothin' town d'ye know
 Would take a tole stranger up an' treat him gratis so?
 You'd better b'lieve ther's nothin' like this spendin' days an' nights
 Along 'ith a dependent race fer civerlizin' whites.
 But this wuz all prelim'nary; it's so Gran' Jurors here
 Fin' a true bill, a hendier way than ourn, an' nut so dear;
 So arter this they sentenced me, to make all tight 'n' snug,
 Afore a reg'lar court o' law, to ten years in the Jug.
 I didn't make no gret defence: you don't feel much like speakin',
 When, ef you let your clamshells gape, a quart o' tar will leak in;
 I hev hearn tell o' winged words, but pint o' fact it tethers
 The spoutin' gift to hev your words tu thick sot on with feathers,
 An' Choate ner Webster wouldn't ha' made an A x kin' o' speech
 Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper 'n a baby's screech.

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n' seein' I wuz inner-cent,
 They jest uncorked an' le' me run, an' in my stid the sinner sent
 To see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone flavoured with wa'nut saplin',
 An' narry social priv'ledge but a one-hoss, starn-wheel chaplin.
 When I come out, the folks behaved mos' gen'manly an' harm-some;
 They 'lowed it wouldn't be more'n right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn some:
 The Cunnle he apolergised; suz he, "I'll du wut's right,
 I'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin' ye at sight,
 An' give the nigger (when he's caught), to pay him fer his trickin'
 In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most H fired lickin',—
 It's jest the way with all on 'em, the inconsistent critters,
 They're 'most enough to make a man blaspheme his mornin' bitters;
 I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an' in all kines o' weathers,
 An' all you'll hev to pay fer 's jest the waste o' tar an' feathers:
 A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder, tu, Miss Shennon;
 It wuz her mite; we would ha' took another, ef there'd ben one:
 We don't make *no* charge for the ride an' all the other fixins,
 Le's liquor; Gin'ral, you can chalk our friend for all the mixins."
 A meetin' then was called, where they "RESOLVED, Thet we respec'
 B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart an' intellec'
 Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no one else's,
 Thet makes European tyransscreinge in all their gilded pel'ces,
 An' doos gret honour to our race an' Southun institutions;
 (I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin' resolutions):
 "RESOLVED, Thet we revere in him a soger 'thout a flor,

A martyr to the princerples o' lib-
baty an' lor :

RESOLVED, Thet other nations all,
ef sot 'longside o' us,

For vartoo, larnin, chivverlry, ain't
noways wuth a cuss."

They gut up a subscription, tu, but
no gret come o' *thet*;

I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they
took a leaky hat;

Though Southun genelmun ain't
slow at puttin' down their
name,

(When they can write), fer in the
eend it comes to jes' the same,

Because, ye see, 't's the fashion here
to sign an' not to think

A critter 'd be so sorded ez to ax
'em for the clink :

I didn't call but jest on one, an' *he*
drawed toothpick on me,

An' reckoned he warn't goin' to
stan' no sech doggauned econ-
'my;

So nothin' more was realised, 'cep-
tin' the good-will shown,

Than ef't had ben from fust to last
a reg'lar Cotton Loan.

It's a good way, though, come to
think, coz ye enjy the sense

O' lendin' lib' rally to the Lord, an'
nary red o' 'xpense :

Sence then I've gut my name up
for a gin'rous-hearted man

By jes' subscribin' right an' left on
this high-minded plan;

I've gin away my thousands so to
every Southun sort

O' missions, colleges, an' sech, ner
ain't no poorer for't.

I warn't so bad off, arter all; I
needn't hardly mention

That Guv'ment owed me quite a
pile for my arrears o' pension,—

I mean the poor, weak thing, we
hed : we run a new one now.

Thet strings a feller wuth a claim
up ta the nighes' bough,

An' *prectises* the rights o' man, pur-
tects down-trodden debtors,

Ner wun't hev creditors about
a-scrougin' o' their betters :

Jeff's gut the last idees ther is,
poscrip', fourteenth edition,

He knows it takes some enterprise
to run an oppersition;

Ourn's the fust thru-by-daylight
train, with all ou'doors for
deepot;

Yourn goes so slow you'd think
'twuz drawed by a las' cent'ry
teapot;—

Wal, I gut all on't paid in gold
afore our State seceded,

An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds
warn't jest the cheese I needed:

Nut but wut they're ez *good* ez gold,
but then it's hard a-breakin'
on 'em,

An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an'
wun't git used to takin' on 'em;

They're wuth ez much ez wut they
wuz afore ole Mem'nger signed
'em,

An' go off middlin' wal for drinks,
when ther's a knife behind
'em;

We *du* miss silver, jes fer that an'
ridin' in a bus,

Now we've shook off the desputs
thet wuz suckin' at our pus;

An' it's *because* the South's so rich;
'twuz nat'ral to expec'

Supplies o' change wuz jes' the
things we shouldn't recollec' ;

We'd ough' to ha' thought afore-
han', though, o' thet good rule
o' Crockett's,

For 't's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales
and niggers in your pockets,

Ner 'taint quite hendy to pass off
one o' your six-foot Guineas

An' git your halves an' quarters
back in gals an' pickaninnies :

Wal, 'taint quite all a feller 'd ax,
but then ther's this to say,

It's on'y jest among ourselves thet
we expec' to pay;

Our system would ha' caird us thru
in any Bible cent'ry,

Fore this onscripterl plan come up
o' books by double entry :

We go the patriarkle here out o'
all sight an' hearin',

For Jacob warn't a suckemstance
to Jeff at financierin' ;

He never'd thought o' borryin' from
Esau like all nater

An' then cornfiscatin' all debts to
sech a small petater ;

There's p'ltickle econ'my, now,
 combined 'ith morril beauty
 Thet saycrifices privit eends (your
 in'my's, tu) to dooty!
 Wy, Jeff'd ha' gin him five an' won
 his eye-teeth fore he knowed
 it,
 An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he'd
 ha' eat it up an' owed it.
 But I wuz goin' on to say how I
 come here to dwell;—
 'Nough said, thet, arter lookin'
 roun', I liked the place so wal,
 Where niggers doos a double good,
 with us atop to stiddy 'em,
 By bein' proofs o' prophecy an'
 suckleatin' medium,
 Where a man's sunthin' coz he's
 white, an' whiskey's cheap ez
 fleas,
 An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted
 my ideas,
 Thet I friz down right where I wuz,
 merried the Widder Shennon,
 (Her thirds wuz partin cotton-land,
 part in the curse o' Canaan,)
 An' here I be ez lively ez a chip-
 munk on a wall,
 With nothin' to feel riled about
 much later'n Eddam's fall,
 Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we
 made an even trade:
 She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly
 ready-made,
 The youngest on 'em's 'mos' grewed
 up, rugged an' spry ez weazles,
 So's 't ther's no risk o' doctors' bills
 fer hoopin'-cough an' measles.
 Our farm's at Turkey - Buzzard
 Roost, Little Big Boosy River,
 Wal located in all respex,—fer 't
 ain't the chills 'n fever
 Thet makes my writin' seem to
 squirm; a Southuner'd allow
 I'd
 Some call to shake, for I've jest hed
 to meller a new cowhide.
 Miss S. is all 'f a lady; th' ain't no
 better on Big Boosy
 Nerone with more accomplishmunts
 'twixt here an' Tuscaloosy;
 She's an F. F., the tallest kind, an'
 prouder'n the Gran' Turk,
 An' never hed a relative thet done
 a stroke o' work;

Hern ain't a scrimpin' fem'ly sech
 ez you git up Down East,
 Th' ain't a growed member on't but
 owes his thousuns et the least:
 She *is* some old; but then agin
 ther's drawbacks in my sheer:
 Wut's left o' me ain't more 'n en-
 ough to make a Brigadier:
 Wust is, thet she hez tantrums;
 she's like Seth Moody's gun
 (Him thet wuz nicknamed frum his
 limp Ole Dot an' Kerry One);
 He'd left her loaded up a spell, an'
 hed to git her clear,
 So he onhitched, — Jeerusalem!
 the middle o' last year
 Wuz right nex' door compared to
 where she kicked the critter tu
 (Though *jest* where he brought up
 wuz wut no human never
 knew);
 His brother Asaph picked her up
 an' tied her to a tree,
 An' then she kicked an hour 'n a
 half afore she'd let it be:
 Wal, Miss S. *doos* hev cuttins-up
 an' pourins-out o' vials,
 But then she hez her widder's
 thirds, an' all on us hez trials.
 My objec', though, in writin' now
 warn't to allude to sech,
 But to another suckemstance more
 dellykit to tech,—
 I want thet you should grad'ly
 break my merriage to Jerushy,
 An' there's a heap of argymunts
 thet's emple to indooce ye:
 Fust place, State's Prison,—wal,
 it's true it warn't fer crime, o'
 course,
 But then it's jest the same fer her
 in gittin' a divorce;
 Nex' place, my State's secedin' out
 hez leg'ly lef' me free
 To merry any one I please, per-
 vidin' it's a she;
 Fin'ly, I never wun't come back,
 she needn't hev no fear on't,
 But then it's wal to fix things right
 fer fear Miss S. should hear on't;
 Lastly, I've gut religion South, an'
 Rushy she's a pagan
 Thet sets by th' graven imiges o'
 the gret Nothun Dagon;
 (Now I hain't seen one in six munts,
 for, sence our Treasury Loan,

Though yaller boys is thick enough,
 eagles hez kind o' flown);
 An' ef J wants a stronger pint than
 them thet I hev stated,
 Wy, she's an aliun in'my now, an'
 I've been cornfiscated,—
 Forsence we've entered on th' estate
 o' the late nayshnul eagle,
 She hain't no kin' o' right but jes'
 wut I allow ez legle :
 Wut *doos* Secedin' mean, ef't ain't
 thet nat'rul rights hez riz, 'n'
 Thet wut is mine's my own, but
 wut's another man's ain't his'n ?
 Besides, I couldn't do no else ; Miss
 S. suz she to me,
 "You've sheered my bed," [thet's
 when I paid my interduction fee
 To Southun rites,] "an' kep' your
 sheer," [wal, I allow it sticked
 So's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail
 afore I gut me picked],
 "Ner never paid no demmiges ;
 but thet wun't do no harm,
 Pervidin' thet you'll undertake to
 oversee the farm ;
 (My eldes' boy's so took up, wut
 with the Ringtail Rangers
 An' settin' in the Jestice-Court for
 welcomin' o' strangers ;)"
 [He sot on me ;] "an' so, ef you'll
 jest undertake the care
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an'
 call it square ;
 But ef you *can't* conclude," suz she,
 an' give a kin' o' grin,
 "Wy, the Gran' Jurymen, I'xpect,
 'll hev to set agin."
 That's the way metters stood at
 fust ; now wut wuz I to du,
 But jes' to make the best on't an'
 off coat an' buckle tu ?
 Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finds
 an income necessariar
 Than me,—bimeby I'll tell ye how
 I fin'ly come to merry her.

She hed another motive, tu : I
 mention of it here
 T' encourage lads thet's growin' up
 to study 'n' persevere,

An' show 'em how much better 't pay
 to mind their winter-schoolin'
 Than to go off on benders 'n' sech,
 an' waste their time in foolin' ;
 Ef 'twarn't for studyin' evenin's,
 why, I never'd ha' ben here
 An orn'ment o' saciety, in my ap-
 proprut spear ;
 She wanted somebody, ye see, o'
 taste an' cultivation,
 To talk along o' preachers when
 they stopt to the plantation ;
 For folks in Dixie th't read an' rite,
 unless it is by jarks,
 Is skurce ez wut they wuz among
 th' oridgehle patriarchs ;
 To fit a feller f' wut they call the
 soshle higherarchy,
 All thet you've gut to know is jes'
 beyund an evrage darky ;
 Schoolin's wut they can't seem to
 stan', they retu consarned high-
 pressure,
 An' knowin' t' much might spile a
 boy for bein' a Secesher.
 We hain't no settled preachin' here,
 ner ministeril taxes ;
 The min'ster's only settlement's the
 carpet-bag he packs his
 Razor an' soap-brush intu, with
 his hymbook an' his Bible,—
 But they *du* preach, I swan to man,
 it's puf'kly indescrible !
 They go it like an Ericsson's ten-
 hoss-power coleric ingine,
 An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an'
 squirm, for all he's used to
 singein' ;
 Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch
 o' primin' to the innards
 To hearin' on 'em put free grace t'
 a lot o' tough old sinhards !
 But I must eend this letter now :
 fore long I'll send a fresh un ;
 I've lots o' things to write about,
 perticklerly Seceshun :
 I'm called off now to mission-work,
 to let a leetle law in
 To Cynthia's hide : an' so, till death,
 Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN. ;

No. II.

MASON AND SLIDELL: A
YANKEE IDYLL.TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 6th JAN., 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I was highly gratified by the insertion of a portion of my letter in the last number of your valuable and entertaining Miscellany, though in a type which rendered its substance inaccessible even to the beautiful new spectacles presented to me by a Committee of the Parish on New Year's Day. I trust that I was able to bear your very considerable abridgment of my lucubrations with a spirit becoming a Christian. My third granddaughter, Rebekah, aged fourteen years, and whom I have trained to read slowly and with proper emphasis (a practice too much neglected in our modern systems of education), read aloud to me the excellent essay upon "Old Age," the author of which I cannot help suspecting to be a young man who has never yet known what it was to have snow (*canities morosa*) upon his own roof. *Dissolve frigus, large super foco ligna reponens*, is a rule for the young, whose wood-pile is yet abundant for such cheerful lenitives. A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill-fortune. But methinks it were easier for an old man to feel the disadvantages of youth than the advantages of age. Of these latter I reckon one of the chiefest to be this: that we attach a less inordinate value to our own productions, and distrusting daily more and more our own wisdom (with the conceit whereof at twenty we wrap ourselves away from knowledge as with a garment), do reconcile ourselves with the wisdom of God. I

could have wished, indeed, that room might have been made for the residue of the anecdote relating to Deacon Tinkham, which would not only have gratified a natural curiosity on the part of the publick (as I have reason to know from several letters of inquiry already received), but would also, as I think, have largely increased the circulation of your Magazine in this town. *Nihil humani alienum*, there is a curiosity about the affairs of our neighbours which is not only pardonable, but even commendable. But I shall abide a more fitting season.

As touching the following literary effort of Esquire Biglow, much might be profitably said on the topick of Idyllick and Pastoral Poetry, and concerning the proper distinctions to be made between them, from Theocritus, the inventor of the former, to Collins, the latest author I know of who has emulated the classicks in the latter style. But in the time of a Civil War worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing, it may be reasonably doubted whether the publick, never too studious of serious instruction, might not consider other objects more deserving of present attention. Concerning the title of Idyll, which Mr. Biglow has adopted as my suggestion, it may not be improper to animadvert, that the name properly signifies a poem somewhat rustick in phrase (for, though the learned are not agreed as to the particular dialect employed by Theocritus, they are unanimous both as to its rusticity and its capacity of rising now and then to the level of more elevated sentiments and expressions), while it is also descriptive of real scenery and manners. Yet it must be admitted that the production now in question (which here and there bears perhaps too plainly the marks of my correcting hand) does partake of the nature of a Pastoral, inasmuch as the interlocutors therein are purely

imaginary beings, and the whole is little better than *καρνοῦ σκιάς ὕψος*. The plot was, as I believe, suggested by the "Twa Briggs" of Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of the last century, as that found its prototype in the "Mutual Complaint of Plainstones and Causey" by Fergusson, though the metre of this latter be different by a foot in each verse. I reminded my talented young parishioner and friend that Concord Bridge had long since yielded to the edacious tooth of Time. But he answered me to this effect: that there was no greater mistake of an author than to suppose the reader had no fancy of his own; that, if once that faculty was to be called into activity, it were *better* to be in for the whole sheep than the shoulder; and that he knew Concord like a book,—an expression questionable in propriety, since there are few things with which he is not more familiar than with the printed page. In proof of what he affirmed, he showed me some verses which with others he had stricken out as too much delaying the action, but which I communicate in this place because they rightly define "punkin-seed" (which Mr. Bartlett would have a kind of perch,—a creature to which I have found a rod or pole not to be so easily equivalent in our inland waters as in the books of arithmetic), and because it conveys an eulogium on the worthy son of an excellent father, with whose acquaintance (*cheu, fugaces anni!*) I was formerly honoured.

"But nowadays the Bridge ain't wut
they show,
So much ez Em'son, Hawthorne, an'
Thoreau,
I know the village, though; was
sent there once
A-schoolin', 'cause to home I played
the dunce;
An' I've ben sence a-visitin' the
Jedge,
Whose garding whispers with the
river's edge,

Where I've sot mornin's lazy as the
bream,
Whose on'y business is to head up-
stream,
(We call 'em punkin-seed), or else in
chat
Along 'th the Jedge, who covers
with his hat
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd
Yankee sense
Than there is mosses on an ole stone
fence."

Concerning the subject-matter of the verses, I have not the leisure at present to write so fully as I could wish, my time being occupied with the preparation of a discourse for the forthcoming bi-centenary celebration of the first settlement of Jaalam East Parish. It may gratify the publick interest to mention the circumstance, that my investigations to this end have enabled me to verify the fact (of much historick importance, and hitherto hotly debated) that Shear-jashub Tarbox was the first child of white parentage born in this town, being named in his father's will under date August 7th, or 9th, 1662. It is well known that those who advocate the claims of Mehetable Goings are unable to find any trace of her existence prior to October of that year. As respects the settlement of the Mason and Slidell question, Mr. Biglow has not incorrectly stated the popular sentiment, so far as I can judge by its expression in this locality. For myself, I feel more sorrow than resentment: for I am old enough to have heard those talk of England who still, even after the unhappy estrangement could not unschool their lips from calling her the Mother-Country. But England has insisted on ripping-up old wounds, and has undone the healing work of fifty years; for nations do not reason, they only feel, and the *spretæ injuria formæ* rankles in their minds as bitterly as in that of a woman. And because this is so, I feel the more satisfaction that our Government has acted (as all Governments should,

standing as they do between the people and their passions) as if it had arrived at years of discretion. There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong*; and I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the People below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men.

The sore points on both sides have been skilfully exasperated by interested and unscrupulous persons, who saw in a war between the two countries the only hope of profitable return for their investment in Confederate stock, whether political or financial. The always supercilious, often insulting, and sometimes even brutal tone of British journals and public men, has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble
your love,
But why did you kick me down
stairs?"

We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatise as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and most sacred.

Was it in good taste, that I may use the mildest term, for Earl Russell to expound our own Constitution to President Lincoln, or to make a new and fallacious application of an old phrase for our benefit, and tell us that the Rebels were fighting for independence and we for empire? As if all wars for independence were by nature just and deserving of sympathy, and all wars for empire ignoble and worthy only of reprobation, or as if these easy phrases in any way characterised this terrible struggle,—terrible not so truly in any superficial sense, as from the essential and deadly enmity of the principles that underlie it. His Lordship's bit of borrowed rhetoric would justify Smith O'Brien, Nana Sahib, and the Maori chieftains, while it would condemn nearly every war in which England has ever been engaged. Was it so very presumptuous in us to think that it would be decorous in English statesmen if they spared time enough to acquire some kind of knowledge, though of the most elementary kind, in regard to this country and the questions at issue here, before they pronounced so off-hand a judgment? Or is political information expected to come Dogberry-fashion in England, like reading and writing, by nature?

And now all respectable England is wondering at our irritability, and sees a quite satisfactory explanation of it in our national vanity. *Suave mari magno*, it is pleasant, sitting in the easy-chairs of Downing Street, to sprinkle pepper on the raw wounds of a kindred people struggling for life, and philosophical to find in self-conceit the cause of our instinctive resentment. Surely we were of all nations the least liable to any temptation of vanity at a time when the gravest anxiety and the keenest sorrow were never absent from our hearts. Nor is conceit the exclusive attribute of any one

nation. The earliest of English travellers, Sir John Mandeville, took a less provincial view of the matter when he said, "For fro what partie of the erthe that men duellen, other abovenor beneathen, it semethe always to hem that duellen that thei gon more righte than any other folke." The English have always had their fair share of this amiable quality. We may say of them still, as the author of the *Lettres Cabalistiques* said of them more than a century ago, "*Ces derniers disent naturellement qu'il n'y a qu'eux qui soient estimables.*" And, as he also says, "*J'aimerois presque autant tomber entre les mains d'un Inquisiteur que d'un Anglois qui me fait sentir sans cesse combien il s'estime plus que moi, et qui ne daigne me parler que pour injurier ma Nation et pour m'ennuyer du recit des grandes qualitez de la sienne.*" Of this Bull we may safely say with Horace, *habet fœnum in cornu*. What we felt to be especially insulting was the quiet assumption that the descendants of men who left the Old World for the sake of principle, and who had made the wilderness into a New World patterned after an Idea, could not possibly be susceptible of a generous or lofty sentiment, could have no feeling of nationality deeper than that of a tradesman for his shop. One would have thought, in listening to England, that we were presumptuous in fancying that we were a nation at all, or had any other principle of union than that of booths at a fair, where there is no higher notion of government than the constable, or better image of God than that stamped upon the current coin.

It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading public men calculated to rouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect, and sensitively

jealous, as ours then was, of foreign interference. Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels, nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Trent case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood of a people already overcharged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility? The laity in any country do not stop to consider points of law, but they have an instinctive appreciation of the *animus* that actuates the policy of a foreign nation; and in our own case they remembered that the British authorities in Canada did not wait till diplomacy could send home to England for her slow official tinder-box to fire the "Caroline." Add to this, what every sensible American knew, that the moral support of England was equal to an army of two hundred thousand men to the Rebels, while it insured us another year or two of exhausting war. It was not so much the spite of her words (though the time might have been more tastefully chosen) as the actual power for evil in them that we felt as a deadly wrong. Perhaps the most immediate and efficient cause of mere irritation was the sudden and unaccountable change of manner on the other side of the water. Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins; and everywhere it was nothing but "our American brethren," that great offshoot of British institutions in the New World, so almost identical with them in laws, language, and literature,—this last of the alliterative compliments being so bitterly true, that perhaps it will not be retracted even now. To this outburst of long-repressed affection we responded with genuine warmth, if with something of the awkwardness of a poor relation bewildered with the sudden tightening of the ties of consanguinity when it is rumoured that he has come into a large estate.

Then came the Rebellion, and, presto! a flaw in our titles was discovered, the plate we were promised at the family table is flung at our head, and we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing,—no relations of theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods of Europe. Panurge was not quicker to call Friar John his former friend. I cannot help thinking of Walter Mapes's jingling paraphrase of Petronius,—

"Dummodo sim splendidis vestibus
ornatus,
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus,
Et tuus nepos sum et tu meus cognatus,"

which I may freely render thus:—

So long as I was prosperous, I'd dinners
by the dozen,

Was well-bred, witty, virtuous, and
everybody's cousin:

If luck should turn, as well she may,
her fancy is so flexible,

Will virtue, cousinship, and all return
with her from exile?

There was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather; but the earth's surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers, and I revive the recollection of it now in perfect good-humour, merely by way of suggesting to our *ci-devant* British cousins, that it would have been easier for them to hold their tongues than for us to keep our tempers under the circumstances.

The English Cabinet made a blunder, unquestionably, in taking it so hastily for granted that the United States had fallen for ever from their position as a first-rate power, and it was natural that they should vent a little of their vexation on the people whose inexplicable obstinacy in maintaining freedom and order, and in resisting degradation, was likely to convict them of their mistake. But if bearing a grudge be the sure mark of a small

mind in the individual, can it be a proof of high spirit in a nation? If the result of the present estrangement between the two countries shall be to make us more independent of British twaddle (*Indomito nec dira ferens stipendia Tauro*), so much the better; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead has been once slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanising influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heirlooms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her.

Let us strengthen the hands of those in authority over us, and curb our own tongues, remembering that General Wait commonly proves in the end more than a match for General Headlong, and that the Good Book ascribes safety to a multitude, indeed, but not to a mob, of counsellours. Let us remember and perpend the words of Paulus Emilius to the people of Rome; that, "if they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge; but if they confided in him, they were not to make themselves his colleagues

in his office, or raise reports, or criticise his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former." (*Vide Plutarchum in Vita P. E.*)

Let us also not forget what the same excellent author says concerning Perseus's fear of spending money, and not permit the covetousness of Brother Jonathan to be the good fortune of Jefferson Davis. For my own part, till I am ready to admit the Commander-in-Chief to my pulpit, I shall abstain from planning his battles. If courage be the sword, yet is patience the armour of a nation; and in our desire for peace, let us never be willing to surrender the Constitution bequeathed us by fathers at least as wise as ourselves (even with Jefferson Davis to help us), and, with those degenerate Romans, *tuta et presentia quam vetera et periculosa malie*.

And not only should we bridle our own tongues, but the pens of others, which are swift to convey useful intelligence to the enemy. This is no new inconvenience; for, under date, 3d June, 1745, General Pepperell wrote thus to Governor Shirley from Louisbourg: "What your Excellency observes of the army's being made acquainted with any plans proposed until ready to be put in execution, has always been disagreeable to me, and I have given many cautions relating to it. But when your Excellency considers that our Council of War consists of more than twenty members, I am persuaded you will think it impossible for me to hinder it, if any of them will persist in communicating to inferior officers and soldiers what ought to be kept secret. I am informed that the Boston newspapers are filled with paragraphs from private letters relating to the expedition. Will your Excellency permit me to say

I think it may be of ill consequence? Would it not be convenient, if your Excellency should forbid the Printers' inserting such news?" Verily, if *tempora mutantur*, we may question the *et nos mutamur in illis*; and if tongues be leaky, it will need all hands at the pumps to save the Ship of State. Our history dotes and repeats itself. If Sassycus (rather than Alcibiades) find a parallel in Beauregard, so Weakwash, as he is called by the brave Lieutenant Lion Gardiner, need not seek far among our own Sachems for his anti-type.

With respect,

Your obt. humble servt,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I LOVE to start out arter night's begun,
An' all the chores about the farm are done,
The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,
Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper past,
An' Nancy darlin' by her ker'sene lamp,—
I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,
An' kind o' rack my life off from the dregs
Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
Hard work is good an' wholesome, past all doubt;
But 't ain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered out.
Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,
There's certin spots where like best to go:
The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),
The field o' Lexin'ton where Eng-land tried

The fastest colours thet she ever
dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis,
when he came,
Found was the bee-line track to
heaven an' fame,
Ez all roads be by natur', ef your
soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's
to save the toll.

They're 'most too fur away, take
too much time
To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme;
But the 's a walk thet's hendier, a
sight,
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's
night,—
I mean the round whale's-back o'
Prospect Hill.
I love to l'iter there while night
grows still,
An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-
saved lights goes out,
An' nary sound but watch-dogs'
false alarms,
Or muffled cock-crows from the
drowsy farms,
Where some wise rooster (men act
jest thet way)
Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the
break o' day:
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-
month's pin
Where the war 'd oughto eend,
then tries agin;
My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't
is to crow:

*Don't never prophesy—unless ye
know).*

I love to muse there till it kind o'
seems
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off
in dreams;
The northwest wind thet twitches
at my baird
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy
scared,
An' the same moon thet this De-
cember shines
Starts out the tents an' booths o'
Putnam's lines;
The rail-fence posts, acrost the
hill thet runs,

Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin'
ghosts o' guns;
Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash
o' light,
Along the firelock won at Concord
Fight,
An', 'twixt the silences, now fur,
now nigh,
Rings the sharp challenge, hums
the low reply.

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long
sence,
Mixin' the puffet with the present
tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the
air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't
tell where:
Voices I call 'em: 'twas a kind o'
sough
Like pine-trees thet the wind's
ageth'rin' through;
An', fact, I thought it *was* the
wind a spell,
Then some misdoubted, couldn't
fairly tell,
Fust sure, then not, jest as you
hold an eel,
I knowed, an' didn't,—fin'ly seem-
ed to feel
'Twas Concord Bridge a talkin' off
to kill
With the Stone Spike thet's druv
thru Bunker Hill;
Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y
dreamed,
I couldn't say; I tell it ez it
seemed.

THE BRIDGE.

Wal, neighbour, tell us wut's turned
up thet's new?
You're younger 'n I be,—nigher
Boston, tu:
An' down to Boston, ef you take
their showin',
Wut they don't know ain't hardly
wuth the knowin'.
There's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know:
las' night
The British sogers killed in our
gret fight
(Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred
nor spoke)

Ma sech a coil you'd thought a
dam hed broke :

Why, one he up an' beat a revellee
With his own crossbones on a holler
tree,

Till all the graveyards swarmed
out like a hive

With faces I hain't seen sence
Seventy-five.

Wut is the news? 'Tain't good,
or they'd be cheerin'.

Speak slow an' clear, for I'm some
hard o' hearin'.

THE MONIMENT.

I don't know hardly ef it's good or
bad,—

THE BRIDGE.

At wust, it can't be wus than wut
we've had.

THE MONIMENT.

You know them envys thet the
Rebbles sent,

An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the
Trent?

THE BRIDGE.

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em?
Then their wits is gone!

Thet's the sure way to make a
goose a swan!

THE MONIMENT.

No: England she *would* hev 'em,
Fee, Faw, Fum!

(Ez though she hedn't fools enough
to home,)

So they've returned 'em—

THE BRIDGE.

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet's the wust news I've heerd
sence Seventy-seven!

By George, I meant to say, though
I declare

It's 'most enough to make a deacon
swear

THE MONIMENT.

Now don't go off half-cock: folks
never gains

By usin' pepper-sarse instid o'
brains.

Come, neighbour, you don't under-
stand—

THE BRIDGE.

How? Hey?

Not understand? Why, wut's to
hender, pray?

Must I go huntin' round to find a
chap

To tell me when my face hez hed
a slap?

THE MONIMENT.

See here: the British they round
out a flaw

In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the
law:

(They *make* all laws, you know, an'
so, o' course,

It's nateral they should understan'
their force:)

He'd oughto ha' took the vessel
into port,

An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar
court;

She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer,
tu,

An' thet, they say, hez changed
the pint o' view,

Coz the old practice, bein' meant
for sails,

Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o'
fails;

You *may* take out despatches, but
'you mus'n't

Take nary man—

THE BRIDGE.

You mean to say, you dus'n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—
it's overboard

With law an' gospel, when their ox
is gored!

I tell ye, England's law, on sea an'
land,

Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heavi-
est hand.*"

Take nary man? Fine preachin'
from *her* lips!

Why, she hez taken hunderds from
our ships,

An' would agin, an' swear she had
a right to,

Ef we warn't strong enough to be
 perlite to.
 Of all the sarse thet I can call to
 mind,
 England *doos* make the most on-
 pleasant kind :
 It's you're the sinner ollers, she's
 the saint;
 Wut's good's all English, all thet
 isn't ain't;
 Wut profits her is ollers right an'
 just,
 An' ef you don't read Scriptur so,
 you must;
 She's praised herself ontill she fairly
 thinks
 There ain't no light in Natur when
 she winks;
 Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments
 in her pus?
 Could the world stir 'thout she
 went, tu, ez nus?
 She ain't like other mortals, thet's
 a fact :
 She never stopped the habus-corpus
 act,
 Nor specie payments, nor she never
 yet
 Cut down the int'rest on her public
 debt;
 She don't put down rebellions, lets
 'em breed,
 An's ollers willin' Ireland should
 secede;
 She's all thet's honest, honnable,
 an' fair,
 An' when the vartoos died they
 made her heir.

THE MONIMENT.

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never
 make a right;
 Ef we're mistaken, own up, an'
 don't fight:
 For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough
 to du
 'Thout gettin' up a fight with Eng-
 land, tu?
 She thinks we're rabble-rid—

THE BRIDGE.

An' so we can't
 Distinguish 'twixt *You oughtn't* an'
You shan't!

She judges by herself; she's no
 idear
 How 't stiddies folks to give 'em
 their fair sheer :
 The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain's
 a steeple,—
 Her People's turned to Mob, our
 Mob's turned People.

THE MONIMENT.

She's riled jes' now—

THE BRIDGE.

Plain proof her cause ain't
 strong,—
 The one thet fust gits mad's 'most
 ollers wrong.
 Why, sence she helped in lickin'
 Nap the Fust,
 An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to
 bust,
 With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austury, all
 assistin',
 Th' ain't nut a face but wut she's
 shook her fist in,
 Ez though she done it all, an' ten
 times more,
 An' nothin' never hed gut done
 afore,
 Nor never could agin', 'thout she
 wuz spliced
 On to one eend an' gin the old airth
 a hoist.
 She *is* some punkins, thet I wun't
 deny,
 (For ain't she some related to you
 'n' I?)
 But there's a few small intrists here
 below
 Outside the counter o' John Bull
 an' Co.
 An', though they can't conceit how
 't should be so,
 I guess the Lord druv down Crea-
 tion's spiles
 'Thout no *gret* helpin' from the
 British Isles,
 An' could contrive to keep things
 pooty stiff
 Ef they withdrawn from business
 in a niff;
 I ha'n't no patience with sech
 swellin' fellers ez
 Think God can't forge 'thout them
 to blow the bellerses.

THE MONIMENT.

You're ollers quick to set your back
 aridge,
 Though 't suits a tom-cat more'n a
 sober bridge:
 Don't you git het: they thought the
 thing was planned;
 They'll cool off when they come to
 understand.

THE BRIDGE.

Ef *thet's* wut you expect, you'll *hev*
 to wait:
 Folks never understand the folks
 they hate:
 She'll fin' some other grievance jest
 ez good,
 'Fore the month's out, to git mis-
 understood.
 England cool off! She'll do it, ef
 she sees
 She's run her head into a swarm o'
 bees.
 I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you
 spose:
 I hev thought England was the best
 thet goes;
 Remember (no, you can't), when I
 was reared,
God save the King was all the tune
 you heerd:
 But it's enough to turn Wachuset
 roun'
 This stumpin' fellers when you
 think they're down.

THE MONIMENT.

But, neighbour, ef they prove their
 claim at law,
 The best way is to settle, an' not
 jaw.
 An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the
 awfle bricks
 We'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in
 a fix:
 That 'ere's most frequently the kin'
 o' talk
 Of critters can't be kicked to toe
 the chalk;
 Your "You'll see *nex'* time!" an'
 "Look out bumby!"
 'Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-
 pie.

'Twun't pay to cringe to England:
 will it pay
 To fear that meaner bully, old
 "They'll say?"
 Suppose they *du* say: words are
 drefle bores,
 But they ain't quite so bad ez
 seventy-fours.
 Wut England wants is jest a wedge
 to fit
 Where it'll help to widen out our
 split:
 She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't
 for us to come
 An' lend the beetle thet's to drive
 it home.
 For growed-up folks like us 'twould
 be a scandle,
 When we git sarsed, to fly right off
 the handle.
 England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks
 us blind:
 Ef she can't change her skin, she
 can her mind:
 An' we shall see her change it
 double-quick,
 Soon ez we've proved thet we're
 a-goin' to lick.
 She an' Columby's gut to be fas'
 friends:
 For the world prospers by their
 privit ends:
 'Twould put the clock back all o'
 fifty years
 Ef they should fall together by the
 ears.

THE BRIDGE.

I 'gree to thet; she's nigh as to wut
 France is;
 But then she'll hev to make the
 fust advances;
 We've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by
 good rights,
 An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up
 the mites
 O' condescension she'll be lettin'
 fall
 When she finds out we ain't dead
 arter all!
 I tell ye wut, it takes more 'n one
 good week
 Afore *my* nose forgits it's hed a
 tweak.

THE MONIMENT.

She'll come out right bumby, thet
 I'll engage,
 Soon ez she gits to seein' we're of
 age;
 This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth
 a fuss;
 It's nat'ral ez nut likin' 't is to us;
 Ef we're agoin' to prove we *be*
 growed-up,
 'Twunt be by barkin' like a tarrier
 pup,
 But turnin' to an' makin' things ez
 good
 Ez wut we're ollers braggin' that
 we could;
 We're bound to be good friends,
 an' so we'd oughto,
 In spite of all the fools both sides
 the water.

THE BRIDGE.

I b'lieve thet's so; but hearken in
 your ear,—
 I'm older 'n you,—Peace wun't keep
 house with Fear:
 Ef you want peace, the thing you've
 gut to du
 Is jes' to show you're up to fightin',
 tu.
 I recollect how sailors' rights was
 won,
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip
 kissin' gun:
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up
 thet he
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the
 sea;
 You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
 Adam's will,
 An' ef you knuckle down, he'll
 think so still.
 Better thet all our ships an' all their
 crews
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dream-
 less ooze,
 Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez
 it went,
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's
 monument,
 Than seek sech peace ez only
 cowards crave:
 Give *me* the peace of dead men or
 of brave!

THE MONIMENT.

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious
 Fourth:
 You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut
 talk wuz worth.
 It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out
 o' jint;
 It's England thet gives up her dear-
 est pint.
 We've gut, I tell ye now, enough
 to du
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we're
 thru.
 I hoped, las' spring, jest arter
 Sumter's shame,
 When every flag-staff flapped its
 tethered flame,
 An' all the people, startled from
 their doubt,
 Come must'r in' to the flag with
 sech a shout,—
 I hoped to see things settled 'fore
 this fall,
 The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis
 hanged, an' all;
 Then come Bull Run, an' *sence*
 then I've ben waitin'
 Like boys in Jennooary thaw for
 skatin',
 Nothin' to du but watch my shad-
 der's trace
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun'
 my base,
 With daylight's flood an' ebb; it's
 gittin' slow,
 An' I 'most think we'd better let
 'em go.
 I tell ye wut, this war's a-goin' to
 cost—

THE BRIDGE.

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money
 lost;
 Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour,
 you'll allow
 Thet havin' things onsettled kills
 the cow:
 We've gut to fix this thing for
 good an' all;
 It's no use buildin' wut's a-goin' to
 fall.
 I'm older 'n you, an' I've seen
 things and men,
 An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut
 it's ben:

Folks thet worked thorough was
 the ones thet thriv,
 But bad work follers ye ez long's
 ye live;
 You can't git red on't; jest ez sure
 ez sin,
 It's ollers askin' to be done agin:
 Ef we should part, it wouldn't be
 a week
 Fore your soft-soddered peace
 would spring aleak.
 We've turned our cuffs up, but, to
 put her thru,
 We must git mad an' off with
 jackets, tu;
 'Twun't du to think thet killin'
 ain't perlite,—
 You've gut to be in airnest, ef you
 fight;
 Why, two-thirds o' the Rebbles
 ould cut dirt,
 Ef they once thought thet Guv'-
 ment meant to hurt;
 An' I *du* wish our Gin'als hed in
 mind
 The folks in front more than the
 folks behind;
 You wun't do much until you think
 it's God,
 An' not constitoots, thet holds
 the rod;
 We want some more o' Gideon's
 sword, I jedge,
 For proclamations ha'n't no gret of
 edge;
 There's nothin' for a cancer but
 the knife,
 Unless you set by 't more than by
 your life.
 I've seen hard times; I see a war
 begun
 Thet folks thet love their bellies
 never 'd won;
 Pharo's lean kine hung on for
 seven long year;
 But when 'twas done, we didn't
 count it dear.
 Why, law an' order, honour, civil
 right,
 Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth
 a fight?
 I'm older 'n you: the plough, the
 axe, the mill,
 All kin's o' labour, an' all kin's o'
 skill,

Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's
 claw,
 Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter,
 'stablished law;
 Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes
 whiz,
 A screw's gut loose in everythin'
 there is:
 Good buttresses once settled, don't
 you fret
 An' stir 'em; take a bridge's word
 for thet!
 Young folks are smart, but all ain't
 good thet's new;
 I guess the gran'thers they knowed
 sunthin', tu.

THE MONIMENT.

Amen to thet! build sure in the
 beginnin':
 An' then don't never tech the un-
 derpinnin':
 Th' older a guv'ment is, the better
 't suits;
 New ones hunt folks's corns out
 like new boots;
 Change jes' for change, is like them
 big hotels
 Where they shift plates, an' let ye
 live on smells.

THE BRIDGE.

Wal, don't give up afore the ship
 goes down:
 It's a stiff gale, but Providence
 wun't drown;
 An' God wun't leave us yit to sink
 or swim,
 Ef we don't fail to *du* wut's right
 by Him.
 This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut
 to be
 A better country than man ever
 see.
 I feel my sperit swellin' with a
 cry
 Thet seems to say, "Break forth
 an' prophesy!"
 O strange New World, thet yit
 wast never young.
 Whose youth from thee by gripin'
 need was wrung,
 Brown foundlin' o' the woods,
 whose baby-bed

Was prowled roun' by the Injun's
 cracklin' tread,
 An' who grew'st strong thru shifts
 an' wants an' pains,
 Nussed by stern men with empires
 in their brains,
 Who saw in vision their young
 Ishmel strain
 With each hard hand a vassal
 ocean's mane,
 Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by
 gret events
 To pitch new States ez Old-World
 men pitch tents,
 Thou, taught by Fate to know
 Jehovah's plan
 Thet man's devices can't unmake
 a man,
 An' whose free latch-string never
 was drawn in
 Against the poorest child of Adam's
 kin,—
 The grave's not dug where traitor
 hands shall lay
 In fearful haste thy murdered corse
 away!

I see —
 Jest here some dogs begun to
 bark,
 So thet I lost old Concord's last
 remark :
 I listened long, but all I seemed to
 hear
 Was dead leaves gossipin' on some
 birch-trees near ;
 But ez they hedn't no gret things
 to say,
 An' sed 'em often, I come right
 away,
 An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass
 the time,
 I put some thoughts thet bothered
 me in rhyme :
 I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em
 on,
 But here they be—it's

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
 When both my hands was full,
 To stump me to a fight, John,—
 Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 We know it now," sez he,

"The lion's paw is all the law,
 Accordin' to J. B.,
 Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John?
 Your mark wuz on the guns,
 The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
 Our brothers an' our sons:
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 There's human blood," sez he,
 "By fits an' starts, in Yankee
 hearts,
 Though 't may surprise J. B.
 More'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
 On *your* front-parlour stairs,
 Would it jest meet your views,
 John,
 To wait an' sue their heirs?
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 I on'y guess," sez he,
 "Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
 'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
 "J. B." was on his shirts, John,
 Unless my memory fails,
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
 (I'm good at thet)," sez he,
 "Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the
 juice
 For ganders with J. B.,
 No more 'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs,
 John,
 You didn't stop for fuss,—
 Britanny's trident prongs, John,
 Was good 'nough law for us.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Though physic's good," sez he,
 "It doesn't foller thet he canswaller
 Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
 Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John:
 You mus' n' take it hard,
 Ef we can't think with you, John,
 It's jest your own back-yard.
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
 Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
 "The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough

To bust up friend J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !”

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
Of honour when it meant
You didn't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent.* ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess
He's like the rest,” sez he :
“When all is done, it's number one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez't' you an' me !”

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 'twas right ;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess
We've a hard row,” sez he,
“To hoe jest now ; but thet some-
how,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !”

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess,
It is a fact,” sez he,
“The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me !”

Our folks believe in Law, John :
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess,
Ef 'twarnt for law,” sez he,
“There'd be one shindy from here
to Indy :
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an'
me !)”

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true ;
We thought 'twould win applause,
John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess,
His love of right,” sez he,
“Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton :
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !”

The South says, “*Poor folks
down!*” John,
An' “*All men up!*” say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown,
John :
Now which is your idee ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess,
John preaches wal,” sez he ;
“But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A crowdin' you an' me !”

Shall it be love, or hate, John ?
It's you thet's to decide ;
Ain't *your* bondsheld by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess
Wise men forgive,” sez he,
“But not forget ; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !”

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, “I guess,
God's price is high,” sez he ;
“But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me !”

No. III.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

*With the following Letter from the
REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A.M.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 7th Feb. 1862.

RESPECTED FRIENDS, — If I
know myself,—and surely a man
can hardly be supposed to have
overpassed the limit of fourscore
years without attaining to some
proficiency in that most useful
branch of learning (*e calo descen-
dit*, says the pagan poet),—I have
no great smack of that weakness
which would press upon the pub-

lick attention any matter pertaining to my private affairs. But since the following letter of Mr. Sawin contains not only a direct allusion to myself, but that in connection with a topick of interest to all those engaged in the public ministrations of the sanctuary, I may be pardoned for touching briefly thereupon. Mr. Sawin was never a stated attendant upon my preaching, — never, as I believe, even an occasional one, since the erection of the new house (where we now worship) in 1845. He did, indeed, for a time, supply a not unacceptable bass in the choir; but, whether on some umbrage (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) taken against the bass-viol, then, and till his decease in 1850 (*æt.* 77,) under the charge of Mr. Asaph Perley, or, as was reported by others on account of an imminent subscription for a new bell, he thenceforth absented himself from all outward and visible communion. Yet he seems to have preserved (*altâ mente repostum*), as it were, in the pickle of a mind soured by prejudice, a lasting *scunner*, as he would call it, against our staid and decent form of worship; for I would rather in that wise interpret his fling, than suppose that any chance tares sown by my pulpit discourses should survive so long, while good seed too often fails to root itself. I humbly trust that I have no personal feeling in the matter; though I know that, if we sound any man deep enough, our lead shall bring up the mud of human nature at last. The Bretons believe in an evil spirit which they call *ar c'houskezik*, whose office it is to make the congregation drowsy; and though I have never had reason to think that he was especially busy among my flock, yet have I seen enough to make me sometimes regret the hinged seats of the ancient meeting-house, whose lively clatter, not unwillingly intensified by boys beyond eyeshot of the tithing-man,

served at intervals a wholesome *réveil*. It is true, I have numbered among my parishioners some who are proof against the prophylactick fennel, nay, whose gift of somnolence rivalled that of the Cretan Rip Van Winkle, Epimeuïdes, and who, nevertheless, complained not so much of the substance as of the length of my (by them unheard) discourses. Some ingenious persons of a philosophick turn have assured us that our pulpits were set too high, and that the soporifick tendency increased with the ratio of the angle in which the hearer's eye was constrained to seek the preacher. This were a curious topick for investigation. There can be no doubt that some sermons are pitched too high, and I remember many struggles with the drowsy fiend in my youth. Happy Saint Anthony of Padua, whose finny acolytes, however they might profit, could never murmur! *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or has eloquence (*ut ita dicam*) always on tap? A good man, and, next to David, a sacred poet (himself, haply, not inexpert of evil in this particular), has said, —

“The worst speak something good : if
all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth
patience.”

There are one or two other points in Mr. Sawin's letter which I would also briefly animadvert upon. And first, concerning the claim he sets up to a certain superiority of blood and lineage in the people of our Southern States, now unhappily in rebellion against lawful authority and their own better interests. There is a sort of opinions, anachronisms at once and anachorisms, foreign both to the age and the country, that maintain a feeble and buzzing existence, scarce to be called life, like winter flies, which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun, and sometimes acquire vigour enough to disturb

with their enforced familiarity the studious hours of the scholar. One of the most stupid and pertinacious of these is the theory that the Southern States were settled by a class of emigrants from the old World socially superior to those who founded the institutions of New England. The Virginians especially lay claim to this generosity of lineage, which were of no possible account, were it not for the fact that such superstitions are sometimes not without their effect on the course of human affairs. The early adventurers to Massachusetts at least paid their passages; no felons were ever shipped thither; and though it be true that many deboshed younger brothers of what are called good families may have sought refuge in Virginia, it is equally certain that a great part of the early deportations thither were the sweepings of the London streets and the leavings of the London stews. It was this my Lord Bacon had in mind when he wrote: "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." That certain names are found, there is nothing to the purpose, for, even had an *alias* been beyond the invention of the knaves of that generation, it is known that servants were often called by their masters' names, as slaves are now. On what the heralds call the spindle side, some, at least, of the oldest Virginian families are descended from matrons who were exported and sold for so many hogsheds of tobacco the head. So notorious was this, that it became one of the jokes of contemporary playwrights, not only that men bankrupt in purse and character were "food for the Plantations" (and this before the settlement of New England), but also that any drab would suffice to wive such pitiful adventurers. "Never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia," says Middleton in one

of his comedies. The mule is apt to forget all but the equine side of his pedigree. How early the counterfeit nobility of the Old Dominion became a topick of ridicule in the Mother Country may be learned from a play of Mrs. Behn's, founded on the Rebellion of Bacon: for even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking. Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a Virginia ordinary, calls herself the daughter of a baronet "undone in the late rebellion,"—her father having in truth been a tailor,—and three of the Council, assuming to themselves an equal splendour of origin, are shown to have been, one "a broken exciseman who came over a poor servant," another a tinker transported for theft, and the third "a common pickpocket often flogged at the cart's tail." The ancestry of South Carolina will as little pass muster at the Herald's Visitation, though I hold them to have been more reputable, inasmuch as many of them were honest tradesmen and artisans, in some measure exiles for conscience' sake, who would have smiled at the high-flying nonsense of their descendants. Some of the more respectable were Jews. The absurdity of supposing a population of eight millions all sprung from gentle loins in the course of a century and a half is too manifest for confutation. But of what use to discuss the matter? An expert genealogist will provide any solvent man with a *genus et proavos* to order. My Lord Burleigh said (and the Emperor Frederick II. before him), that "nobility was ancient riches," whence also the Spanish were wont to call their nobles *ricos hombres*, and the aristocracy of America are the descendants of those who first became wealthy, by whatever means. Petroleum will in this wise be the source of much good blood among our posterity. The aristocracy of the South, such as it is, has the shallowest of all foundations, for it

is only skin-deep,—the most odious of all, for, while affecting to despise trade, it traces its origin to a successful traffic in men, women, and children, and still draws its chief revenues thence. And though, as Doctor Chamberlayne consolingly says in his *Present State of England*, “to become a Merchant of Foreign Commerce, without serving any Apprentisage, hath been allowed no disparagement to a Gentleman born, especially to a younger Brother,” yet I conceive that he would hardly have made a like exception in favour of the particular trade in question. Oddly enough this trade reverses the ordinary standards of social respectability no less than of morals, for the retail and domestick is as creditable as the wholesale and foreign is degrading to him who follows it. Are our morals, then, no better than *mores* after all? I do not believe that such aristocracy as exists at the South (for I hold with Marius, *fortissimum quemque generosissimum*) will be found an element of anything like persistent strength in war,—thinking the saying of Lord Bacon (whom one quaintly called *inductionis dominus et Verulamii*) as true as it is pithy, that “the more gentlemen, ever the more books of subsidies.” It is odd enough as an historical precedent, that, while the fathers of New England were laying deep in religion, education, and freedom the basis of a polity which has substantially outlasted any then existing, the first work of the founders of Virginia, as may be seen in Wingfield’s *Memorial*, was conspiracy and rebellion,—odder yet, as showing the changes which are wrought by circumstance, that the first insurrection in South Carolina was against the aristocratical scheme of the Proprietary Government. I do not find that the cuticular aristocracy of the South has added anything to the refinements of civilisation except the carrying of bowie-knives and the chewing

of tobacco,—a high-toned Southern gentleman being commonly not only *quadrumanous* but *quadruminant*.

I confess that the present letter of Mr. Sawin increases my doubts as to the sincerity of the convictions which he professes, and I am inclined to think that the triumph of the legitimate Government, sure sooner or later to take place, will find him and a large majority of his newly adopted fellow-citizens (who hold with Dædalus, the primal sitter-on-the-fence, that *medium tenere tutissimum*) original Union men. The criticisms towards the close of his letter on certain of our failings are worthy to be seriously perpended; for he is not, as I think, without a spice of vulgar shrewdness. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: there is no reckoning without your host. As to the good-nature in us which he seems to gird at, while I would not consecrate a chapel, as they have not scrupled to do in France, to *Nôtre Dame de la Haine* (Our Lady of Hate), yet I cannot forget that the corruption of good-nature is the generation of laxity of principle. Good-nature is our national characteristic; and though it be, perhaps, nothing more than a culpable weakness or cowardice when it leads us to put up tamely with manifold impositions and breaches of implied contracts (as too frequently in our publick conveyances), it becomes a positive crime, when it leads us to look unresentfully on peculation, and to regard treason to the best Government that ever existed as something with which a gentleman may shake hands without soiling his fingers. I do not think the gallows-tree the most profitable member of our *Sylva*; but, since it continues to be planted, I would fain see a Northern limb ingrafted on it, that it may bear some other fruit than loyal Tennesseans.

A relick has recently been discovered on the east bank of Bushy

Brook in North Jaalam, which I conceive to be an inscription in Runick characters relating to the early expedition of the Northmen to this continent. I shall make fuller investigations, and communicate the result in due season.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

P.S.—I enclose a year's subscription from Deacon Tinkham.

I HED it on my min' las' time,
when I to write ye started,
To tech the leadin' featur's o' my
gittin' me convarted;
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn
roun' by way o' Cuby,
'Twun't seem no staler now than
then, by th' time it gits where
you be.

You know up North, though secs
an' things air plenty ez you
please,

Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet
come jes' square with my idees:

They all on 'em wuz too much
mixed with Covenants o'
Works,

An' would hev answered jest ez
wal for Afrikins an' Turks,

Fer where's a Christian's privilege
an' his rewards ensuin',

Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an' eend
'thout nary need o' doin'?

I dessay they suit workin'-folks
thet ain't noways pertic'lar,

But nut your Southun gen'leman
thet keeps his perpendic'lar;

don't blame nary man thet casts
his lot along o' his folks,

But ef you callate to save *me*,
't must be with folks thet *is*
folks;

Cov'nants o' works go 'ginst my
grain, but down here I've
found out

The true fus'-fem'ly A r plan,—
here's how it come about.

When I fus' sot up with Miss S.,
sez she to me, sez she,

"Without you git religion, Sir, the
thing can't never be;

Nut but wut I respeck," sez she,
"your intellectle part,

But you wun't noways du for me
athout a change o' heart:

Nothun religion works wal North,
but it's ez soft ez spruce,

Compared to ourn, for keepin'
sound," sez she, "upon the
goose;

A day's experunce 'd prove to ye, ez
easy 'z pull a trigger;

It takes the Southun pint o' view
to raise ten bales a nigger;

You'll fin' thet human natur',
South, ain't wholesome more'n
skin-deep,

An' once't a darkie's took with it,
he wun't be wuth his keep."

"How *shell* I git it, Ma'am?" sez
I. "Attend the nex' camp-
meetin'."

Sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez
cheap ez onbleached sheetin'."

Wal, so I went along an' hearn
most an' impressive sarmon

About besprinklin' Afriky with
fourth-proof dew o' Harmon:

He didn't put no weaknin' in, but
gin it tu us hot,

'Z ef he an' Satan 'd ben two bulls
in one five-acre lot:

I don't purtend to foller him, but
give ye jes' the heads;

For pulpit ellerkence, you know,
'most ollers kin' o' spreads.

Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge,
an' shouldn't we be li'ble

In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back
their priv'lege in the Bible?

The cusses an' the promeres make
one gret chain, an' ef

You snake one link out here, one
there, how much on 't ud be
lef'?

All things wuz gin to man for 's
use, his sarvice, an' delight:

An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew
words thet mean a Man mean
White?

Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in
all it's proudest featur's

To think 'twuz wrote for black an'
brown an' lasses-coloured crea-
tures,

Thet couldn't read it, ef they would,
nor ain't by lor allowed to,

But ough' to take wut we think
suits their natures, an' be proud
to?
Warn't it more profit'able to bring
your raw materil thru
Where you can work it into grace
an' into cotton, tu,
Than sendin' missionaries out where
fevers might defeat 'em,
An' ef the butcher didn' call, their
p'rishioners might eat 'em?
An' then, agin, wut airthly use?
Nor 't warn't our fault, in so
fur
Ez Yankee skippers would keep on
a-totin' on 'em over.
'T improved the whites by savin'
'em from ary need o' wurkin',
An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost
thru idleness an' shirkin';
We took to 'em ez nat'rale ez a barn-
owl doos to mice,
An' hed our hull time on our hands
to keep us out o' vice;
It made us feel ez pop'lar ez a hen-
doos with one chicken,
An' fill our place in Natur's scale
by givin' 'em a lickin';
For why should Cæsar git his dues
more 'n Juno, Pomp, an Cuffy?
It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger
when he's stuffy.
Where 'd their soles go tu, like to
know, ef we should let 'em
ketch
Freeknowledgeism an' Fourierism
an' Speritoolism an' sech?
When Satan sets himself to work
to raise his very bes' muss,
He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views
relatin' to Ones' muss.
You'd ough' to seen, though, how
his facts an' argymunce an' fig-
gers
Drawed tears o' real conviction
from a lot o' pen'tent niggers!
It warn't like Wilbur's meetin',
where you're shet up in a pew,
Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears,
an bilin' to be thru;
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed
a kag o' sunthin' in it,
Where you could go, ef you wuz
dry, an' damp ye in a minute;
An' ef you did dror off a spell,
ther' wuzn't no occasion

To lose the thread, because, ye see,
he bellered like all Bashan.
It's dry work follerin' argymunce
an' so, 'twix' this an' thet,
I felt conviction weighin' down
somehow inside my hat;
It growed an' growed like Jonah's
gourd, a kin' o' whirlin' ketched
me,
Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an'
owned up thet he'd fetched me;
An' when nine tenths o' th' perrish
took to tumblin' roun' an' hol-
lerin',
I didn' fin' no gret in th' way o'
turnin' tu an' follerin'.
Soon ez Miss S. see thet, sez she,
"Thet's wut I call wuth seein'!
Thet's actin' like a reas'nable an'
intellectle bein'!"
An' so we fin'ly made it up, con-
cluded to hitch hosses.
An' here I be 'n my ellermunt
among creation's bosses;
Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o'
blanks, Fortin at last hez sent
a prize,
An' chose me for a shinin' light o'
missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on
which I've changed my plan
O' thinkin' so 's 't I might become
a straight-out Southun man.
Miss S. (her maiden name wuz
Higgs, o' the fus' fem'ly here)
On her Ma's side 's all Juggernot,
on Pa's all Cavileer,
An' sence I've merried into her an'
stept into her shoes,
It ain't more 'n nateral thet I
should modderfy my views:
I've ben a-readin' in Debow ontill
I've fairly gut
So 'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives
ha' ben a Dook ez nut;
An' when we've laid ye all out stiff,
an' Jeff hez gut his crown,
An' comes to pick his nobles out,
wun't this child be in town!
We'll hev an Age o' Chivvelry sur-
passin' Mister Burke's,
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an'
nary white man works:
Our system's sech, the thing 'll
root ez easy ez a tater;

For while your lords in furrin
parts ain't noways marked by
natur',

Nor sot apart from ornery folks in
featur's nor in figgers,

Ef ourn 'll keep their faces washed,
you'll know 'em from their
niggers.

Ain't *sech* things wurth secedin'
for, an' gittin' red o' you

Thet waller in your low idees, an'
will till all is blue?

Fact is, we *air* a diff'rent race, an'
I, for one, don't see,

Sech havin' ollers ben the case,
how w' ever *did* agree.

It's sunthin' thet you lab'r in'-folks
up North hed ough' to think on,

Thet Higgsses can't bemean them-
selves to rulin' by a Lincoln,—

Thet men (an' guv'nors tu), thet
hez *sech* Normal names ez
Pickens,

Accustomed to no kin' o' work,
'thout 'tis to givin' lickins,

Can't masure votes with folks thet
get their livins from their
farms,

An' prob'ly think thet Law's ez
good ez hevin' coats o' arms.

Sence I've ben here, I've hired a
chap to look about for me

To git me a transplantable an'
thrifty fem'ly-tree,

An' he tells *me* the Sawins is ez
much o' Normal blood

Ez Pickens an' the rest on 'em, an'
older 'n Noah's flood.

Your Normal schools wun't turn
ye into Normals, for it's clear.

Efeddykatin' done the thing, they'd
be some skurcer here.

Pickenses, Boggsses, Pettuses, Ma-
goffins, Letchers, Polks,—

Where can you scare up names like
them among your mudsill folks?

Ther's nothin' to compare with
'em, you'd fin', ef you should
glance,

Among the tip-top femerlies in
Englan', nor in France:

I've hearn from 'sponsible men
whose word wuz full ez good's
their note,

Men thet can run their face for
drinks, an' keep a Sunday coat,

Thet they wuz all on 'em come
down, an' come down pooty
fur,

From folks thet, 'thout their
crowns wuz on, ou' doors
wouldn't never stir,

Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun
man but wut wuz *primy fashy*

O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis,
an' Afriky an' Ashy:

Sech bein' the case, is't likely we
should bend like cotton wickin',

Or set down under anythin' so low-
lived ez a lickin'?

More'n this,—hain't we the litera-
toor an' science, tu, by gorry?

Hain't we them intellectle twins,
them giants, Simms an' Maury,

Each with full twice the ushle
brains, like nothin' thet I know,

'Thout 't wuz a double-headed calf
I see once to a show?

For all thet, I warn't jest at fust
in favour o' secedin';

I wuz for layin' low a spell to find
out where 'twuz leadin',

For hevin' South-Carliny try her
hand at sepritationin',

She takin' resks an' findin' funds,
an' we co-operationin',—

I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an'
settin' on the fence,

Till Prov'dunce pinte how to jump
an' save the most expense;

I recollected thet 'ere mine o' lead
to Shiraz Centre

Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an'
didn't want to ventur'

'Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud
pay for wut went in,

For swappin' silver off for lead ain't
the sure way to win;

(An', fact, it *doos* look now ez
though—but folks must live
an' larn—

We should git lead, an' more'n we
want, out o' the Old Consarn;

But when I see a man so wise an'
honest ez Buchanan

A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all
the arms an' cannon,

Admittin' we wuz nat'ly right an'
you wuz nat'ly wrong,

Coz you wuz lab'r in'-folks an' we
wuz wut they call *bong-tong*.

An' coz there warn't no fight in ye
 more'n in a mashed potater,
 While two o' *us* can't skurcely meet
 but wut we fight by natur',
 An' th' ain't a bar-room here would
 pay for openin' on't a night,
 Without it giv the priverlege o'
 bein' shot at sight,
 Which proves we're Natur's noble-
 men, with whom it don't sur-
 prise
 The British aristoxty should feel
 boun' to sympathize,—
 Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the
 thing wuz strikin' roots
 While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes
 thet some one'd bring his boots,
 I thought th' ole Union's hoops
 wuz off, an' let myself be
 sucked in
 To rise a peg an' jine the crowd
 thet went for reconstructin',—
 Thet is to hev the pardnership
 under th' ole name continner
 Jest ezit wuz, we drorrin' pay, you
 findin' bone an' sinner,—
 On'y to put itin the bond, an' enter't
 in the journals,
 Thet you're the nat'ral rank an'
 file, an' we the nat'ral kurnels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan,
 thet 'ud work smooth ez grease,
 Suitin' the Nineteenth Century an'
 Upper Ten ideas,
 An' there I meant to stick, an' so
 did most o' th' leaders, tu,
 Coz we all thought the chance wuz
 good o' puttin' on it thru ;
 But Jeff he hit upon a way o'
 helpin' on us forrard
 By bein' unannermous,—a trick
 you ain't quite up to, Norrard.
 A Baldin hain't no more 'f a chance
 with them new apple-corers
 Than folks's oppersition views
 against the Ringtail Roarers ;
 They'll take 'em out on him 'bout
 east,—one canter on a rail
 Makes a man feel unannermous ez
 Jonah in the whale ;
 Or ef he's a slow-moulded cuss thet
 can't seem quite t' 'gree,
 He gits the noose by tellergraph
 upon the nighes' tree :

Their mission-work with Afrikins
 hez put 'em up, thet's sartin,
 To all the mos' across-lot ways o'
 preachin' an' convartin' ;
 I'll bet my hat th' aint nary priest,
 nor all on 'em together,
 Thet cairs conviction to the min'
 like Reveren' Taranfeather ;
 Why, he sot up with me one night,
 an' laboured to sech purpose,
 Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst
 a flock o' teazin' chirpers
 Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness
 o' eatin' little birds)
 I see my error an' agreed to shen it
 arterwurds ;
 An' I should say, (to jedge our folks
 by facts in my possession,)
 Thet three's Unannermous where
 one's a 'Riginal Secession ;
 So it's a thing you fellers North
 may safely bet your chink on,
 Thet we're all water-proofed agin
 th' usurpin' reign o' Lincoln.

Jeff's *some*. He's gut another plan
 thet hez partic'lar merits,
 In givin' things a cheerfie look an'
 stiffnin' loose-hung sperits ;
 For while your million papers, wut
 with lyin' an' discussin',
 Keep folks's tempers all on eend
 a-fumin' an' a-fussin',
 A-wondrin' this an' guessin' thet,
 an' dreadin' every night
 The breechin' o' the Univarise 'll
 break afore it's light,
 Our papers don't purtend to print
 on'y wut Guv'ment choose,
 An' thet insures us all to git the
 very best o' noose :
 Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kines, an'
 sarves it out ez wanted,
 So's 't every man gits wut he likes
 an' nobody ain't scanted ;
 Sometimes it's vict'ries (they're
 'bout all ther' is that's cheap
 down here),
 Sometimes it's France an' England
 on the jump to interfere.
 Fact is, the less the people know
 o' wut ther' is a-doin',
 The hendier 'tis for Guv'ment, sence
 it henders trouble brewin' ;
 An' nooze is like a shimplaster,—
 it's good, ef you believe it,

Or, wut's all same, the other man
 thet's goin' to receive it:
 Ef you've a son in th' army, wy,
 'it's comfortin' to hear
 He'll hev no gretter resk to run
 than seein' th' in'my's rear,
 Coz, ef an F. F. looks at 'em, they
 ollers break an' run,
 Or wilt right down ez debtors will
 thet stumble on a dun,
 (An' this, ef an'thin', proves the
 wuth o' proper femly pride,
 Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors
 are all on Lincoln's side);
 Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no
 more'n a Belgin rifle,
 An' read thet it's at par on 'Change,
 it makes me feel deli'fse;
 It's cheerin', tu, where every man
 mus' fortify his bed,
 To hear thet Freedom's the one
 thing our darkies mos'ly dread,
 An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin,
 to Dixie's Land hez shown
 Ther's nothin' like a powder-cask
 fer a stiddy corner-stone;
 Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt
 is sellin' by the ounce
 For its own weight in Treash'ry-
 bons (ef bought in small
 amounts),
 When even whiskey's gittin' skurce
 an' sugar can't be found,
 To know thet all the ellerments o'
 luxury abound?
 An' don't it glorify sal-pork, to
 come to understand
 It's wut the Richmon' editors call
 fatness o' the land!
 Nex' thing to knowin' you're well
 off is *nut* to know when y' ain't;
 An' ef Jeff says all's goin' wal,
 who'll ventur' t' say it ain't?
 This cairn the Constitutooshun roun'
 ez Jeff doos in his hat
 Is hendier a drefle sight, an' comes
 more kin' o' pat.
 I tell ye wut, my jedgment is
 you're pooty sure to fail,
 Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin'
 back for counsel to the tail:
 Th' advantiges of our consarn for
 bein' prompt air gret,
 While, 'long 'o Congress, you can't
 strike, 'f you git an iron het;

They bother roun' with argoooin',
 an' var'ous sorts 'o foolin',
 To make sure ef it's leg'lly het, an'
 all the while it's coolin',
 So's 't when you come to strike, it
 ain't no gret to wish ye j'y on,
 An' hurts the hammer 'z much or
 more ez wut it doos the iron,
 Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees
 for three months at a stretch,
 Knowin' the ears long speeches
 suits air mostly made to
 metch;
 He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps
 an' reg'lar ten-inch bores
 An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef
 they'll du it with closed doors;
 So they ain't no more bothersome
 than ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,
 An' yit enjy th' exclusive right to
 one another's Buncombe
 'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an'
 'thout it costin' nothin',
 Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds,
 they findin' keep an' clothin';
 They taste the sweets o' public life,
 an' plan their little jobs,
 An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret
 harm, for it's ez dry ez cobs),
 An' go thru all the motions jest ez
 safe ez in a prison,
 An' hev their business to them-
 selves, while Buregard hez
 hisn:
 Ez long'z he gives the Hessians fits,
 committees can't make bother
 'Bout whether 't 's done the legle
 way or whether 't 's done the
 t'other.
 An' I tell you you've gut to larn
 thet War ain't one long teeter
 Betwixt *I wan'* to an' *'Twun't du*,
 debatin' like a skeetur
 Afore he lights,—all is, to give
 the other side a millin',
 An' arter thet's done, th' ain't no
 resk but wut the lor'll be
 willin';
 No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez
 nigh ez I can hit it,
 A lickin's constitooshunal, per-
 vidin' *We* don't git it.
 Jeff don't stan' dilly-dallyin', afore
 he takes a forth
 (With no one in), to git the leave
 o' the nex' Soopreme Court,

Nor don't want forty-'leven weeks
o' jawin' and expoundin',
To prove a nigger hez a right to
save him, ef he's drownin';
Whereas ole Abram 'd sink afore
he'd let a darkie boost him,
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an'
hedn't interdooced him.
It ain't your twenty millions thet'll
ever block Jeff's game,
But one Man thet wun't let 'em jog
jest ez he's takin' aim:
Your numbers they may strengthen
ye or weaken ye, ez 't heppens
They're willin' to be helpin' hands
or wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns.

I've chose my side, an' 't ain't no
odds ef I wuz drawed with
magnets,
Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine
the nighes' bagnets;
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered
out, from all I see an' heard,
Th' ole Constitooshun never 'd git
her decks for action cleared,
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen
poor shots thet want to go
Coz they can't seem to git their grub
no otherways than so,
An' let your bes' men stay to home
coz they wun't show ez talkers,
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an'
sof'-soap ye at a caucus,—
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n
ye do by folks's merits,
Ezthough experuncethriv by change
o' sile, like corn an' kerrits,—
Long 'z ye allow a critter's
"claims" coz, spite o' shoves
an' tippins,
He's kep' his private pan jes' where
'twould ketch mos' public
drippins',—
Long 'z A. 'll turn tu an' grin' B.'s
exe, ef B. 'll help him grin'
hism,
(An thet's the main idee by which
your leadin' men hev risen),—
Long 'z you let *any* exe be groun',
'less 'tis to cut the weasan'
O' sneaks, thet dunno till they're
told wut is an' wut ain't Treason,—

Long 'z ye give out commissions to
a lot o' peddlin' drones
Thet trade in whiskey with their
men an' skin 'em to their
bones,—
Long 'z ye sift out "safe" cander-
dates thet no one ain't afeard
on,
Coz they're so thund'rin' eminent
for bein' never heard on,
An' haint no record, ez it 's called,
for folks to pick a hole in,
Ez ef it hurt a man to hev a body
with a soul in,
An' it wuz ostentashun to be show-
in' on't about,
When half his feller-citizens con-
trive to du without,—
Long 'z you suppose your votes can
turn biled kebbage into brain,
An' ary man thet's pop'lar 's fit to
drive a lightnin'-train,—
Long 'z you believe democracy
means *I'm ez good ez you be*,
An' that a feller from the ranks
can't be a knave or booby,—
Long 'z Congress seems purvided,
like yer street-cars an' yer
'busses,
With ollers room for jes' one more
o' your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul,
an' yit with means about 'em
(Like essence-peddlers*) thet 'll
make folks long to be without
'em,
Jest heavy 'nough to turn a scale
thet's doubtfe the wrong
way,
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o'
bein' nasty pay,—
Long 'z them things last (an' *I* don't
see no gret signs of improvin'),
I shan't up stakes, not hardly yit,
nor 'twouldn't pay for movin';
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the
long'st day ever *you* see.
Yourn, (ez I 'xpec' to be nex'
spring,)

B., MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY.

* A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Mephitis*. H.W.

No. IV.

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS
IN SECRET SESSION.*Conjecturally reported by H. BIGLOW.*TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 10th March 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—My leisure has been so entirely occupied with the hitherto fruitless endeavour to decypher the Runick inscription whose fortunate discovery I mentioned in my last communication, that I have not found time to discuss, as I had intended, the great problem of what we are to do with slavery,—a topick on which the publick mind in this place is at present more than ever agitated. What my wishes and hopes are I need not say; but for safe conclusions I do not conceive that we are yet in possession of facts enough on which to bottom them with certainty. Acknowledging the hand of Providence, as I do, in all events, I am sometimes inclined to think that they are wiser than we, and am willing to wait till we have made this continent once more a place where freemen can live in security and honour, before assuming any further responsibility. This is the view taken by my neighbour Habakkuk Sloansure, Esq., the president of our bank, whose opinion in the practical affairs of life has great weight with me, as I have generally found it to be justified by the event, and whose counsel, had I followed it, would have saved me from an unfortunate investment of a considerable part of the painful economies of half a century in the North-west-Passage-Tunnel. After a somewhat animated discussion with this gentleman, a few days since, I expanded, on the *audi alteram partem* principle, something which he happened to say by way of illustration, into the following fable.

FESTINA LENTE.

Once on a time there was a pool
Fringed all about with flag-leaves cool
And spotted with cow-lilies garish,
Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.
Alders the creaking redwings sink on,
Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lin'
 coln
Hegged round the unassailed seclusion,
Where muskrats piled their cells Car-
 thusian;
And many a moss-embroidered log,
The watering-place of summer frog,
Slept and decayed with patient skill,
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Theleme,
Which realised the fairest dream
That ever dozing bull-frog had,
Sunned on a half-sunk lily-pad,
There rose a party with a mission
To mend the polliwogs' condition,
Who notified the selectmen
To call a meetin there and then.
"Some kind of steps," they said, "are
 needed;

They don't come on so fast as we did:
Let's dock their tails; if that don't
 make 'em

Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em!
That boy, that came the other day
To dig some flag-root down this way,
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign
That Heaven approves of our design:
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,
When Providence has sent the weapon."

Old creakers, deacons of the mire,
That led the deep batrachian choir,
Uk! Uk! Caronk! with bass that might
Have left Lablache's out of sight,
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go!
You'd better let 'em try to grow:
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still
He does know how to make a pill."

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,
Their old experience out of place,
And spite of croaking and entreating,
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting.

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs;
But do not undertake the work
Of Nature till she prove a shirk;
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,
But wins her way by circumstances:
Pray, wait awhile, until you know
We're so contrived as not to grow:
Let Nature take her own direction,
And she'll absorb our imperfection:
You mightn't like 'em to appear with,
But you must have the things to steer
 with."

"No," piped the party of reform,
 "All great results are ta'en by storm;
 Fate holds her best gifts till we show
 We've strength to make her let them
 go;

The Providence that works in history,
 And seems to some folks such a mys-
 tery,

Does not creep slowly on *incog.*,
 But moves by jumps, a mighty frog;
 No more reject the Age's chrism,
 Your queues are an anachronism;
 No more the Future's promise mock,
 But lay your tails upon the block,
 Thankful that we the means have voted
 To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were
 cropped,

And home each philotadpole hopped,
 In faith rewarded to exult,
 And wait the beautiful result.
 Too soon it came; our pool, so long
 The theme of patriot bull-frog's song,
 Next day was reeking, fit to smother,
 With heads and tails, that missed each
 other,—

Here snoutless tails, there tailless
 snouts;

The only gainers were the pouts.

MORAL.

From lower to the higher next,
 Not to the top, is Nature's text;
 And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
 Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

I think that nothing will ever
 give permanent peace and security
 to this continent but the extirpation
 of Slavery therefrom, and that the
 occasion is nigh; but I would do
 nothing hastily or vindictively, nor
 presume to jog the elbow of Provi-
 dence. No desperate measures for
 me till we are sure that all others
 are hopeless,—*flectere si nequeo su-
 peros, Acheronta movebo*. To make
 Emancipation a reform instead of a
 revolution is worth a little patience,
 that we may have the Border States
 first, and then the non-slaveholders
 of the Cotton States, with us in
 principle,—a consummation that
 seems to be nearer than many ima-
 gine. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, is
 not to be taken in a literal sense
 by statesmen, whose problem is to
 get justice done with as little jar
 as possible to existing order, which
 has at least so much of heaven in
 it that it is not chaos. Our first

duty toward our enslaved brother
 is to educate him, whether he be
 white or black. The first need of
 the free black is to elevate himself
 according to the standard of this
 material generation. So soon as
 the Ethiopian goes in his chariot,
 he will find not only Apostles, but
 Chief Priests and Scribes and Phari-
 sees willing to ride with him.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
 Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

I rejoice in the President's late
 Message, which at last proclaims
 the Government on the side of
 freedom, justice, and sound policy.

As I write, comes the news of our
 disaster at Hampton Roads. I do
 not understand the supineness
 which, after fair warning, leaves
 wood to an unequal conflict with
 iron. It is not enough merely to have
 the right on our side, if we stick to
 the old flint-lock of tradition. I
 have observed in my parochial
 experience (*haud ignarus mali*)
 that the Devil is prompt to adopt
 the latest inventions of destructive
 warfare, and may thus take even
 such a three-decker as Bishop But-
 ler at an advantage. It is curious,
 that, as gunpowder made armour
 useless on shore, so armour is
 having its revenge by baffling its
 old enemy at sea,—and that, while
 gunpowder robbed land warfare of
 nearly all its picturesqueness to
 give even greater stateliness and
 sublimity to a sea-fight, armour
 bids fair to degrade the latter into
 a squabble between two iron-shelled
 turtles.

Yours, with esteem and respect,
 HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

P.S.—I had well-nigh forgotten
 to say that the object of this letter
 is to enclose a communication from
 the gifted pen of Mr. Biglow.

I SENT you a messige, my friends,
 t'other day,
 To tell you I'd nothin' pertickler
 to say;

'Twuz the day our new nation gut
 kin' o' stillborn,
 So 'twuz my pleasant dooty t'
 acknowledge the corn,
 An' I see clearly then, ef I didn't
 before,
 Thet the *augur* in inauguration
 means *bore*.
 I needn't tell *you* thet my messige
 was written
 To diffuse correc' notions in France
 an' Gret Britten,
 An' agin to impress on the poppylar
 mind
 The comfort an' wisdom o' goin' it
 blind,—
 To say that I didn't abate not a
 hooter
 O' my faith in a happy an' glorious
 futur',
 Ez rich in each soshle an' p'litickle
 blessin'
 Ez them thet we now hed the joy
 o' possessin',
 With a people united, an' longin'
 to die
 For wut *we* call their country,
 without askin' why,
 An' all the gret things we con-
 cluded to slope for
 Ez much within reach now ez
 ever—to hope for.
 We've gut all the ellerments, this
 very hour,
 Thet make up a fus'-class, self-
 governin' power:
 We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag;
 an' ef this
 Ain't to be inderpendunt, why,
 wut on airth is?
 An' nothin' now henders our takin'
 our station
 Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civer-
 lized nation,
 Built up on our bran'-new politickle
 thesis,
 Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to
 tumble to pieces,—
 I say nothin' henders our taking
 our place
 Ez the very fus'-best o' the whole
 human race.
 A spittin' tobacker ez proud ez you
 please
 On Victory's bes' carpets, or loafin'
 at ease

In the Tool'ries front-parlour, dis-
 cussin' affairs
 With our heels on the backs o'
 Napoleon's new chairs,
 An' princes a-mixin' our cocktails
 an' slings,—
 Excep', wal, excep' jest a very few
 things,
 Sech ez navies an' armies an'
 wherewith to pay,
 An' gittin' our sogers to run t'other
 way,
 An' not be too over-pertickler in
 tryin'
 To hunt up the very las' ditches to
 die in.
 Ther' are critters so base thet they
 want it explained
 Jes' wut is the totle amount thet
 we've gained,
 Ez ef we could maysure stupenjious
 events
 By the low Yankee stan'ard o'
 dollars an' cents:
 They seem to forgit, thet, sence
 last year revolved,
 We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed
 an' dissolved,
 An' thet no one can't hope to git
 thru dissolootion
 'Thout some kin' o' strain on the
 best Constitootion.
 Who asks for a prospec' more flet-
 trin' an' bright,
 When from here clean to Texas it's
 all one free fight?
 Hain't we rescued from Seward the
 gret leadin' featur
 Thet makes it wuth while to be
 reasonin' creaturs?
 Hain't we saved Habus Coppers,
 improved it in fact,
 By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid
 o' the Act?
 Ain't the laws free to all? Where
 on airth else d'ye see
 Every freeman improvin' his own
 rope an' tree?
 Ain't our piety sech (in our speeches
 an' messiges)
 Ez 't astonish ourselves in the bes'-
 composed pessiges,
 An' to make folks thet knowed us
 in th' ole state o' things

Think convarson ez easy ez drinkin' gin-slings?	Then to take the proceeds an' hold <i>them</i> ez security
	For an issue o' bonds to be met at maturity
It's ne'ssary to take a good confi- dent tone	With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard cash
With the public; but here, jest amongst us, I own	On the fus' Monday follerin' the 'tarnal Allsmash;
Things look blacker'n thunder. Ther's no use denyin'	This hez a safe air, an', once hold o' the gold,
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out o' lyin';	'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the cold,
Two things a young nation can't mennage without,	An' <i>might</i> temp' John Bull, ef it warn't for the dip he
Ef she wants to look wal at her fust comin' out;	Once gut from the banks o' my own Massissippi.
For the fust supplies physickle strength, while the second	Some think we could make, by arrangin' the figgers,
Give's a morril edvantage thet's hard to be reckoned;	A hendy home-currency out of our niggers;
For this latter I'm willin' to du wut I can;	But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech staff,
For the former you'll hev to con- sult on a plan,—	For they're gittin' tu current a'ready, by half.
Though our <i>fust</i> want (an' this pint I want your best views on)	
Is plausible paper to print I. O. U.'s on.	One gennleman says, ef we lef' our loan out
Some gennlemen think it would cure all our cankers	Where Floyd could git hold on't <i>he'd</i> take it, no doubt;
In the way o' finance, ef we jes' hanged the bankers;	But 't ain't jes' the takin, though 't hez a good look,
An' I own the propose 'ud square with my views,	We mus' git sunthin' out on it arter it's took,
Ef their lives wuzn't all thet we'd left em' to lose.	An' we need now more 'n ever, with sorer I own,
Some say thet more confidence might be inspired,	Thet some one another should let us a loan,
Ef we voted our cities an' towns to be fired,—	Sence a soger wun't fight, on'y jes' while he draws his
A plan thet 'ud suttently tax our endurance,	Pay down on the nail, for the best of all causes,
Coz't would be our own bills we should git for th' insurance;	'Thout askin' to know wut the quarrel's about,—
But cinders, no metter how sacred we think 'em,	An' once come to thet, why, our game is played out.
Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good sources o' income,	It's ez true ez though I shouldn't never hev said it,
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't like the eclaw	Thet a hitch hez took place in our system o' credit;
O' bein' all turned into paytriots by law.	I swear it's all right in my speeches an' messiges,
Some want we should buy all the cotton an' burn it,	But ther's idees afloat, ez ther' is about sessiges:
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the war, to return it,—	Folk's wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade on,

Without nosin' round to find out
 wut it's made on,
 An' the thought more an' more
 thru the public min' crosses
 Thet our Treshry hez gut 'mos' too
 many dead hosses.
 Wut's called credit, you see, 'is
 some like a balloon,
 Thet looks while it's up 'most ez
 harnsome 'z a moon,
 But once git a leak in 't an' wut
 looked so grand
 Caves righ' down in a jiffy ez flat
 ez your hand.
 Now the world is a drefle mean
 place, for our sins,
 Where ther' ollus is critters about
 with long pins
 A-prickin' the bubbles we've blowed
 with sech care,
 An' provin' ther's nothin' inside
 but bad air:
 They're all Stuart Millses, poor-
 white trash, an' sneaks,
 Without no more chivverly 'n
 Choctaws or Creeks,
 Who think a real gennleman's promise
 to pay
 Is meant to be took in trade's ornery
 way:
 Them fellers 'an I could n' never
 agree;
 They're the natral foes o' the
 Southun Idee;
 I'd gladly take all of our other
 resks on me
 To be red o' this low-lived politikle
 'con'my!

Now a dastardly notion is gittin'
 about
 Thet our bladder is bust an' the
 gas oozin' out,
 An' unless we can mennage in some
 way to stop it,
 Why, the thing's a gone coon, an'
 we might ez wal drop it.
 Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't
 jes' the thing
 For a stiddy inves'ment the shiners
 to bring,
 An' votin' we're prosp'rous a hun-
 dred times over
 Wun't change bein' starved into
 livin' on clover.

Manassas done sunthin' tow'rds
 drawin' the wool
 O'er the green, antislavery eyes o'
 John Bull:
 Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when
 sech tight fixes
 Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to
 throw double-sixes!
 I wuz tempted to think, an' it
 wuzn't no wonder,
 Ther' wuz reely a Providence,—
 over or under,—
 When, all packed for Nashville, I
 fust ascertained
 From the papers up North wut a
 victory we'd gained.
 'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc'
 views abroad
 Of our union an' strength an'
 relyin' on God;
 An', fact, when I'd gut thru my
 fust big surprise,
 I much ez half b'lieved in my own
 tallest lies,
 An' conveyed the idee thet the
 whole Southun popperlace
 Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump
 for Thermopperlies,
 Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs
 till they bust,
 An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin'
 the fust;
 But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring,
 an' the rest
 Of our recent starn-foremost suc-
 cesses out West,
 Hain't left us a foot for our
 swellin' to stand on,—
 We've showed *too* much o' wut
 Buregard calls *abandon*,
 For all our Thermopperlies (an' it's
 a marcy
 We hain't hed no more) hed ben
 clean vicy-varsy,
 An' wut Spartans wuz lef when the
 battle wuz done
 Wuz them thet wuz too unambi-
 tious to ruin.

Oh, ef we hed on'y jes' gut Recog-
 nition,
 Things now would ha' ben in a
 different position!
 You 'd ha' hed all you wanted:
 the paper blockade

Smashed up into toothpicks; unlimited trade
 In the one thing thet's needfle, till niggers, I swow,
 Hed ben thicker 'n provisional shimplasters now;
 Quinine by the ton 'ginst the shakes when they seize ye;
 Nice paper to coin into C. S. A. specie;
 The voice of the driver 'd be heerd in our land,
 An' the univarse scringe, ef we lifted our hand:
 Wouldn't *that* be some like fulfillin' the prophecies,
 With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust offices?
 'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorer is idle,—
 But *ef* Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason an' Slidell!
 For wouldn't the Yankees hev found they'd ketched Tartars,
 Ef they'd raised two sech critters as them into martyrs?
 Mason wuz F. F. V., though a cheap card to win on,
 But t'other was jes' New York trash to begin on;
 They ain't o' no good in Européan pellices,
 But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on their gallowses!
 They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin' their mission,
 An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Reecognition!

But somehow another, wutever we've tried,
 Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts *wun't* coincide:
 Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard in the mouth,
 An' they allus hev showed a mean spite to the South.
 Sech bein' the case, we hed best look about
 For some kin' o' way to slip *our* necks out:
 Le' 's vote our las' dollar, ef one can be found,
 (An' at any rate, votin' it hez a good sound,)—

Le' 's swear thet to arms all our people is flyin',
 (The critters can't read, an' wun't know how we're lyin'),—
 Thet Toombs is advancin' to sack Cincinnati,
 With a rovin' commission to pillage and slahter,—
 Thet we've throwed to the winds all regard for wut's lawfle,
 An' gone in for sunthin' promiscu'sly awfle.
 Ye see, hitherto, it's our own knaves an' fools
 Thet we've used (those for whetstones, an' t'others ez tools),
 An' now our las' chance is in puttin' to test
 The same kin' o' cattle up North an' out West,—
 Your Belmonts, Vallandighams, Woodses, an' sech,
 Poor shotes thet ye couldn't persuade us to tech,
 Not in ornery times, though we're willin' to feed 'em
 With a nod now an' then, when we happen to need 'em;
 Why, for my part, I'd rather shake hands with a nigger
 Than with cusses that load an, don't darst dror a trigger;
 They're the wust wooden nutmegs the Yankees produce,
 Shaky everywheres else, an' jes' sound on the goose;
 They ain't wuth a cuss, an' I set nothin' by 'em,
 But we're in sech a fix thet I s'pose we must try 'em.
 I— But, Gennlemen, here's a despatch jes' come in
 Which shows thet the tide's begun turnin' agin',—
 Gret Cornfedrit success! C'lumbus eevacoated!
 I mus' run down an' hev the thing properly stated,
 An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how lucky
 To fin'ly git red o' thet cussed Kentucky,—
 An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin' the day
 Consists in triumphantly gittin' away.

No. V.

SPEECH OF HONOURABLE
PRESERVED DOE IN SECRET
CAUCUS.TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 12th April, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—As I cannot but hope that the ultimate, if not speedy, success of the national arms is now sufficiently ascertained, sure as I am of the righteousness of our cause and its consequent claim on the blessing of God (for I would not show a faith inferior to that of the Pagan historian with his *Facile evenit quod Dis cordi est*), it seems to me a suitable occasion to withdraw our minds a moment from the confusing din of battle to objects of peaceful and permanent interest. Let us not neglect the monuments of preterite history because what shall be history is so diligently making under our eyes. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*; to-morrow will be time enough for that stormy sea; to-day let me engage the attention of your readers with the Runick inscription to whose fortunate discovery I have heretofore alluded. Well may we say with the poet, *Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere*. And I would premise, that, although I can no longer resist the evidence of my own senses from the stone before me to the ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Northmen, *gens inclytissima*, as they are called in a Palermitan inscription, written fortunately in a less debatable character than that which I am about to decipher, yet I would by no means be understood as wishing to vilipend the merits of the great Genoese, whose name will never be forgotten so long as the inspiring strains of “Hail Columbia” shall continue to be heard. Though he must be stripped also of whatever

praise may belong to the experiment of the egg, which I find proverbially attributed by Castilian authors to a certain Juanito or Jack (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus), his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times. But the impartial historian owes a duty likewise to obscure merit, and my solicitude to render a tardy justice is perhaps quickened by my having known those who, had their own field of labour been less secluded, might have found a readier acceptance with the reading publick. I could give an example, but I forbear: *forsitan nostris ex ossibus oritur ullor*.

Touching Runick inscriptions, I find that they may be classed under three general heads: 1°. Those which are understood by the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and Professor Rafn, their Secretary; 2°. Those which are comprehensible only by Mr. Rafn; and 3°. Those which neither the Society, Mr. Rafn, nor anybody else can be said in any definite sense to understand, and which accordingly offer peculiar temptations to enucleating sagacity. These last are naturally deemed the most valuable by intelligent antiquaries, and to this class the stone now in my possession fortunately belongs. Such give a picturesque variety to ancient events, because susceptible oftentimes of as many interpretations as there are individual archaeologists; and since facts are only the pulp in which the Idea or event-seed is softly embedded till it ripen, it is of little consequence what colour or flavour we attribute to them, provided it be agreeable. Availing myself of the obliging assistance of Mr. Arphaxad Bowers, an ingenious photographick artist, whose house-on-wheels has now stood for three years on our Meeting-House Green, with the somewhat contradictory inscription,—“*our motto is onward*,”—I have sent accurate copies of my treasure

to many learned men and societies, both native and European. I may hereafter communicate their different and (*me judice*) equally erroneous solutions. I solicit also, Messrs. Editors, your own acceptance of the copy herewith enclosed. I need only premise further, that the stone itself is a goodly block of metamorphick sandstone, and that the Runes resemble very nearly the ornithichnites or fossil bird-tracks of Dr. Hitchcock, but with less regularity or apparent design than is displayed by those remarkable geological monuments. These are rather the *non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*. Resolved to leave no door open to cavil, I first of all attempted the elucidation of this remarkable example of lithick literature by the ordinary modes, but with no adequate return for my labour. I then considered myself amply justified in resorting to that heroic treatment the felicity of which, as applied by the great Bentley to Milton, had long ago enlisted my admiration. Indeed, I had already made up my mind, that, in case good fortune should throw any such invaluable record in my way, I would proceed with it in the following simple and satisfactory method. After a cursory examination, merely sufficing for an approximative estimate of its length, I would write down a hypothetical inscription based upon antecedent probabilities, and then proceed to extract from the characters engraven on the stone a meaning as nearly as possible conformed to this *a priori* product of my own ingenuity. The result more than justified my hopes, inasmuch as the two inscriptions were made without any great violence to tally in all essential particulars. I then proceeded, not without some anxiety, to my second test, which was, to read the Runick letters diagonally, and again with the same success. With an excitement pardonable under the circumstances, yet tempered with thankful

humility, I now applied my last and severest trial, my *experimentum crucis*. I turned the stone, now doubly precious in my eyes, with scrupulous exactness upside down. The physical exertion so far displaced my spectacles as to derange for a moment the focus of vision. I confess that it was with some tremulousness that I readjusted them upon my nose, and prepared my mind to bear with calmness any disappointment that might ensue. But, *O albo dies notanda lapillo!* what was my delight to find that the change of position had effected none in the sense of the writing, even by so much as a single letter! I was now, and justly, as I think, satisfied of the conscientious exactness of my interpretation. It is as follows:—

HERE

BJARNA GRIMOLFSSON

FIRST DRANK CLOUD-BROTHER
THROUGH CHILD-OF-LAND-AND-
WATER :

that is, drew smoke through a reed stem. In other words, we have here a record of the first smoking of the herb *Nicotiana Tabacum* by an European on this continent. The probable results of this discovery are so vast as to baffle conjecture. If it be objected, that the smoking of a pipe would hardly justify the setting up of a memorial stone, I answer, that even now the Moquis Indian, ere he takes his first whiff, bows reverently toward the four quarters of the sky in succession, and that the loftiest monuments have been reared to perpetuate fame, which is the dream of the shadow of smoke. The *Saga*, it will be remembered, leaves this Bjarna to a fate something like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on board a sinking ship in the "wormy sea," having generously given up his place in the boat to a certain Iclander. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to meet with this prof

that the brave old man arrived safely in Vinland, and that his declining years were cheered by the respectful attentions of the dusky denizens of our then uninhabited forests. Most of all was I gratified, however, in thus linking for ever the name of my native town with one of the most momentous occurrences of modern times. Hitherto Jaalam, though in soil, climate, and geographical position as highly qualified to be the theatre of remarkable historical incidents as any spot on the earth's surface, has been, if I may say it without seeming to question the wisdom of Providence, almost maliciously neglected, as it might appear, by occurrences of world-wide interest in want of a situation. And in matters of this nature it must be confessed that adequate events are as necessary as the *vates sacer* to record them. Jaalam stood always modestly ready, but circumstances made no fitting response to her generous intentions. Now, however, she assumes her place on the historic roll. I have hitherto been a zealous opponent of the Circean herb, but I shall now re-examine the question without bias.

I am aware that the Rev. Jonas Tutchel, in a recent communication to the Bogus Four Corners Weekly Meridian, has endeavoured to show that this is the sepulchral inscription of Thorwold Eriksson, who, as is well known, was slain in Vinland by the natives. But I think he has been misled by a preconceived theory, and cannot but feel that he has thus made an ungracious return for my allowing him to inspect the stone with the aid of my own glasses (he having by accident left his at home) and in my own study. The heathen ancients might have instructed this Christian minister in the rites of hospitality; but much is to be pardoned to the spirit of self-love. He must indeed be ingenious who can make out the words *hèn hùlìn* from any characters in the inscription in

question, which, whatever else it may be, is certainly not mortuary. And even should the reverend gentleman succeed in persuading some fantastical wits of the soundness of his views, I do not see what useful end he will have gained. For if the English Courts of Law hold the testimony of gravestones from the burial-grounds of Protestant dissenters to be questionable, even where it is essential in proving a descent, I cannot conceive that the epitaphial assertions of heathens should be esteemed of more authority by any man of orthodox sentiments.

At this moment, happening to cast my eyes upon the stone, whose characters a transverse light from my southern window brings out with singular distinctness, another interpretation has occurred to me, promising even more interesting results. I hasten to close my letter in order to follow at once the clew thus providentially suggested.

I inclose, as usual, a contribution from Mr. Biglow, and remain,

Gentlemen, with esteem and respect,

Your Obedient Humble Servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I THANK ye, my friens, for the
warmth o' your greetin':
Ther's few airthly blessins but
wut's vain an' fleetin';
But ef ther' is one thet hain't no
cracks an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it's pop'lar
applause;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez
rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the
eend o' my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in
view,
But it's Canaan paid quarterly t'
hev 'em love you;
It's a blessin' thet's breakin' out
ollus in fresh spots;
It's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin'
the flesh-pots.

But, Gennlemen, 'scuse me, I ain't
 sech a raw cus
 Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a
 caucus,—
 Thet is, into one where the call
 comprehends
 Nut the People in person, but on'y
 their friends;
 I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the
 masses
 Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-gov-
 ernin' asses,
 I forgut thet *we're* all o' the sort
 thet pull wires
 An' arrange for the public their
 wants an' desires,
 An' thet wut we hed met for wuz
 jes' to agree
 Wut the People's opinions in futur'
 should be.

Now, to come to the nub, we've
 ben all disappointed,
 An' our leadin' idees are a kind o'
 disjinted,—
 Though, fur ez the nateral man
 could discern,
 Things ough' to ha' took most an
 oppersite turn.
 But The'ry is jes' like a train on the
 rail,
 Thet, weather or no, puts her thru
 without fail.
 While Fac' 's the old stage thet
 gits sloughed in the ruts,
 An' hez to allow for your darned
 efs an' buts,
 An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal
 reflections,
 They don't—don't nut allus, thet
 is,—make connections:
 Sometimes, when it really doos
 seem thet they'd oughter
 Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum
 an' water,
 Both'll be jest ez sot in their ways
 ez a bagnet,
 Ez otherwise-minded ez th' eends
 of a magnet,
 An' folks like you 'n' me, thet ain't
 ept to be sold,
 Git somehow or 'nother left out in
 the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret
 of a row,

Jeff D. would ha' ben where A.
 Lincoln is now,
 With Taney to say 'twuz all legle
 an' fair,
 An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to
 swear
 Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed
 into the ditch
 By the fault o' the North in mis-
 placin' the switch.
 Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with
 Buchanan to nuss 'em;
 But the People they wouldn't be
 Mexicans, cuss 'em!
 Ain't the safeguards o' freedom up-
 sot, 'z you may say,
 Ef the right o' rev'lution is took
 clean away?
 An' doosn't the right primy-fashy
 include
 The bein' entitled to nut be sub-
 dued?
 The fact is, we'd gone for the Union
 so strong,
 When Union meant South ollus
 right an' North wrong,
 Thet the people gut fooled into
 thinkin' it might
 Worry on middlin' wal with the
 North in the right.
 We might ha' ben now jest ez pros-
 p'rous ez France,
 Where p'litikle enterprise hez a
 fair chance,
 An' the people is heppy an' proud
 et this hour,
 Long ez they hev the votes, to let
 Nap hev the power;
 But *our* folks they went an' believed
 wut we'd told 'em,
 An', the flag once insulted, no
 mortle could hold 'em.
 'Twuz pervokin' jest when we wuz
 cert'in to win,—
 An' I, for one, wun't trust the
 masses agin:
 For a people thet knows much ain't
 fit to be free
 In the self-cockin', back-action style
 o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half
 on't is lies;
 For who'd thought the North wuz
 a-goin' to rise,

Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a stump,
 'Thout 'twuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez Gab'r'l's las' trump?
 Or who'd ha' supposed, arter *seck* swell an' bluster
 'Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they'd muster,
 Raised by hand on briled lightnin', ez op'lent 'z you please
 In a primitive furrest o' femmily trees,—
 Who'd ha' thought thet them South-uners ever 'ud show
 Starns with pedigrees to 'em like theirn to the foe,
 Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find
 Nat'ral masters in front an' mean white folks behind?
 By ginger, ef I'd ha' known half I know now,
 When I wuz to Congress I wouldn't, I swow,
 Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an' sarsy,
 'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call vicy-varsy.
 To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes' then
 To be drefle forbearin' towards Southun men;
 We hed to go sheers in preservin' the bellance;
 An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin' their tellents
 'Thout some un to kick, 'twaru't more 'n proper, you know,
 Each should funnish his part; an' sence they found the toe,
 An' we wuz'nt cherubs—wal, we found the buffer,
 For fear thet the Compromise System should suffer.

I wun't say the plan hedn't on-pleasant featur,—
 Formen are perverse an' onreasonin' creaturs,
 An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't likely to heppen
 Their own privit fancy should ollus be cappen,—
 But it worked jest ez smooth ez the key of a safe,

An' the gret Union bearins played free from all chafe.
 They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed their own way,
 An' we (thet is, some on us) made the thing pay:
 'Twuz a fair give-an'-take out of Uncle Sam's heap;
 Ef they took wut warn't theirn, wut we give come ez cheap;
 The elect gut the offices down to tide-waiter,
 The people took skinnin' ez mild ez a tater,
 Seemed to choose who they wanted tu, footed the bills,
 An' felt kind o' 'z though they wuz havin' their wills,
 Which kep' 'em ez harmless an' cherrle ez crickets,
 While all we invested wuz names on the tickets:
 Wal, ther's nothin', for folks fond o' lib'ral consumption
 Free o' charge, like democ'acy tempered with gumption!

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in presarvin',
 Where the people found jints an' their frien's done the carvin',—
 Where the many done all o' their thinkin' by proxy,
 An' were proud on't ez long ez't wuz christened Democ'cy,—
 Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's foundations,
 Ef you call it reformin' with prudence an' patience,
 An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should hetch with the rest,
 Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the nest?
 But it's all out o' kilter, ('twuz too good to last),
 An' all jes' by J. D.'s perceedin' too fast;
 Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two more,
 We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they hed ben before:
 Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in confusion,
 We wuz safely entrenched in the ole Constitootion,

With an outlyin', heavy-gun, case-
 mated fort
 To rake all assailants,—I mean th'
 S. J. Court.
 Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef
 you should skin me)
 'Twuz wise to abandon sech works
 to the in'my,
 An' let him fin' out thet wut scared
 him so long,
 Our whole line of argyments, lookin'
 so strong,
 All our Scriptur an' law, every
 the'ry an' fac',
 Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with
 Proslavery black.
 Why, ef the Republicans ever
 should git
 Andy Johnson or some one to lend
 'em the wit
 An' the spunk jes' to mount Con-
 stitootion an' Court
 With Columbiad guns, your real
 eklerights sort,
 Or drill out the spike from the ole
 Declaration
 Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn
 round creation,
 We'd better take maysures for
 shettin' up shop,
 An' put off our stock by a vendoo
 or swop.
 But they wun't never dare tu;
 you'll see 'em in Edom
 'Fore they ventur' to go where their
 doctrines 'ud lead 'em:
 They've ben takin' our princerples
 up ez we dropt 'em,
 An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to
 adopt 'em;
 But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet
 their hope's ben deceivin' 'em,
 An' thet princerples ain't o' no good,
 ef you b'lieve in 'em;
 It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to
 use,
 Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an
 ole pair o' shoes.
 If we say'n our platform thet all
 men are brothers,
 We don't mean thet some folks
 ain't more so 'n some others;
 An' it's wal understood thet we
 make a selection,
 An' thet brotherhood kin' o' sub-
 sides arter 'lection.
 The fust thing for sound politicians
 to larn is,
 Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all
 sorts o' harness,
 Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for,
 come to apply it,
 You're ept to hurt some folks's in-
 terists by it,
 Wal, these 'ere Republicans (some
 on 'em) ect's
 Ez though ginerall mexims 'ud suit
 speshle facts;
 An' there's where we'll nick 'em,
 there's where they'll be lost;
 For applyin' your princerple's wut
 makes it cost,
 An' folks don't want Fourth o' July
 t' interfere
 With the business-consarns o' the
 rest o' the year,
 No more'n they want Sunday to pry
 an' to peek
 Into wut they are doin' the rest o'
 the week.
 A ginocine statesman should be on
 his guard,
 Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to
 b'lieve 'em tu hard;
 For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be
 blartin' 'em out
 'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man
 more'n a spout,
 Nor it don't ask much gumption to
 pick out a flaw
 In a party whose leaders are loose
 in the jaw:
 An' so in our own case I ventur' to
 hint
 Thet we'd better nut air our per-
 ceedin's in print,
 Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez
 your arm
 Thet may, ez things heppen to turn,
 do us harm;
 For when you've done all your real
 meanin' to smother,
 The darned things 'll up an' mean
 sunthin' or 'nother.
 Jeff'son probly meant wal with his
 "born free an' ekle,"
 But it's turned out a real crooked
 stick in the sekle;

It's taken full eighty-odd year—
don't you see?—

From the pop'lar belief to root out
thet idee,

An', arter all, suckers on 't keep
buddin' forth

In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o'
the North.

No, neversaynothin' without you're
compelled tu,

An' then don't say nothin' thet you
can be held tu,

Nor don't leave no friction-idees
layin' loose

For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary
use.

You know I'm a feller thet keeps a
skinned eye

On the leetle events thet go
skurryin' by,

Coz it's of'n'er by them than by
gret ones you'll see

Wut the p'litickle weather is likely
to be.

Now I don't think the South's
more'n begun to be licked,

But I *du* think, ez Jeff says, the
windbag's gut pricked ;

It'll blow for a spell an' keep
puffin' an' wheezin',

The tighter our army an' navy keep
squeezin',—

For they can't help spread-eaglein'
long 'z ther's a mouth

To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef'
at the South.

But it's high time for us to be
settin' our faces

Towards reconstructin' the national
basis,

With an eye to beginnin' agin on
the jolly ticks

We used to chalk up 'hind the
back-door o' politics ;

An' the fus' thing's to save wut of
Slav'ry ther's lef'

Arter this (I must call it) impru-
dence o' Jeff :

For a real good Abuse, with its
roots fur an' wide,

Is the kin' o' thing I like to hev on
my side ;

A Scriptur' name makes it ez sweet
ez a rose,

An' it's tougher the older an' uglier
it grows—

(I ain't speakin' now o' the
righteousness of it,

But the p'litickle purchase it gives
an' the profit).

Things look pooty squally, it must
be allowed,

An' I don't see much signs of a bow
in the cloud :

Ther's too many Deemocrats—
leaders wut's wuss—

Thet go for the Union 'thout carin'
a cuss

Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz
heard on,

So our eagle ain't made a split
Austrian bird on.

But ther's still some consarvative
signs to be found

Thet shows the gret heart o' the
People is sound

(Excuse me for usin' a stump-
phrase agin,

But, once in the way on 't, they
will stick like sin) :

Ther's Phillips, for instance, hez
jes' ketched a Tartar

In the Law-'n'-Order Party of ole
Cincinnati ;

An' the Compromise System ain't
gone out o' reach,

Long 'z you keep the right limits
on freedom o' speech.

'Twarn't none too late, neither, to
put on the gag,

For he's dangerous now he goes in
for the flag.

Nut thet I altogether approve o'
bad eggs,

They're mos' gin'lly argymunt on
its las' legs,—

An' their logic is ept to be tu indis-
criminate,

Nor don't ollus wait the right ob-
jects to 'liminate ;

But there is a variety on 'em, you'll
find,

Jest ez usef'le an' more, besides
bein' refined,—

I mean o' the sort thet are laid by
the dictionary,

Sech ez sophisms an' cant, thet 'll
kerry conviction ary

Way thet you want to the right
 class o' men,
 An' are staler than all 't ever come
 from a hen :
 "Disunion" done wal till our resh
 Southun friends
 Took the savour all out on 't for
 national ends ;
 But I guess "Abolition" 'll work
 a spell yit,
 When the war's done, an' so will
 "Forgive-an'-forgit."
 Times mus' be pooty thoroughly
 out o' all jint,
 Ef we can't make a good constitoo-
 tional pint ;
 An' the good time 'll come to be
 grindin our exes,
 When the war goes to seed in the
 nettle o' texes :
 Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech
 helps to assist him,
 I give up my faith in the free-
 suffrage system ;
 Democ'ey wun't be nut a mite in-
 terestin',
 Nor p'litikle capital much wuth
 investin' ;
 An' my notion is, to keep dark an'
 lay low
 Till we see the right minute to put
 in our blow.—

But I've talked longer now 'n I hed
 any idee,
 An' ther's others you want to hear
 more 'n you du me ;
 So I'll set down an' give thet 'ere
 bottle a skrimmage,
 For I've spoke till I'm dry ez a real
 graven image.

No. VI.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL
 LINE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 17th May, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—At the special re-
 quest of Mr. Biglow, I intended to
 inclose, together with his own con-

tribution (into which, at my sug-
 gession, he has thrown a little more
 of pastoral sentiment than usual),
 some passages from my sermon on
 the day of the National Fast, from
 the text, "Remember them that are
 in bonds, as bound with them," *Heb.*
xiii. 3. But I have not leisure suffi-
 cient at present for the copying of
 them, even were I altogether satis-
 fied with the production as it
 stands. I should prefer, I confess,
 to contribute the entire discourse
 to the pages of your respectable
 miscellany, if it should be found
 acceptable upon perusal, especi-
 ally as I find the difficulty of selec-
 tion of greater magnitude than I
 had anticipated. What passes
 without challenge in the fervour
 of oral delivery, cannot always
 stand the colder criticism of the
 closet. I am not so great an enemy
 of Eloquence as my friend Mr.
 Biglow would appear to be from
 some passages in his contribution
 for the current month. I would
 not, indeed, hastily suspect him of
 covertly glancing at myself in his
 somewhat caustick animadversions,
 albeit some of the phrases he girds
 at are not entire strangers to my
 lips. I am a more hearty admirer
 of the Puritans than seems now to
 be the fashion, and believe, that
 if they Hebraized a little too much
 in their speech, they showed re-
 markable practical sagacity as
 statesmen and founders. But such
 phenomena as Puritanism are the
 results rather of great religious
 than merely social convulsions,
 and do not long survive them. So
 soon as an earnest conviction has
 cooled into a phrase, its work is
 over, and the best than can be
 done with it is to bury it. *Ite,*
missa est. I am inclined to agree
 with Mr. Biglow that we cannot
 settle the great political questions
 which are now presenting them-
 selves to the nation by the opinions
 of Jeremiah or Ezekiel as to the
 wants and duties of the Jews in
 their time, nor do I believe that
 an entire community with their

feelings and views would be practicable or even agreeable at the present day. At the same time I could wish that their habit of subordinating the actual to the moral, the flesh to the spirit, and this world to the other, were more common. They had found out, at least, the great military secret that soul weighs more than body.—But I am suddenly called to a sick-bed in the household of a valued parishioner.

With esteem and respect,
Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR.

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precedents in law;
Your gra'ma'am put it there,—
when, goodness knows,—
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es;
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,
(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life?)
An' so ole clawfoot, from the pre-cinks dread
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides;
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,
So 's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers
With furrin countries or played-out ideers,
Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back:

This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings—
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink),—
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,
Which 't ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like than hornets-nests an' hives,
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cowhide boots,
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,
An' dance your throats sore in mo-rocker shoes:
I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a re-doubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find

<p>Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind, An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue-bird's notes,— Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats, Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl, Each on 'em's cradle to a baby- pearl,— But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin, The rebbles frosts'll try to drive 'em in; For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't, * 'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint; Though I own up I like our back- 'ard springs Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things, An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds: Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt, But when it <i>doos</i> git stirred, ther's no gin-out!</p> <p>Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees, An' settlin' things in windy Con- gresses,— Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind. 'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,— The maple crimsons to a coral-reef, Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers So plump they look like yaller caterpillars, Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold Softer'n a baby's be at three days old: Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows Thet arter this ther's only blossom- snows; So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,</p>	<p>He goes to plast'rin' his adobé house.</p> <p>Then seems to come a hitch,— things lag behind, Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind, An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams, A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft, Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left, Then all the waters bow themselves an' come, Suddin, in one gret slope o' shed- derin' foam, Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune An' gives one leap from April into June: Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think, Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink; The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud; The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud; Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it, An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet; The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade; In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang- bird clings An' for the summer vy'ge his ham- mock slings; All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers, Whose shrinkin' hearts the school' gals love to try With pins,—they'll worry youn so, boys, bimeby! But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?— Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo; One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two:</p>
--	--

'Nuff said, June's bridesman, poet
 o' the year,
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is
 here;
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms
 he swings,
 Or climbs aginst the breeze with
 quiverin' wings,
 Or givin' way to't in a mock
 despair,
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter,
 thru the air.

I ollus feel the sap start in my
 veins
 In Spring, with curus heats an'
 prickly pains,
 Thet drive me, when I git a chance,
 to walk
 Off by myself to heva a privit talk
 With a queer critter thet can't
 seem to 'gree
 Along o' me like most folks,—
 Mister Me.
 Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez
 a stone,
 An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—
 I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks
 are nigh,
 An' can't bear nothin' closer than
 the sky;
 Now the wind's full ez shifty in
 the mind
 Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't
 blind,
 An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-
 west weather,
 My innard vane pints east for weeks
 together,
 My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an'
 my sins
 Come drizzlin' on my conscience
 sharp ez pins:
 Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'
 sight
 An' take it out in a fair stan'-up
 fight
 With the one cuss I can't lay on
 the shelf,
 The crook'dest stick in all the heap,
 —Myself.
 'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-
 time:
 Findin' my feelin's wouldn't no-
 ways rhyme

With nobody's, but off the hendle
 flew
 An' took things from an east-wind
 pint o' view,
 I started off to lose me in the hills
 Where the pines be, up back o'
 'Siah's Mills:
 Pines, ef you're blue, are the best
 friends I know,
 They mope an' sigh an' sheer your
 feelin's so,—
 They hesh the ground beneath so,
 tu, I swan,
 You half-forgit you've gut a body
 on.
 Ther's a small school-'us' there
 where four roads meet,
 The door-steps hollered out by
 little feet,
 An' side-posts carved with names
 whose owners grew
 To gret men, some on 'em, an'
 deacons, tu;
 'Tain't used no longer, coz the town
 hez gut
 A high school, where they teach
 the Lord knows wut:
 Three-story larnin's pop'larnow; I
 guess
 We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories
 less,
 For it strikes me ther's sech a
 thing ez sinnin'
 By overloadin' children's under-
 pinnin':
 Wal, here it wuz I larned my A
 B C,
 An' it's a kind o' favourite spot
 with me.
 We're curus critters: Now ain't
 jes' the minute
 Thet ever fits us easy while we're
 in it;
 Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be
 perfect bliss—
 Soon ez it's past, thet time's wuth
 ten o' this:
 An' yit there ain't a man thet need
 be told
 Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs
 o' gold.
 A knee-high lad, I used to plot an'
 plan
 An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to
 be a man;

Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I enjoy	Would send up cream to humour ary man :
Like dreamin' back along into a boy :	From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,
So the old school'us' is a place I choose	Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.
Afore all others, ef I want to muse ;	Our lives in sleep are some like streams thet glide
I set down where I used to set, an' git	'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each side,
My boyhood back, an' better things with it,—	Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix an' mingle
Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't Cherrity,	In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single ;
It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret a rerrity,—	An' when you cast off moorin's from To-day,
While Fancy's cushin', free to Prince and Clown,	An' down towards To-morrer drift away,
Makes the hard bench ez soft ez milk-weed-down.	The imiges thet tengle on the stream
Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath arternoon	Make a new upside-down'ard world o' dream :
Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,	Sometimes they seem like sun- rise-streaks an' warnin's
I found me in the school'us' on my seat,	O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath- mornin's,
Drummin' the march to No-wheres with my feet.	An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,
Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks say	Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone right.
Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way :	I'm gret on dreams, an' often when I wake,
It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,	I've lived so much it makes my mem'ry ache,
Or ever hearn, to make your feel- in's blue.	An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in my cheer
I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell :	'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some bad, all queer.
I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,	
Which some folks tell ye now is jest a metterfor	Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it seemed,
(A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't <i>feel</i> none the better for) ;	An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally dreamed,
I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we'd win	Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha' slep',
Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin :	When I hearn some un stompin' up the step,
I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,	An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make four,
So much a month, warn't givin' Natur' fits,—	I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.
Ef folks warn't drev, findin' their own milk fail,	He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an' spurs
To work the cow thet hez an iron tail,	With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut- burrs,
An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan	An' his gret sword behind him sloped away

Long'z a man's speech thet dunno
wut to say.—
"Ef your name's Biglow, an' your
given-name
Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I
came;
I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied
by three."—
"My wut?" sez I.—"Your gret-
gret-gret," sez he:
"You wouldn't ha' never ben here
but for me.
Two hundred an' three year ago
this May
The ship I come in sailed up Boston
Bay;
I'd been a cunnie in our Civil War,—
But wut on airth hev *you* gut up
one for?
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't
for you
To git a notion you can du 'em tu:
I'm told you write in public prints:
ef true,
It's nateral you should know a
thing or two."—
"Thet air's an argymunt I can't
endorse,—
'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs,
you kep a horse:
For brains," sez I, "wutever you
may think,
Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o'
pen-an'-ink,—
Though mos' folks write ez ef they
hoped jes' quickenin'
The churn would argoo skim-milk
into thickenin';
But skim-milk ain't a thing to
change its view
O' wut it's meant for more'n a
smoky flue.
But du pray tell me, 'fore we further
go,
How in all Natur' did you come to
know
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in King-
dom-Come?"—
"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-
rappin' some,
An' danced the tables till their
legs wuz gone,
In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin'
on,"
Sez he, "but mejums lie so like
all-split

Thet I concluded it wuz best to
quit.
But, come now, ef you wun't con-
fess to knowin',
You've some conjectures how the
thing's agoin'."—
"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't
never known
Nor asked to hev a jedgment of
its own;
An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the
jints,
It's safe to trust its say on certin
pints:
It knows the wind's opinions to a T,
An' the wind settles wut the
weather'll be."
"I never thought a scion of our
stock
Could grow the wood to make a
weather-cock;
When I wuz younger'n you, skurce
more'n a shaver,
No airthly wind," sez he, "could
make me waver!"
(Ez he said this, he clinched his
jaw an' forehead,
Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-
hilt forrard.)—
"Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I,
"I swow,
When I wuz younger'n wut you
see me now,—
Nothin' from Adam's fall to
Huldy's bonnet,
Thet I warn't full-cocked with my
jedgment on it;
But now I'm gittin' on in life, I
find
It's a sight harder to make up my
mind,—
Nor I don't often try tu, when
events
Will du it for me free of all expense.
The moral question's ollus plain
enough,—
It's jes the human natur' side thet's
tough;
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle
me nor you,—
The pinch comes in decidin' wut to
du;
Ef you *read* History, all runs
smooth ez grease,
Coz there the men ain't nothin'
more'n idees,—

But come to *make* it, ez we must
 to-day,
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs an'
 stop the way :
 It's easy fixin' things in facts an'
 figgers,—
 They can't resist, nor warn't
 brought up with niggers ;
 But come to try your the'y on,—
 why then,
 Your facts an' figgers change to
 ign'ant men
 Actin' ez ugly—” —“Smite 'em
 hip an' thigh !”
 Sez gran'ther, “and let every man-
 child die !”
 Oh for three weeks o' Crommle an'
 the Lord !
 Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind
 the sword !” —
 “Thet kind o' thing worked wal
 in ole Judee,
 But you forgit how long it's ben
 A. D. ;
 You think thet's ellersence,—I call
 it shoddy,
 A thing,” sez I, “wun't cover soul
 nor body ;
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-
 sense,
 Thet warms ye now, an' will a
 twelvemonth hence.
 You took to follerin' where the
 Prophets beckoned,
 An', fust you knowed on, back
 come Charles the Second ;
 Now wut I want's to hev all *we*
 gain stick,
 An' not to start Millennium too
 quick ;
 We hain't to punish only, but to
 keep,
 An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry
 deep.”
 “Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the
 best o' glue,”
 Sez he, “an' so you'll find before
 you're thru ;
 Efreshness venters sunthin', shilly-
 shally
 Loses ez often wut's ten times the
 vally.

Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's
 neck gut split,
 Opened a gap thet aint bridged
 over yit :
 Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord
 hez gin the exe—”
 “Our Charles,” sez I, “ hez gut
 eight million necks.
 The hardest question ain't the
 black man's right,
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the
 white ;
 One's chained in body an' can be
 sot free,
 But t'other's chained in soul to an
 idee :
 It's a long job, but we shall worry
 thru it :
 Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book
 must du it.”
 “Hosee,” sez he, “I think you're
 goin' to fail :
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in
 the tail ;
 This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the
 rattle,—
 You'll stomp on thet an' think
 you've won the bettle ;
 It's Slavery thet's the fangs an'
 thinkin' head,
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it
 dead,—
 An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn
 by waitin'
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen
 to debatin' !”
 “God's truth !” sez I,—“an' ef *I*
 held the club,
 An' knowed jes' where to strike,—
 but there's the rub !” —
 “Strike soon,” sez he, “or you'll
 be deadly ailin',—
 Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure
 o' failin' ;
 God hates your sneakin' creturs
 thet believe
 He'll settle things they run away
 an' leave !”
 He brought his foot down fercely
 ez he spoke,
 An' give me sech a startle thet I
 woke.

No. VII.

LATEST VIEWS OF
MR. BIGLOW.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

[It is with feelings of the liveliest pain that we inform our readers of the death of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A.M., which took place suddenly, by an apoplectic stroke on the afternoon of Christmas day, 1862. Our venerable friend (for so we may venture to call him, though we never enjoyed the high privilege of his personal acquaintance) was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born June 12, 1779, at Pigsgusset Precinct (now West Jerusha) in the then District of Maine. Graduated with distinction at Hubville College in 1805, he pursued his theological studies with the late Reverend Preserved Thacker, D.D., and was called to the charge of the First Society in Jaalam in 1809, where he remained till his death.

"As an antiquary he has probably left no superior, if, indeed, an equal," writes his friend and colleague, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for the above facts; "in proof of which I need only allude to his 'History of Jaalam, Genealogical, Topographical, and Ecclesiastical,' 1849, which has won him an eminent and enduring place in our more solid and useful literature. It is only to be regretted that his intense application to historical studies should have so entirely withdrawn him from the pursuit of poetical composition, for which he was endowed by Nature with a remarkable aptitude. His well-known hymn, beginning 'With clouds of care encompassed round,' has been attributed in some collections to the late President Dwight, and it is hardly presumptuous to affirm that the simile of the rainbow in the eighth stanza would do no discredit to that polished pen."

We regret that we have not room at present for the whole of Mr. Hitchcock's exceedingly valuable communication. We hope to lay more liberal extracts from it before our readers at an early day. A summary of its contents will give some notion of its importance and interest. It contains: 1st, A biographical sketch of Mr. Wilbur, with notices of his predecessors in the pastoral office, and of eminent clerical contemporaries; 2d, An obituary of deceased, from the Punkin-Falls "Weekly Parallel;" 3d, A list of his printed and manuscript productions and of projected works; 4th, Personal anecdotes and recollections, with specimens of table-talk; 5th, A tribute to his relict, Mrs. Dorcas (Pilcox) Wilbur; 6th, A list of graduates fitted for different colleges by Mr. Wilbur, with biographical memoranda touching the more distinguished; 7th, Concerning learned, charitable, and other societies, of which Mr. Wilbur was a member, and of those with which, had his life been prolonged, he would doubtless have been associated, with a complete catalogue of such Americans as have been Fellows of the Royal Society; 8th, A brief summary of Mr. Wilbur's latest conclusions concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast in its special application to recent events for which the public, as Mr. Hitchcock assures us, have been waiting with feelings of lively anticipation; 9th, Mr. Hitchcock's own views on the same topic; and, 10th, A brief essay on the importance of local histories. It will be apparent that the duty of preparing Mr. Wilbur's biography could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands.

In a private letter with which the reverend gentleman has since favoured us, he expresses the opinion that Mr. Wilbur's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war. It disturbed his studies, dislocated all his habitual associations and trains of thought, and un-

settled the foundations of a faith, rather the result of habit than conviction, in the capacity of man for self-government. "Such has been the felicity of my life," he said to Mr. Hitchcock, on the very morning of the day he died, "that, through the divine mercy, I could always say, *Summum nec metuo diem, nec opto*. It has been my habit, as you know, on every recurrence of this blessed anniversary, to read Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity' till its sublime harmonies so dilated my soul and quickened its spiritual sense that I seemed to hear that other song which gave assurance to the shepherds that there was One who would lead them also in green pastures and beside the still waters. But to-day I have been unable to think of anything but that mournful text, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' and, did it not smack of pagan presumptuousness, could almost wish I had never lived to see this day."

Mr. Hitchcock also informs us that his friend "lies buried in the Jaalam graveyard, under a large red-cedar which he specially admired. A neat and substantial monument is to be erected over his remains, with a Latin epitaph written by himself; for he was accustomed to say, pleasantly, 'that there was at least one occasion in a scholar's life when he might show the advantages of a classical training.'"

The following fragment of a letter addressed to us, and apparently intended to accompany Mr. Biglow's contribution to the present number, was found upon his table after his decease.—
EDITORS ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

JAALAM, 24th Dec., 1862.

RESPECTED SIRS,—The infirm state of my bodily health would be a sufficient apology for not taking up

the pen at this time, wholesome as I deem it for the mind to appropriate in the shelter of epistolary confidence, were it not that a considerable, I might even say a large, number of individuals in this parish expect from their pastor some publick expression of sentiment at this crisis. Moreover, *Qui tacitus ardet magis uritur*. In trying times like these, the besetting sin of undisciplined minds is to seek refuge from inexplicable realities in the dangerous stimulant of angry partisanship or the indolent narcotic of vague and hopeful vaticination: *fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio*. Both by reason of my age and my natural temperament, I am unfitted for either. Unable to penetrate the inscrutable judgments of God, I am more than ever thankful that my life has been prolonged till I could in some small measure comprehend His mercy. As there is no man who does not at some time render himself amenable to the one,—*quum vic justus sit securus*,—so there is none that does not feel himself in daily need of the other.

I confess I cannot feel as some do, a personal consolation for the manifest evils of this war in any remote or contingent advantages that may spring from it. I am old and weak, I can bear little, and can scarce hope to see better days; nor is it any adequate compensation to know that Nature is old and strong and can bear much. Old men philosophize over the past, but the present is only a burthen and a weariness. The one lies before them like a placid evening landscape: the other is full of the vexations and anxieties of housekeeping. It may be true enough that *miscet hec illis, prohibetque Clotho fortunam stare*, but he who said it was fain at last to call in Atropos with her shears before her time; and I cannot help selfishly mourning that the fortune of our Republick could not at least stand till my days were numbered.

Tibullus would find the origin of

wars in the great exaggeration of riches, and does not stick to say that in the days of the beechen trencher there was peace. But averse as I am by nature from all wars, the more as they have been especially fatal to libraries, I would have this one go on till we are reduced to wooden platters again, rather than surrender the principle to defend which it was undertaken. Though I believe Slavery to have been the cause of it, by so thoroughly demoralising Northern politicks for its own purposes as to give opportunity and hope to treason, yet I would not have our thought and purpose diverted from their true object,—the maintenance of the idea of Government. We are not merely suppressing an enormous riot, but contending for the possibility of permanent order coexisting with democratical fickleness; and while I would not superstitiously venerate form to the sacrifice of substance, neither would I forget that an adherence to precedent and prescription can alone give that continuity and coherence under a democratical constitution which are inherent in the person of a despotick monarch and the selfishness of an aristocratical class. *Stet pro ratione voluntas* is as dangerous in a majority as in a tyrant.

I cannot allow the present production of my young friend to go out without a protest from me against a certain extremeness in his views, more pardonable in the poet than the philosopher. While I agree with him, that the only cure for rebellion is suppression by force, yet I must animadvert upon certain phrases where I seem to see a coincidence with a popular fallacy on the subject of compromise. On the one hand there are those who do not see that the vital principle of Government and the seminal principle of Law cannot properly be made a subject of compromise at all, and on the other those who are equally blind to the truth that without a compromise of individual

opinions, interests, and even rights, no society would be possible. *In medio tutissimus*. For my own part, I would gladly—

Ef I a song or two could make
 Like rockets druv by their own
 burnin',
 All leap an' light, to leave a wake
 Men's hearts an' faces skyward
 turnin'!—
 But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the
 time
 Fer stringin' words with settis-
 faction:
 Wut's wanted now's the silent
 rhyme
 'Twixt upright Will and down-
 right Action.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their
 keep,
 Butgabble's the short cut toruin;
 It's gratis (gals half-price), but
 cheap
 At no rate, ef it henders doin';
 Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set
 A martyr-pre'm'um upon jawrin':
 Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet
 Their lids down on 'em with Fort
 Warren.

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed
 Who sot the magazine afire,
 An' whether, ef Bob Wickliffe bust,
 'Twould scare us more or blow us
 higher.
 D' ye s'pose the Gret Foreseer's plan
 Wuz settled fer him in town-
 meetin'?
 Or thet ther' 'd ben no Fall o' Man,
 Ef Adam 'd on'y bit a sweetin'?

Oh, Jon'than, ef you want to be
 A rugged chap agin an' hearty,
 Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D.,
 Nut wut'll boost up ary party.
 Here's hell broke loose, an' we lay
 flat
 With half the univarse a-singein',
 Till Sen'tor This an' Gov'nor Thet
 Stop squabblin' fer the garding-
 ingin,

It's war we're in, not politics;
 It's systems wrastlin' now, not
 parties;
 An' victory in the eend'll fix
 Where longest will an' truest
 heart is.
 An' wut's the Guv'ment folks
 about?
 Tryin' to hope ther's nothin'
 doin',
 An' look ez though they didn't
 doubt
 'Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther's critters yit thet talk an' act
 Fer wut they call Conciliation;
 They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
 When they wuz madder than all
 Bashan.
 Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,
 No metter how they phrase an'
 tone it;
 It means thet we're to set down
 licked,
 Thet we're poor shotes an' glad
 to own it!

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,
 But it wun't leaven no lastin' traces,
 Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
 Without no moral specie-basis:
 Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the
 cheese,
 I guess ther's evils thet's ex-
 tremes,—
 Fer instance,—shinplaster idees
 Like them put out by Gov'nor
 Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
 When tremblin' Freedom cried
 to shield her,
 Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
 Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder:
 A splendid flash!—but how'd the
 grasp
 With sech a chance ez thet wuz
 tally?
 Ther' warn't no meanin' in our
 clasp,—
 Half this, half thet, all shilly-
 shally.

More men? More Man! It's there
 we fail;

Weak plans grow weaker yit by
 lengthenin';
 Wut use in addin' to the tail,
 When it's the head's in need o'
 strengthenin'?
 We wanted one thet felt all Chief
 From roots o' hair to sole o'
 stockin',
 Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief
 In him an' us, ef earth went
 rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-
 saw
 'Bout doin' things till they wuz
 done with,—
 He'd smashed the tables o' the Law
 In time o' need to load his gun
 with;
 He couldn't see but jest one side,—
 Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz
 plenty;
 An' so his "*Ferrards*!" multiplied
 An army's fightin' weight by
 twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak,
 creak,
 Your cappen's heart up with a
 derrick,
 This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak
 Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,
 This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
 Jest one sharp purpose 'mongst
 the twitter,—
 I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt
 The peth and sperit of a critter.

In six months where'll the People be
 Ef leaders look on revolution
 Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—
 Jest social el'ments in solution?
 This weighin' things doos wal
 enough
 When war cools down, an' comes
 to writin';
 But while it's makin', the true stuff
 Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man
 The right to be his own oppressor;
 But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
 Helpless ez spilled beans on a
 dresser:

I tell ye one thing we might larn
 From them smart critters, the
 Seceders,—
 Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,
 The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron
 leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs
 Thet we're a-goin' to use our
 senses :

Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
 An' ough' to bear his half th' ex-
 penses ;

Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
 South, North, East, West, wher-
 e'er you find it,
 An' ef it drovs into War's mill,
 D'ye say them thunder-stone shan't
 grind it ?

D'yes'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
 Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to
 sof'n

So 's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony
 stick

Thet's made our side see stars so
 of'n ?

"No !" he'd ha' thundered, "On
 your knees,
 An' own one flag, one road to
 glory !

Soft-heartedness, in times like
 these,

Shows sof'ness in the upper
 story ! "

An' why should we kick up a muss
 About the Pres'dunt's proclama-
 tion ?

It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
 Ef we don't like emancipation :

The right to be a cussed fool
 Is safe from all devices human,
 It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
 To every critter born o' woman.

So we're all right, an' I, fer one,
 Don't think our cause'll lose in
 vally

By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,
 An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally :
 Thank God, say I, fer even a plan
 To lift one human bein's level,
 Give one more chance to make a
 man,

Or, anyhow, to spile a devil !

Not thet I'm one thet much expec'
 Millennium by express-to-morrer ;
 They *will* miscarry,—I rec'lec'
 Tu many on 'em, to my sorrer :
 Men ain't made angels in a day,
 No matter how you mould an'
 labour 'em,—

Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay
 With Abeso of'n ez with Abraham

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,
 An' wants the banns read right
 ensuin' ;

But fact wun't noways wear the
 ring,
 'Thout years o' settin' up an'
 wooin' ;

Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate
 Marks cent'ries with the minute-
 finger,

An' Good can't never come tu late,
 Though it doos seem to try an'
 linger.

An' come wut will, I think it's
 grand

Abe's gut his will et last bloom-
 furnaced

In trial-flames till it'll stand

The strain o' bein' in deadly
 earnest :

Thet's wut we want,—we want to
 know

The folks on our side hez the
 bravery

To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come
 woe,

In Freedom ez Jeff doos in
 Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,

An' every man knows who'll be
 winner,

Whose faith in God hez ary root

Thet goes down deeper than his
 dinner :

Then 'twill be felt from pole to
 pole,

Without no need o' proclamation,
 Earth's biggest Country's gut her
 soul

An' risen up Earth's Greatest
 Nation !

No. VIII.

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

IN the month of February, 1866, the editors of the "Atlantic Monthly" received from the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock of Jaalam a letter enclosing the macaronic verses which follow, and promising to send more, if more should be communicated. "They were rapped out on the evening of Thursday last past," he says, "by what claimed to be the spirit of my late predecessor in the ministry here, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur, through the medium of a young man at present domiciled in my family. As to the possibility of such spiritual manifestations, or whether they be properly so entitled, I express no opinion, as there is a division of sentiment on that subject in the parish, and many persons of the highest respectability in social standing entertain opposing views. The young man who was improved as a medium submitted himself to the experiment with manifest reluctance, and is still unprepared to believe in the authenticity of the manifestations. During his residence with me his deportment has always been exemplary; he has been constant in his attendance upon our family devotions, and the public ministrations of the Word, and has more than once privately stated to me, that the latter had often brought him under deep concern of mind. The table is an ordinary quadrupedal one, weighing about thirty pounds, three feet seven inches and a half in height, four feet square on the top, and of beech or maple, I am not definitely prepared to say which. It had once belonged to my respected predecessor, and had been, so far as I can learn upon careful inquiry, of perfectly regular and correct habits up to the evening in question. On that occasion the young man previously al-

luded to had been sitting with his hands resting carelessly upon it, while I read over to him at his request certain portions of my last Sabbath's discourse. On a sudden the rappings, as they are called, commenced to render themselves audible, at first faintly, but in process of time more distinctly and with violent agitation of the table. The young man expressed himself both surprised and pained by the wholly unexpected, and, so far as he was concerned, unprecedented occurrence. At the earnest solicitation, however, of several who happened to be present, he consented to go on with the experiment, and with the assistance of the alphabet commonly employed in similar emergencies, the following communication was obtained and written down immediately by myself. Whether any, and if so, how much weight should be attached to it, I venture no decision. That Dr. Wilbur had sometimes employed his leisure in Latin versification I have ascertained to be the case, though all that has been discovered of that nature among his papers consists of some fragmentary passages of a version into hexameters of portions of the Song of Solomon. These I had communicated about a week or ten days previous [ly] to the young gentleman who officiated as medium in the communication afterwards received. I have thus, I believe, stated all the material facts that have any elucidative bearing upon this mysterious occurrence."

So far Mr. Hitchcock, who seems perfectly master of Webster's unabridged quarto, and whose flowing style leads him into certain further expatiations for which we have not room. We have since learned that the young man he speaks of was a sophomore, put under his care during a sentence of rustication from—College, where he had distinguished himself rather by physical experiments on the comparative power of resistance in window-

glass to various solid substances, than in the more regular studies of the place. In answer to a letter of inquiry, the professor of Latin says, "There was no harm in the boy that I know of beyond his loving mischief more than Latin, nor can I think of any spirits likely to possess him except those commonly called animal. He was certainly not remarkable for his Latinity, but I see nothing in the verses you enclose that would lead me to think them beyond his capacity, or the result of any special inspiration whether of beech or maple. Had that of *birch* been tried upon him earlier and more faithfully, the verses would perhaps have been better in quality and certainly in quantity." This exact and thorough scholar then goes on to point out many false quantities and barbarisms. It is but fair to say, however, that the author, whoever he was, seems not to have been unaware of some of them himself, as is shown by a great many notes appended to the verses as we received them, and purporting to be by Scaliger, Bentley, and others,—among them the *Esprit de Voltaire*! These we have omitted as clearly meant to be humorous and altogether failing therein.

Though entirely satisfied that the verses are altogether unworthy of Mr. Wilbur, who seems to have been a tolerable Latin scholar after the fashion of his day, yet we have determined to print them here partly as belonging to the *res gestæ* of this collection, and partly as a warning to their putative author which may keep him from such indecorous pranks for the future.

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA.

P. Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum inacaronicum perplexametrum, inter Getas getico more compostum, denuo per medium ardentispiritualement, adjuvante mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo. Conradi

Schwarzii umbrae, aliis necnon plurimis adjuvantibus, restitutum.

LIBER I.

PUNCTORUM garretos colens et cellara Quinque,
Gutteribus quæ et gaudessundayam abstingere frontem,
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore
Tanglepedem quem homines appellat Di quoque rotgut,
Pimpliidis, rubicundaque, Musa,
O, bourbonolensque, 5
Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogi-potentis
Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta remittit,
Linquens, eximios celebrem, da, Virginienses
Rowdes, præcipue et Te, heros alte, Polarde! 10
Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lictos,
Colemane, Tylere, nec vos oblivione relinquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictæ fausto est sub tegmine terra,
Backyfer, oiskeopollens, ebenoque bipede,
Socors præsidum et altrix (denique quidruminantium), 15
Duplefveorum uberrima; illis et integre cordi est
Deplere assidue et sine proprio incomodo fiscum;
Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictique secuti,
Goosam aureos ni eggos voluissent inmo necare
Quæ peperit, saltem ac de illis meliora merentem. 20
Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captinus inclytus ille
Regis Ulyssæ instar, docti arcum intendere longum;
Condidit ille Johnsmith, Virgini-amque vocavit,
Settledit autem Jacobus rex, nomine primus,
Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque deboshtis, 25

Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis	Præ ceterisque Polardus : si Seces- sia licita,
Wenchisque illi quas poterant se- ducere nuptas :	Se nunquam licturum jurat, res et unheardof, 55
Virgineum, ah, littus matronis tali- bus impar !	Verbo hæsit, similisque audaci roosteri invicto,
Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stigmatē ducunt	Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whop- pere molles,
Multi sese qui jactant regum esse nepotes : 30	Grantum, hirelingos stripes quique et splendida tollunt
Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quæ nuper habebas	Sidera, et Yankos, territum et omnem sarsuit orbem.
Bello fortes, consilio cautos, vir- tute decoros,	Usque dabant operam iste omnes, noctesque diesque, 60
Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in sanguine virtus,	Samuelem demulgere avunculum, id vero siccum ;
Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris reducta !	Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est culpa, remotis,
De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora tanta, 35	Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora minima, quæruni,
Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Ex- traordine Billis :	Lacticarentem autem et droppan vix in die dantem ;
Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere wordum ;	Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant, reddite pappam ! 65
Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere clam bowiknifo,	Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy immurmurat, Extra ;
Haud sanè facinus, dignum sed victrice lauro ;	Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo, pappam !
Larrupere et nigerum, factum præ- stantius ullo : 40	Frusta explorant pocketa, ruber nare repertum ;
Ast chlamydem picipulmatam, Icarium, flito et ineptam,	Officia expulsi aspicunt rapta, et Paradisum
Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido railo	Occlusum, viridesque haud illus nascere backos ; 70
Insuper acri equitare docere est hospitio uti.	Stupent tunc oculis madidis spit- tantque silenter.
Nescio an ille Polardus duplef- veoribus ortus,	Adhibere usu ast longo vires pror- sus inepti,
Sed reputo potius de radice poor- witemanorum ; 45	Si non ut qui grindeat axve tra- bémve reuolvat,
Fortuiti proles, ni fallor, Tylerus erat	Virginiam excruciant totis nunc mightibu' matrem ;
Præsidis, omnibus ab Whiggis no- minatus a poor cuss ;	Non melius, puta, nono panis dimi- diurne est ? 75
Et nobilem tertium evincit venera- bile nomen.	Readere ibi non posse est casus commoner ullo ;
Ast animosi omnes bellique ad tym- pana ha ! ha !	Tanto intentius imprimere est opus ergo statuta ;
Vociferant læti, procul et si prælia, sive 50	Nemo propterea pejor, melior, sine doubto,
Hostem incautum atsito possunt shootere salvi ;	Obtineat qui contractum, si et postea rhino ;
Imperii que capaces, esset si stylus agmen,	Ergo Polardus, si quis, inexsupera- bilis heros, 80
Pro dulcispoliabant et sine dangere fito.	Colemanus impavidus nondum, atque in purpure natus

Tylerus Iohanides celerisque in
 flito Nathaniel,
 Quisque optans digitos in tantum
 stickere pium,
 Astant accincti imprimere aut
 perrumpere leges:
 Quales os miserum rabidi tres ægre
 molossi, 85
 Quales aut dubium textum atra in
 veste ministri,
 Tales circumstabant nunc nostri
 inopes hoc job.
 Hisque Polardus voce canoro
 talia fatus:
 Primum autem, veluti est mos,
 præceps quisque liquorat,
 Quisque et Nicotianum ingens
 quid inserit atrum, 90
 Heroûm nitidum decus et solamen
 avitum,
 Masticat ac simul altisonans, spit-
 tatque profuse:
 Quis de Virginia meruit præstan-
 tius unquam?
 Quis se pro patria curavit impigre
 tutum?
 Speechisque articulisque hominum
 quis fortior ullus, 95
 Ingeminaus pennæ lickos et vul-
 nera vocis?
 Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit
 Yankiuimicos,
 Sæpius aut dedit ultro datam et
 broke his parolam?
 Mente inquassatus solidâque,
 tyranno minante,
 Horrisonis (hic) bombis mœnia et
 alta quatente, 100
 Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yau-
 kos lickere centum,
 Atque ad lastum invictus non sur-
 rendit unquam?
 Ergo haud medillite, posco, mique
 relinquite (hic) hoc job,
 Si non—knifumque enormem mos-
 trat spittatque tremendus,
 Dixerat: ast alii reliquorant et
 sine pauso 105
 Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uter-
 que vicissim
 Certamine innocuo valde madidam
 inquinat assem:
 Tylerus autem, dumque liquorat
 aridus hostis,
 Mirum aspicit duplumque biben-
 tem, astante Lyæo;

Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen
 impia verba; 110
 Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses
 atque viginti,
 Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic)
 thrasherem acervum;
 Nempe et thrasham, doggonatus
 (hic) sim nisi faxem;
 Lambastabo omnes catawomposi-
 ter-(hic)que chawam!
 Dixit et impulsus Ryeo ruitur
 bene titus, 115
 Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem
 habet in hatto.
 Hunc inhiat titubansque Polar-
 dus optat et illum
 Stickere inermen, protegit autem
 rite Lyæus,
 Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitan-
 tibus, heros 120
 Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque
 excogitat utrum
 Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter
 utrosque recumbit,
 Magno asino similis nimio sub pon-
 dere quassus:
 Colemanus hos mœstus, triste
 ruminansque solamen,
 Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat ter-
 que cubantes;
 Funereisque his ritibus humidis
 inde solutis, 125
 Sternitur, invalidusque illus super-
 incidit infans;
 Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt
 cornisonantes,
 Watchmanus inscius ast calybooso
 deinde reponit.

 No. IX.

[THE Editors of the "Atlantic" have received so many letters of inquiry concerning the literary remains of the late Mr. Wilbur, mentioned by his colleague and successor, Rev. Jeduthan Hitchcock, in a communication from which we made some extracts in our number for February, 1863, and have been so repeatedly urged to print some part of them for the gratification of the public, that they felt it their duty at least to make some

effort to satisfy a demand. They have accordingly carefully examined the papers intrusted to them, but find most of the productions of Mr. Wilbur's pen so fragmentary, and even chaotic, written as they are on the backs of letters in an exceedingly cramped chirography,—here a memorandum for a sermon; there an observation of the weather; now the measurement of an extraordinary head of cabbage, and then of the cerebral capacity of some reverend brother deceased; a calm inquiry into the state of modern literature, ending in a method of detecting if milk be impoverished with water, and the amount thereof; one leaf beginning with a genealogy, to be interrupted half-way down with an entry that the brindle cow had calved,—that any attempts at selection seemed desperate. His only complete work, "An Enquiry concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast," even in the abstract of it given by Mr. Hitchcock, would, by a rough computation of the printers, fill five entire numbers of our journal, and as he attempts, by a new application of decimal fractions, to identify it with the Emperor Julian, seems hardly of immediate concern to the general reader. Even the Table-Talk, though doubtless originally highly interesting in the domestic circle, is so largely made up of theological discussion and matters of local or preterite interest, that we have found it hard to extract anything that would at all satisfy expectation. But, in order to silence further inquiry, we subjoin a few passages as illustrations of its general character.]

I think I could go near to be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. It is not so very

hard to turn the other cheek for a kiss. And when I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, on the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and furniture of our dwelling here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as God's guest, and cannot but believe that we should all be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honour that men could pay us, if we remembered that every day we sat at the table of the Great King? Yet must we not forget that we are in strictest bonds His servants also; for there is no impiety so abject as that which expects to be *dead-headed* (*ut ita dicam*) through life, and which, calling itself trust in Providence, is in reality asking Providence to trust us and taking up all our goods on false pretences. It is a wise rule to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so.

It has often set me thinking when I find that I can always pick up plenty of empty nuts under my shagbark-tree. The squirrels know them by their lightness, and I have seldom seen one with the marks of their teeth in it. What a school-house is the world, if our wits would only not play truant! For I observe that men set most store by forms and symbols in proportion as they are mere shells. It is the outside they want and not the kernel. What stores of such do not many, who in material things are as shrewd as the squirrels, lay up for the spiritual winter-supply of themselves and their children! I have seen churches that seemed to be garnerers of these withered nuts, for it is wonderful how prosaic is the apprehension of symbols by the minds of most men. It is not one sect nor another, but all, who, like the dog of the fable, have

let drop the spiritual substance of symbols for their material shadow. If one attribute miraculous virtues to mere holy water, that beautiful emblem of inward purification at the door of God's house, another cannot comprehend the significance of baptism without being ducked over head and ears in the liquid vehicle thereof.

[Perhaps a word of historical comment may be permitted here. My late revered predecessor was, I would humbly affirm, as free from prejudice as falls to the lot of the most highly favoured individuals of our species. To be sure, I have heard him say that, "what were called strong prejudices, were in fact only the repulsion of sensitive organisations from that moral and even physical effluvium through which some natures by providential appointment, like certain unsavory quadrupeds, gave warning of their neighbourhood. Better ten mistaken suspicions of this kind than one close encounter." This he said somewhat in heat, on being questioned as to his motives for always refusing his pulpit to those itinerant professors of vicarious benevolence who end their discourses by taking up a collection. But at another time I remember his saying, "that there was one large thing which small minds always found room for, and that was great prejudices." This, however, by the way. The statement which I purposed to make was simply this. Down to A.D. 1830, Jaalam had consisted of a single parish, with one house set apart for religious services. In that year the foundations of a Baptist Society were laid by the labours of Elder Joash Q. Balcom, 2d. As the members of the new body were drawn from the First Parish, Mr. Wilbur was for a time considerably exercised in mind. He even went so far as on one occasion to follow the reprehensible practice of the earlier Puritan divines in choosing a punning text,

and preached from Hebrews xiii. 9: "Be not carried about with *divers* and strange doctrines." He afterwards, in accordance with one of his own maxims,—“to get a dead injury out of the mind as soon as is decent, bury it, and then ventilate,”—in accordance with this maxim, I say, he lived on very friendly terms with Rev. Shear-jashub Scrimgour, present pastor of the Baptist Society in Jaalam. Yet I think it was never displeasing to him that the church edifice of that society (though otherwise a creditable specimen of architecture) remained without a bell, as indeed it does to this day. So much seemed necessary to do away with any appearance of acerbity toward a respectable community of professing Christians, which might be suspected in the conclusion of the above paragraph.—J. H.]

In lighter moods he was not averse from an innocent play upon words. Looking up from his newspaper one morning as I entered his study he said, "When I read a debate in Congress, I feel as if I were sitting at the feet of Zeno in the shadow of the Portico." On my expressing a natural surprise, he added, smiling, "Why, at such times the only view which honourable members give me of what goes on in the world is through their intercalumniation." I smiled at this after a moment's reflection, and he added gravely, "The most punctilious refinement of manners is the only salt that will keep a democracy from stinking; and what are we to expect from the people, if their representatives set them such lessons? Mr. Everett's whole life has been a sermon from this text. There was, at least, this advantage in duelling, that it set a certain limit on the tongue." In this connection, I may be permitted to recall a playful remark of his upon another occasion. The painful divisions in the First

Parish, A.D. 1844, occasioned by the wild notions in respect to the rights of (what Mr. Wilbur, so far as concerned the reasoning faculty, always called) the unfairest part of creation, put forth by Miss Parthenia Almira Fitz, are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. It was during these heats, long since happily allayed, that Mr. Wilbur remarked that "the Church had more trouble in dealing with one *sheresiarch* than with twenty *heresiarchs*," and that the men's *conscia recti*, or certainty of being right, was nothing to the women's.

When I once asked his opinion of a poetical composition on which I had expended no little pains, he read it attentively, and then remarked, "Unless one's thought pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain. Commonplace gains nothing by being translated into rhyme, for it is something which no hocus-pocus can transubstantiate with the real presence of living thought. You entitle your piece, 'My Mother's Grave,' and expend four pages of useful paper in detailing your emotions there. But, my dear sir, watering does not improve the quality of ink, even though you should do it with tears. To publish a sorrow to Tom, Dick, and Harry is in some sort to advertise its unreality, for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively hides its face with its hands and is silent. If your piece were printed, I have no doubt it would be popular, for people like to fancy that they feel much better than the trouble of feeling. I would put all poets on oath whether they have striven to say everything they possibly could think of, or to leave out all they could not help saying. In your own case, my worthy young friend, what you have written is merely a deliberate exercise, the gymnastic of sentiment. For your excellent

maternal relative is still alive, and is to take tea with me this evening, D. V. Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, 'Go to, let me seem to be pathetic,' may be nearer than he thinks to saying, 'Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest, or under sorrow for sin.' Depend upon it, Sappho loved her verses more sincerely than she did Phaon, and Petrarch his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of the clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful. When I was of your age, I also for a time mistook my desire to write verses for an authentic call of my nature in that direction. But one day as I was going forth for a walk, with my head full of an 'Elegy on the Death of Flirtilla,' and vainly groping after a rhyme for *lily* that should not be *silly* or *chilly*, I saw my eldest boy Homer busy over the rain-water hogshead, in that childish experiment at parthenogenesis, the changing a horse-hair into a water-snake. An immersion of six weeks showed no change in the obstinate filament. Here was a stroke of unintended sarcasm. Had I not been doing in my study precisely what my boy was doing out of doors? Had my thoughts any more chance of coming to life by being submerged in rhyme than his hair by soaking in water? I burned my elegy and took a course of Edwards on the Will. People do not make poetry; it is made out of *them* by a process for which I do not find myself fitted. Nevertheless, the writing of verses is a good rhetorical exercitation, as teaching us what to shun most carefully in prose. For prose bewitched is like window-glass with bubbles in it, distorting what it should show with pellucid veracity."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kick-shaws cooked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

One of the most inexcusable weaknesses of Americans is in signing their names to what are called credentials. But for my interposition, a person who shall be nameless would have taken from this town a recommendation for an office of trust subscribed by the selectmen and all the voters of both parties, ascribing to him as many good qualities as if it had been his tombstone. The excuse was that it would be well for the town to be rid of him, as it would ere long be obliged to maintain him. I would not refuse my name to modest merit, but I would be as cautious as in signing a bond. [I trust I shall be subjected, to no imputation of unbecoming vanity, if I mention the fact that Mr. W. indorsed my own qualifications as teacher of the high-school at Pequash Junction. J. H.] When I see a certificate of character with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil. Never give a man your name unless you are willing to trust him with your reputation.

There seem nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration,—fulness of mind and emptiness of pocket.

I am often struck, especially in reading Montaigne, with the obviousness and familiarity of a great writer's thoughts, and the freshness they gain because said by him. The truth is, we mix their greatness with all they say and give it our best attention. Johannes Faber sic cogitavit, would be no enticing preface to a book, but an accredited name gives credit like the signature

of a note of hand. It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, and a thing is weightier for Shakespeare's uttering it by the whole amount of his personality.

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all the faculties to the open doors and windows at every passing rumour; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.

Do not look for the Millennium as imminent. One generation is apt to get all the wear it can out of the cast clothes of the last, and is always sure to use up every paling of the old fence that will hold a nail in building the new.

You suspect a kind of vanity in my genealogical enthusiasm. Perhaps you are right; but it is a universal foible. Where it does not show itself in a personal and private way, it becomes public and gregarious. We flatter ourselves in the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Virginian offshoot of a transported convict swells with the fancy of a cavalier ancestry. Pride of birth, I have noticed, takes two forms. One complacently traces himself up to a coronet; another, defiantly, to a lapstone. The sentiment is precisely the same in both cases, only that one is the positive and the other the negative pole of it.

Seeing a goat the other day kneeling in order to graze with less

trouble, it seemed to me a type of the common notion of prayer. Most people are ready enough to go down on their knees for material blessings, but how few for those spiritual gifts which alone are an answer to our orisons, if we but knew it!

Some people, nowadays, seem to have hit upon a new moralisation of the moth and the candle. They would lock up the light of Truth, lest poor Psyche should put it out in her effort to draw nigh to it.

NO. X.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE
EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter come to
han'

Requestin' me to please be
funny;

But I ain't made upon a plan
Thet knows wut's comin', gall or
honey:

Ther's times the world doos look
so queer,

Odd fancies come afore I call
'em;

An' then agin, for half a year,
No preacher 'thout a call's more
solemn.

You're'n want o' sunthin' light an'
cute,

Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o'
jingleish,

An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I'd take an' citify my English.

I ken writel'ong-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jokin', no, I
thankee;

Then, 'fore I know it, my idee's
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an'
time

Hev took some trouble with my
schoolin';

Nor th' airth don't git put out with
me,

Thet love her 'z though she wuz
a woman;

Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein'
human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd
way

Ol' farmers hed when I wuz
younger;

Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould
stay,

While book-froth seems to whet
your hunger;

For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's
few can metch it,

An' then it helves my thoughts ez
slick

Ez stret-grained hickory doos a
hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's
all,

For Natur' won't put up with
gullin';

Idee's you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a
mullein:

Live thoughts ain't sent for: thru
all rifts

O' sense they pour an' resh ye
onwards,

Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin'
sunwards.

Time wuz, the rhymes come
crowdin' thick

Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,

An' into ary place 'ould stick

Without no bother nor objection;

But sence the war my thoughts
hang back

Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,

An' sub'stutes,—they don't never
lack,

But then they'll slope afore
you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;
I can't see wut there is to hender,

An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
 Like bumblebees agin a winder;
 'Fore these times come, in all
 airth's row,
 Ther' wuz one quiet place, my
 head in,
 Where I could hide an' think,—
 but now
 It's all one teeter, hopin',
 dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some
 clear-blown night,
 When gaunt stone walls grow
 numb an' number,
 An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus'
 white,
 Walk the col' starlight into
 summer;
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by
 swell
 Thru the pale pasturs silvers
 dimmer
 Than the last smile thet strives to
 tell
 O' love gone heavenward in its
 shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o'
 clover
 They filled my heart with livin'
 springs,
 But now they seem to freeze 'em
 over;
 Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
 To rile me more with thoughts
 o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try:
 Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin
 wheel goin'
 But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry
 Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
 An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
 Calmer'n a clock, an never carin',
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,
 Is wus than ef she took to
 swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on
 the pane
 The charm makes blazin' logs so
 pleasant;

But I can't hark to wut they're
 say'n,
 With Grant or Sherman ollers
 present;
 The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
 Thet lulls, then suddin takes to
 flappin'
 Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
 To me ez so much sperit rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
 When sunshine makes 'em all
 sweet scented,
 An' hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr con-
 tented,
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an'
 low
 Ez distant bells thet ring for
 meetin'
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles
 blow,
 Further an' further South
 retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
 An' see a hundred hills like
 islan's
 Lift their blue woods in broken
 chain
 Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
 The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on
 airth,
 Slow thru the winter air a-
 shrinkin'
 Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the
 hearth
 Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin'
 snows,
 An' rattles di'mon's from his
 granite;
 Time wuz, he snatched away my
 prose,
 An' into psalms or satires ran
 it;
 But he, nor all the rest thet once
 Started my blood to country-
 dances,
 Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce
 Thet hain't no use for dreams an
 fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,

An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follored once an' now are
quiet,—

White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o'
Satan,

Whose comin' step ther's ears that
won't,

No, not lifelong, leave off
awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my
knee?

Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu
knowin'?

I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn,
keeps climbin',

Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for
rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith
an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true
metal,

Who ventered life an' love an'
youth

For the gret prize o' death in
battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's
thunder,

Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line as-
under?

'Tain't right to hev the young go
fust,

All throbbin' full o' gifts an'
graces,

Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their
places;

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
Ther's gaps our lives can't never
fay in,

An' *thet* world seems so fur from
this

Lef' for us loafers to grow gray
in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my
mouth

Will take to twitchin' roun' the
corners;

I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sot among the
scorners:

I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Judgment, where your mean-
est slave is,

Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff
Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner
bowed

For honour lost an' dear ones
wasted,

But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes thet tell o' triumph
tasted!

Come, with han' grippin' on the
hilt,

An' step that proves ye Victory's
daughter!

Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's
for water.

Come, while our country feels the
lift

Of a gret instinct shoutin' for-
wards,

An' knows thet freedom ain't a
gift

Thet tarries long in han's o'
cowards!

Come, sech ez mothers prayed for,
when

They kissed their cross with lips
thet quivered,

An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

NO. XI.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH IN MARCH MEET- ING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY.

JAALAM, April 5, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—

(an' noticin' by your kiver thet
you're some dearer than wut you

wuz, I enclose the deffrence) I dunno ez I know jest how to interdroce this las' perduction of my mews, ez Parson Willber allus called 'em, which is goin' to be the last an' *stay* the last onless sunthin' pertikler sh'd interfear which I don't expec', ner I wun't yield tu ef it wuz ez pressin' ez a deppity Shiriff. Sence Mr. Wilbur's disease I hev'n't hed no one thet could dror out my talons. He ust to kind o' wine me up an' set the penderlum agoin' an' then somehow I seemed to go on tick as it wear tell I run down, but the noo minister ain't of the same brewin' nor I can't seem to git ahold of no kine of huming nater in him but sort of slide rite off as you du on the eedge of a mow. Minnysteeril natur is wal enough an' a site better 'n most other kines I know on, but the other sort sech as Welbor hed wuz of the Lord's makin' an' naterally more wonderfle an' sweet tastin' leastways to me so fur as heerd from. He used to interdooce 'em smooth ez ile athout sayin' nothin' in pertikler an' I misdoubt he didn't set so much by the sec'nd Ceres as wut he done by the Fust, fact, he let on onct thet his mine misgive him of a sort of fallin' off in spots. He wuz as out-spoken as a norwester *he* wuz, but I tole him I hoped the fall wuz from so high up thet a feller could ketch a good many times fust afore comin' bunt onto the ground as I see Jethro C. Swett from the meetin' house steeple up to th' old perrish, an' took up for dead but he's alive now an' spry as wut you be. Turnin' of it over I reclected how they ust to put wut they called Argymunce onto the frunts of poymns, like poorches afore housen whare you could rest ye a spell whilst you wuz concludin' whether you'd go in or nut espeshully ware tha wuz darters, though I most allus found it the best plan to go in fust an' think afterwards an' the gals likes it best tu. I dno as speechis ever hez any

argimunts to 'em, I never see none thet hed an' I guess they never du but tha must allus be a B'ginnin' to everythin' athout it is Eternity so I 'll begin rite away an' anybody may put it afore any of his speeches ef it soots an' welcome. I don't claim no paytent.

THE ARGYMUNT.

Interducshsin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur an' most gin'ally allus pleasin', I b'leeve I've notist, to *one* of the company, an' thet's more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the goodwill of the orjunge by lettin' 'em gether from wut you kind of ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East. A one, an' no mistaik, skare 'em up an' take 'em as they rise. Spring interdooced with a fiew approput flours. Speech finally begins w'ich nobuddy need n't feel obolygated to read as I never read 'em an' never shell this one ag'in. Subjick staited; expanded; delayed; extended. Pump lively. Subjick staited ag'in so 's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks; continooed; kerried on; pushed further; kind o' gin out. Subjick *re-staited*; dielooted; stirred up permiscuous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in an' stait his subjick; stretches it; turns it; folds it; onfolds it; folds it ag'in so's 't no one can't find it. Argoos with an imedjinary bean thet ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin' an' is settyside he's rite. Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to get into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stait his subjick ag'in; doos it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', no-ways. Gits finally red on it. Concluds. Concluds more. Reads some xtrax. Sees his subjick a-nosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries

to avide it. Wun't du. *Misstates* it. Can't conjectur' no other plaw-sable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fx. Finely concloods to conclood. Yeels the flore.

You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please. I allus do, it kind of puts a noo soot of close onto a word, thisere funattick spellin' doos an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dixonary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made for; wut's left's jest pummis.

Mistur Wilbur sez he to me onct, sez he, "Hosee," sez he, "in litterytoor the only good thing is Natur. It's amazin' hard to come at," sez he, "but onct git it an' you've gut everythin'. Wut's the sweetest small on airth?" sez he. "Noomone hay," sez I, pooty bresk, for he wuz allus hankerin' round in hayin'. "Nawthin' of the kine," sez he. "My leetle Huld's breath," sez I ag'in. "You're a good lad," sez he, his eyes sort of ripplin' like, for he lost a babe onct nigh about her age,—"you're a good lad; but 't ain't thet nuther," sez he. "Ef you want to know," sez he, "open your winder of a mornin' et ary season, and you'll larn that the best of perfooms is jest fresh air, *fresh air*," sez he, emphysizin', "athout no mixtur'. Thet's wut I call natur in writin', and it bathes my lungs and washes 'em sweet whenever I git a whiff on't," sez he. I offen think 'o thet when I set down to write, but the winders air so ept to git stuck, an' breakin' a pane costs sunthin'.

Yourn for the last time,
N^{ut} to be continued,
HOSEA BIGLOW.

I DON'T much s'pose, hows'ever I should plen it,
I could git boosted into th' House or Sennit,—
N^{ut} while the twolegged gab-machine's so plenty,

'Nablin' one man to du the talk o' twenty;
I'm one o' them thet finds it ruther hard
To mannyfactur' wisdom by the yard,
An' maysure off, accordin' to demand,
The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on hand,
The same ole pattern runnin' thru an' thru,
An' nothin' but the customer thet's new.

I sometimes think, the furdur on I go,
Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know,
An' when I've settled my idees, I find
Twarn't I sheered most in makin' up my mind;
'Twuz this an' thet an' t'other thing thet done it,
Sunthin' in th' air, I could n' seek nor shun it.
Mos' folks go off so quick now in discussion,
All th' ole flint locks seems altered to percussion,
Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint,
Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint;
Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to wer-rit,
For th' ole Queen's-arm hez this pertickler merit,—
It gives the mind a bahnsome wedth o' margin
To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin':
I can't make out but jest one ginule rule,—
No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't bear
Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare.

Ez I wuz say'n, I hain't no chance to speak
So 's 't all the country dreads me onct a week,

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head
 That sets to home an' thinks wut *might* be said,
 The sense thet grows an' werrits underneath,
 Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,
 An' git so el'kent, sometimes, to my gardin
 Thet I don' vally public life a fardin'.
 Our Parson Wilbur (blessin's on his head !)
 'Mongst other stories of ole times he hed,
 Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his spreads
 Beforehan' to his rows o' kebbige-heads,
 (Ef 'twarn't Demossenes, I guess 'twuz Sisro),
 Appealin' fust to thet an' then to this row,
 Accordin' ez he thought thet his ideas
 Their diff'runt ev'riges o' brains 'ould please ;
 "An'," sez the Parson, "to hit right, you must
 Git used to maysurin' your hearers fust ;
 For, take my word for 't, when all's come an' past,
 The kebbige-heads 'll cair the day et last ;
 Th' ain't ben a meetin' sence the worl' begun
 But they made (raw or biled ones) ten to one."
 I've allus foun' 'em, I allow, sence then
 About ez good for talkin' to ez men ;
 They'll take edvice, like other folks, to keep,
 (To use it 'ould be holdin' on 't tu cheap),
 They listen wal, don' kick up when you scold 'em,
 An' ef they've tongues, hev sense enough to hold 'em ;
 Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose the breed,

I gin'lly keep a score or so for seed,
 An' when my sappiness gits spry in spring,
 So 's 't my tongues itches to run on full swing,
 I fin' 'em ready-planted in March-meetin',
 Warn ez a lyceum-audience in their greetin',
 An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the fence,—
 Comin', ez 't doos, entirely free 'f expense.
 This year I made the follerin' observations
 Extrump'ry, like most other trills o' patience,
 An', no reporters bein' sent express
 To work their abstrac's up into a mess
 Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut pictur'
 Thet chokes the life out like a boy-constrictor,
 I've writ 'em out, an' so avide all jeal'sies
 'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's else's.
 (N.B. Reporters gin'lly git a hint
 To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,
 An', ez I hev t' report myself, I vum,
 I'll put th' applauses where they'd *ough'* to come!)

MY FELLER KEBBIGE-HEADS, who look so green,
 I vow to gracious thet ef I could dreem
 The world of all its hearers but jest you,
 'Twould leave 'bout all tha' is wuth talkin' to,
 An' you, my ven'able ol' frien's, thet show
 Upon your crowns a sprinklin' o' March snow,
 Ez ef mild Time had christend every sense
 For wisdom's church o' second innocence,
 Nut Age's winter, no, no sech a thing,

But jest a kin' o' slippin'-back o' spring, — [Sev'ril noses blowed.]
 We've gathered here, ez ushle, to decide
 Which is the Lord's an' which is Satan's side,
 Coz all the good or evil that can heppen
 Is 'long o' which on 'em you choose for Cappen.
 [Cries o' "Thet's so!"]

Aprul's come back; the swellin' buds of oak
 Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish smoke;
 The brooks are loose an', singing to be seen,
 (Like gals), make all the hollers soft an' green;
 The birds are here, for all the season's late;
 They take the sun's height an' don't never wait;
 Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring
 Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,
 An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,
 Can't by the music tell the time o' year;
 But thet white dove Carliny scared away,
 Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day;
 Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an' build last year
 An' coo by every housedoor, isn't here,—
 No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,
 Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war!
 O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they could see
 The begnet-pint there is to an idee!
 [Sensation.]
 Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in steel;
 They run your soul thru an' you never feel,
 But crawl about an' seem to think you're livin',
 Poor shells o' men, nut wuth the Lord's forgivin',

Till you come bunt ag'in a real live fect,
 An' go to pieces when you'd ough' to ect!
 Thet kin' o' begnet's wut we're crossin' now,
 An' no man, fit to nevvigate a scow, 'Ould stan' expectin' help from Kingdom Come,
 While t'other side druv their cold iron home.

My frien's, you never gethered from my mouth,
 No, nut one word ag'in the South ez South,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' man, white, brown, nor black;
 Gladder'n wut I should be to take 'em back;
 But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust To write up on his door, "No goods on trust;"
 [Cries of "Thet's the ticket!"]
 Give us cash down in ekle laws for all,
 An' they'll be snug inside afore nex' fall.
 Give wut they ask, an' we shell hev Jamaker
 Wuth minus some consid'able an acre;
 Give wut they need, an' we shell git 'fore long
 A nation all one piece, rich, peacefle, strong;
 Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin
 To love their country ez they loved their sin;
 Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a sore
 Ready to fester ez it done afore.
 No mortle man can boast of perfic' vision,
 But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,
 An' th' ain't no futur' for the man nor state
 Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great.
 Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle; do you?
 'Twas commonsense afore the war wuz thru;
 Thet loaded all our guns an' made 'em speak

So's 't Europe heard 'em clear'n
 across the creek;
 "They're drivin' o' their spiles
 down now," sez she,
 "To the hard grennit o' God's fust
 idee;
 Ef they reach thet, Democ'cy
 needn't fear
 The tallest airthquakes *we* can git
 up here."
 Some call't insultin' to ask *any*
 pledge,
 An' say 'twill only set their teeth
 on edge,
 But folks you've jest licked, fur'z
 I ever see,
 Are 'bout ez mad 'z they wal know
 how to be;
 It's better than the Rebs them-
 selves expected
 'Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down
 henpected;
 Be kind 'z you please, but fustly
 make things fast,
 For plain Truth's all the kindness
 thet 'll last;
 Ef treason is a crime, ez *some* folks
 say,
 How could we punish it a milder
 way
 Than sayin' to 'em, "Brethren,
 lookee here,
 We'll jes' divide things with ye,
 sheer an' sheer,
 An' sence both come o' pooty
 strong-backed daddies,
 You take the Darkies, ez we've
 took the Paddies;
 Ign'ant an' poor we took 'em by the
 hand,
 An' they're the bones an' sinners o'
 the land."
 I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a
 loss on
 Every invest'ment thet don't start
 from Bos'on;
 But I know this: our money's
 safest trusted
 In sunthin', come wut will, thet
can't be busted,
 An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,
 To make a man a Man an' let him
 be.

[Gret applause.]

Ez for their l'yalty, don't take a
 goad to't,

But I do' want to block their only
 road to't
 By lettin' 'em believe thet they can
 git
 Mor'n wut they lost, out of our
 little wit:
 I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif'
 to leeward
 'Thout we can put more stiffenin'
 into Seward;
 He seems to think Columby'd
 better ect
 Liked a scared widder with a boy
 stiff-necked
 Thet stomps an' swears he wun't
 come in to supper;
 She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez
 Tupper,
 Keepin' the Constitootion on to
 warm,
 Tell he'll except her 'pologies in
 form:
 The neighbours tell her he's a cross-
 grained cuss
 Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes
 to wus;
 "No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez
 good'z the best,
 All he wants now is sugar-plums
 an' rest;"
 "He sarsed my Pa," sez one; "He
 stoned my son,"
 Anotherdds. "Oh, wal, 'twuz jest
 his fun."
 "He tried to shoot our Uncle
 Samwell dead."
 "'Twuz only tryin' a noo gun he
 hed."
 "Wal, all we ask's to hev it under-
 stood
 You'll take his gun away from him
 for good:
 We don't, wal, nut exac'ly, like his
 play,
 Seein' he allus kin' o' shoots our
 way.
 You kill your fatted calves to no
 good eend,
 'Thout his fust sayin', 'Mother, I
 hev sinned!'"
 ["Amen," frum Deac'n Greenleaf.]

The Pres'dunt *he* thinks thet the
 slickest plan
 'Ould be t'allow thet he's our on'y
 man,

An' thet we fit thru all thet drefle
 war
 Jes' for his private glory an' ecor;
 "Nobody ain't a Union man," sez
 he,
 "'Thout he agrees, thru thick an'
 thin' with me;
 Warn't Andrew Jackson's 'nitals
 jes' like mine?
 An' ain't thet sunthin' like a right
 divine
 To cut up ez kentenkerous ez I
 please,
 An' treat your Congress like a nest
 o' fleas?"
 Wal, I expec' the People wouldn'
 care, if
 The question now wuz techin' bank
 or tariff,
 But I conclude they've 'bout made
 up their mind
 This ain't the fittest time to go it
 blind,
 Nor these ain't metters thet with
 pol'tics swings,
 But goes 'way down amongst the
 roots o' things;
 Coz Sumner talked o' whitewashin'
 one day
 They wun't let four years' war be
 throwed away.
 "Let the South hev her rights?"
 They say "Thet's you!
 But nut greb hold of other folks's
 tu."
 Who owns this country, is it they
 or Andy?
 Leastways it ough' to be the People
 and he;
 Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,
 But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez
 Co;
 [Laughter.]
 Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble
 numbers
 Think thet the job wuz taken by
 Columbus.
 Did he set tu an' make it wut
 it is?
 Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power
 hez riz.
 Did he put thru the rebbles, clear
 the docket,
 An' pay th' expenses out of his own
 pocket?
 Ef thet's the case, then everythin'
 I exes

Is t' hev him come an' pay my en-
 nooal taxes.
 [Profound sensation.]
 Was't he thet shou'dered all them
 million guns?
 Did he lose all the fathers, brothers,
 sons?
 Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment thet we
 run
 A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one?
 An' is the country goin' to knuckle
 down
 To hev Smith sort their letters 'stid
 o' Brown?
 Who wuz the 'Nited States 'fore
 Richmon' fell?
 Wuz the South needfle their full
 name to spell?
 An' can't we spell it in thet short-
 han' way
 Till th' underpiinnin's settled so 's
 to stay?
 Who cares for the Resolves of '61,
 Thet tried to coax an airthquake
 with a bun?
 Hez act'ly nothin' taken place sence
 then
 To larn folks they must hendle facts
 like men?
 Ain't *this* the true p'int? Did the
 Rebs accep' 'em?
 Ef nut, whose fault is 't thet we
 hevn't kep 'em?
 Warn't there *two* sides? an' don't
 it stend to reason
 Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't
 las' week's treason?
 When all these sums is done, with
 nothin' missed,
 An' nut afore, this school 'll be dis-
 missed.

I knowed ez walez though I'd seen't
 with eyes
 Thet when the war wuz over
 copper 'd rise,
 An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our
 kettle
 'Twould need Leviathan's whole
 skin to settle:
 I thought 'twould take about a
 generation
 'Fore we could wal begin to be a
 nation,
 But I allow I never did imagine

'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould
drive a wedge in
To keep the split from closin' ef it
could,
An' healin' over with new whole-
some wood ;
For th' ain't no chance o' healin'
while they think
Thet law an' gov'ment's only
printer's ink ;
I mus' confess I thank him for dis-
coverin'
The curus way in which the States
are sovereign ;
They ain't nut *quite* enough so to
rebel,
But, when they fin' it's costly to
raise h—,
[A groan from Deac'n G.]
Why, then, for jes' the same super-
l'tive reason,
They're 'most too much so to be
tetched for treason ;
They *can't* go out, but if they some-
how *du*,
Their sovereignty don't noways go
out tu ;
The State goes out, the sovereignty
don't stir,
But stays to keep the door ajar for
her.
He thinks secession never took 'em
out,
An' mebbe he's correc', but I mis-
doubt ;
Ef they warn't out, then why, 'n
the name o' sin,
Make all this row 'bout lettin' of
'em in ?
In law, p'raps nut ; but there's a
diffurence, ruther,
Betwixt your mother-'n-law an
real mother.
[Derisive cheers.]
An' I, for one, shall wish they'd
all been *som'eres*,
Long 'z U.S. Texes are sech reg'lar
comers.
But, oh my patience ! must we
wriggle back
Into th' ole crooked, pettyfoggin'
track,
When our artil'ry-wheels a road
hev cut
Stret to our purpose ef we keep
the rut ?

War's jes' dead waste excep' to
wipe the slate
Clean for the cyphrin' of some
nobler fate. [Applause.]
Ez for dependin' on their oaths an'
thet,
'Twun't bind 'em mor'n the ribbin
roun' my het :
I heared a fable once from Othniel
Starns,
That pints it slick ez weathercocks
do barns ;
Onct on a time the wolves hed
certing rights
Inside the fold ; they used to sleep
there nights.
An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they
took
Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez
a book ;
But somehow, when the dogs hed
gut asleep,
Their love o' mutton beat their
love o' sheep,
Till gradilly the shepherds come to
see
Things warn't agoin' ez they'd ough'
to be ;
So they sent off a deacon to remon-
strate
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em
to go on straight ;
They didn' seem to set much by the
deacon,
Nor preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut
to speak on ;
Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go
out an' stay,
An' hev their fill o' mutton every
day ;
Then dogs an' shepherds, after
much hard dammin',
[Groan from Deac'n G.]
Turned tu an' give 'em a tormented
lammin',
An' sez, "Ye shan't go out, the
murrain rot ye,
To keep us wastin' half our time to
watch ye !"
But then the question come, How
live together
'Thout losin' sleep, nor nary yew
nor wether ?
Now there wuz some dogs (noways
wuth their keep)

That sheered their cousins' tastes
an' sheered the sheep :

They sez, "Be gin'rous, let 'em
swear right in,

An', ef they backslide, let 'em swear
ag'in ;

Jes' let 'em put on sheep-skins
whilst they're swearin' ;

To ask for more 'ould be beyond all
bearin'."

"Be gin'rous for yourselves, where
you're to pay,

Thet's the best prectice," sez a shep-
herd gray ;

"Ez for their oaths they wun't be
wuth a button,

Long 'z you don't cure 'em o' their
taste for mutton ;

Th' ain't but one solid way, how-
e'er you puzzle :

Tell they're convarted, let 'em wear
a muzzle."

[Cries of "Bully for you !"]

I've noticed thet each half-baked
scheme's abettors

Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters
Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on

fellers.

'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in
bellers ;

I've noticed, tu, it's the quack
med'cine gits

(An' needs) the grettest heaps o'
stiffy-kits ;

[Two apothekerries goes out.]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all
fours,

I hain't ast no man to endorse my
course ;

It's full ez cheap to be your own
endorser,

An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the
saucer,

But I've some letters here from
t'other side,

An' them's the sort thet helps me
to decide ;

Tell me for wut the copper-com-
p'nies hanker,

An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe
to anchor. [Faint hiss.]

Fus'ly the Hon'ble B. O. Sawin
writes

Thet for a spell he couldn' sleep
o' nights,

Puzzlin' which side was preuden-
test to pin to,

Which wuz th' ole homestead,
which the temp'ry leanto ;

Et fust he jedged 'twould right-
side-up his pan

To come out ez a 'ridge'nal Union
man,

"But now," he sez, "I ain't nut
quite so fresh ;

The winnin' horse is goin' to be
Secesh :

You might, las' spring, hev easly
walked the course,

'Fore we contrived to doctor th'
Union horse ;

Now we're the ones to walk aroun'
the nex' track :

Jest you take hold an' read the
follerin' extrac'

Out of a letter I received last week
From an ole frien' thet neversprung

a leak,

A Nothun Dem'crat o' th' ole Jar-
sey blue

Born copper-sheathed an' copper-
fastened tu."

"These four years past it hez been
tough

To say which side a feller went for ;
Guideposts all gone, roads muddy

'n' rough,

An' nothin' duin' wut't wuz meant
for ;

Pickets a-frin' left an' right,
Both sides a lettin' rip et sight,—

Life warn't wuth hardly payin' rent
for.

"Columby gut her back up so,
It warn't no use a-tryin' to stop

her,—

War's emptin's riled her very
dough

An' made it rise an' act improper ;
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du

To jes' lay low an' 'worry thru,
'Thout hevin' to sell out my

copper.

"Afore the war your mod'rit men
Could set an' sun 'em on the fences,

Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then
Jump off which way bes' paid ex-

penses ;

Sence, 'twus so resky ary way,
 I didn't hardly darst to say
 I 'greed with Paley's Evidences.
 [Groan from Deac'n G.]

"Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the
 fence
 Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail
 on't,
 Headin' your party with a sense
 O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,
 And tryin' to think thet, on the
 whole,
 You kin' o' quasi own your soul
 When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale
 on't?
 [Three cheers for Grant and Sherman.]

"Come peace, I sposed thet folks
 'ould like
 Their pol'tics done ag'in by proxy,
 Give their noo loves the bag an'
 strike
 A fresh trade with their reg'lar
 doxy;
 But the drag's broke, now slavery's
 gone,
 An' there's gret resk they'll blunder
 on,
 Ef they ain't stopped, to real
 Democ'cy.

"We've gut an awful row to hoe
 In this 'ere job o' reconstructin';
 Folks dunno skurce which way to
 go,
 Where th' ain't some boghole to
 be ducked in;
 But one thing's clear; there *is* a
 crack,
 Ef we pry hard, 'twixt white an'
 black,
 Where the old makebate can be
 tucked in.

"No white man sets in airth's
 broad aisle
 Thet I ain't willin' t' own ez
 brother,
 An' ef he's heppened to strike ile,
 I dunno, fin'ly, but I'd ruther;
 An' Paddies, long 'z they vote all
 right,
 Though they ain't jest a nat'ral
 white,
 I hold one on 'em good 'z another.
 [Applause.]

"Wut *is* there lef' I'd like to
 know,
 Ef 'tain't the difference o' colour,
 To keep up self-respec' an' show
 The human natur' of a fullah?
 Wut good in bein' white, unless
 It's fixed by law, nut lef' to guess,
 That we are smarter an' they duller?

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,
 'Twun't du to 'low no competition;
 Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites
 Ain't safe unless we stop th' emis-
 sion
 O' these noo notes, whose specie
 base
 Is human natur', 'thout no trace
 O' shape, nor colour, nor condition.
 [Continood applause.]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn' jedge
 Aboard wut boat I'd best take
 pessige,
 My brains all mincemeat, 'thout no
 edge
 Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,
 But now it seems ez though I see
 Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,
 Sence Johnson's speech an' veto
 message.

"I like the speech best, I confess.
 The logic, preudence, an' good
 taste on't,
 An' it's so mad, I ruther guess
 There's some dependence to be
 placed on't; [Laughter.]
 It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,
 Out o' the allies o' J. D.
 A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's
 thru
 An' dug his Presidential grave is,
 An' *then!*—who knows but we
 could slew
 The country roun' to put in —?
 Wun't some folks rare up when we
 pull
 Out o' their eyes our Union wool
 An' larn 'em wut a p'lit'cle shave
 is!

"Oh, did it seem 'z ef Providence
 Could ever send a second Tyler?

To see the South all back to once,
 Reapin' the spiles o' the Freesiler,
 Is cute ez though an ingineer
 Should claim th' old iron for his
 sheer

Coz 'twas himself that bust the
 biler!" [Gret laughter.]

Thet tells the story! Thet's wut
 we shall git

By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin'
 Pit;

For the day never comes when it'll
 du

To kick off Dooty like a worn-out
 shoe.

I seem to hear a whispurin' in the
 air,

A sighin' like, of unconsolated
 despair,

Thet comes from nowhere an' from
 everywhere,

An' seems to say, "Why died we?
 warn't it, then,

To settle, once for all, thet men
 wuz men?

Oh, airth's sweet cup snatched from
 us barely tasted,

The grave's real chill is feelin' life
 wuz wasted!

Oh, you we lef', long-lingerin' at
 the door,

Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her
 the more,

Thet Death, not we, had con-
 quered, we should feel

Ef she upon our memory turned
 her heel,

An' unregretful throwed us all
 away

To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holi-
 day!"

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to
 long enough.

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're
 tough;

My lungs are sound, an' our own
 v'ice delights

Our ears, but even kebbige-heads
 hez rights.

It's the las' time thet I shell e'er
 address ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tor-
 mentor: bless ye!

[Tumultuous applause and cries of "Go
 on!" "Don't stop!"]

GLOSSARY.

A.

Act'lly, *actually*.
Air, *are*.
Airth, *earth*.
Airy, *area*.
Aree, *area*.
Arter, *after*.
Ax, *ask*.

B.

Beller, *bellow*.
Bellowses, *lungs*.
Ben, *been*.
Bile, *boil*.
Bimeby, *by and by*.
Blurt out, *to speak bluntly*.
Bust, *burst*.
Buster, *a roistering blade*; used also as a general superlative.

C.

Caird, *carried*.
Cairn, *carrying*.
Caleb, *a turncoat*.
Cal'late, *calculate*.
Cass, *a person with two lives*.
Close, *clothes*.
Cockerel, *a young cock*.
Cocktail, *a kind of drink*; also, an ornament peculiar to soldiers.
Convention, *a place where people are imposed on*; *a juggler's show*.
Coons, *a cant term for a now defunct party*; derived, perhaps, from the fact of their being commonly up a tree.
Cornwallis, *a sort of musker in masquerade*; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession.
Crooked stick, *a perverse, forward person*.
Cunnle, *a colonel*.
Cus, *a curse*; also, *a pitiful fellow*.

D.

Darsn't, used indiscriminately, either in singular or plural number, for *dare not*, *dares not*, and *dared not*.

Deacon off, *to give the cue to*; derived from a custom, once universal, but now extinct, in our New England Congregational churches. An important part of the office of deacon was to read aloud the hymns given out by the minister, one line at a time, the congregation singing each line as soon as read.

Demmercrat, *leadin'*, *one in favour of extending slavery*; a free-trade lecturer maintained in the custom-house.

Desput, *desperate*.

Doos, *does*.

Doughface, *a contented lick-spittle*; a common variety of Northern politician.

Dror, *draw*.

Du, *do*.

Dunno, duo, *do not or does not know*.

Dut, *dirt*.

E.

Eend, *end*.

Ef, *if*.

Emptins, *yeast*.

Env'y, *envoy*.

Everlasting, *an intensive, without reference to duration*.

Ev'y, *every*.

Ez, *as*.

F.

Fence, on the; said of one who halts between two opinions; a trimmer.

Fer, *for*.

Ferfle, *ferful, fearful*; also an intensive.

Fin, *find*.

Fish-skin, used in New England to clarify coffee.

Pix, *a difficulty, a nonplus*.

Foller, *folly, to follow*.

Forrerd, *forward*.

Frum, *from*.

Fur, *fur*.

Furder, *farther*.

Furrow, *furrow*. Metaphorically, *to draw a straight furrow* is to live up-rightly or decorously.

Fust, *first*.

G.

Gin, *gave*.
 Git, *get*.
 Gret, *great*.
 Grit, *spirit, energy, pluck*.
 Grout, *to sulk*.
 Grouty, *crabbed, surly*.
 Gum, *to impose on*.
 Gump, *a foolish fellow, a dullard*.
 Gut, *got*.

H.

Hed, *had*.
 Heern, *heard*.
 Hellum, *helm*.
 Hendy, *handy*.
 Het, *heated*.
 Hev, *have*.
 Hez, *has*.
 Holl, *whole*.
 Holt, *hold*.
 Huf, *hoof*.
 Hull, *whole*.
 Hum, *home*.
 Humbug, *General Taylor's antislavery*.
 Hut, *hurt*.

I.

Idno, *I do not know*.
 In'my, *enemy*.
 Insiues, *ensigns*; used to designate both the officer who carries the standard, and the standard itself.
 Inter, *intu, into*.

J.

Jedge, *judge*.
 Jest, *just*.
 Jine, *join*.
 Jint, *joint*.
 Junk, *a fragment of any solid substance*.

K.

Keer, *care*.
 Kep', *kept*.
 Killock, *a small anchor*.
 Kin, kin' o', kinder, *kind, kind of*.

L.

Lawth, *loath*.
 Less, *let's, let us*.
 Let daylight into, *to shoot*.
 Let on, *to hint, to confess, to own*.
 Lick, *to beat, to overcome*.
 Lights, *the bowels*.
 Lily-pads, *leaves of the water-lily*.
 Long-sweetening, *molasses*.

M.

Mash, *marsh*.
 Mean, *stingy, ill-natured*.
 Min', *mind*.

N.

Nimepunce, *ninepence, twelve and a half cents*.
 Nowers, *nowhere*.

O.

Often, *often*.
 Ole, *old*.
 Ollers, *olluz, always*.
 On, *of*; used before *it* or *them*, or at the end of a sentence, as *on't, on'em, nut ez ever I heerd on*.
 On'y, *only*.
 Ossifer, *officer* (seldom heard).

P.

Peaked, *pointed*.
 Peek, *to peep*.
 Pickerel, *the pike, a fish*.
 Pint, *point*.
 Pocket full of rocks, *plenty of money*.
 Pooty, *pretty*.
 Popler, *conceited, popular*.
 Pus, *nurse*.
 Put out, *troubled, vexed*.

Q.

Quarter, *a quarter dollar*.
 Queen's-arm, *a musket*.

R.

Resh, *rush*.
 Revelee, *the réveille*.
 Rile, *to trouble*.
 Riled, *angry; disturbed, as the sediment in any liquid*.
 Riz, *risen*.
 Row, *a long row to hoe, a difficult task*.
 Rugged, *robust*.

S.

Sarse, *abuse, impertinence*.
 Sartin, *certain*.
 Saxon, *sacristan, sexton*.
 Scaliest, *worst*.
 Scringe, *cringe*.
 Scrouge, *to crowd*.
 Sech, *such*.
 Set by, *valued*.
 Shakes, *great, of considerable consequence*.
 Shappoes, *chapeaux, cocked-hats*.
 Sheer, *share*.
 Shet, *shut*.
 Shut, *shirt*.
 Skeered, *scared*.
 Skeeter, *mosquito*.
 Skooting, *running, or moving swiftly*.
 Slurterin', *slaughtering*.
 Slim, *contemptible*.

Snake, *crawled like a snake*; but to *snake* any one out is to track him to his hiding-place; to *snake a thing* out is to snatch it out.

Soffies, *sofas*.

Sogerin', *soldiering*; a barbarous amusement common among men in the savage state.

Som'ers, *somewhere*.

So'st, *so as that*.

Sot, *set, obstinate, resolute*.

Spiles, *spoils*; objects of political ambition.

Spry, *active*.

Staddles, *stout stakes driven into the salt marshes*, on which the hay-ricks are set, and thus raised out of the reach of high tides.

Streaked, *uncomfortable, discomfited*.

Suckle, *circle*.

Sutthin', *something*.

Suttin, *certain*.

T.

Take on, *to sorrow*.

Talons, *talents*.

Taters, *potatoes*.

Tell, *till*.

Tetch, *touch*.

Tetch tu, *to be able*; used always after a negative in this sense.

Tollable, *tolerable*.

Toot, used derisively for *playing on any wind instrument*.

Thru, *through*.

Thundering, a euphemism common in New England for the profane English expression, *devilish*. Perhaps derived from the belief, common formerly, that thunder was caused by the Prince of the Air, for some of whose accomplishments consult Cotton Mather.

Tu, *to*; too commonly has this sound when used emphatically, or at the end of a sentence. At other times it has the sound of *t* in *tough*, as, *Ware ye goin' to? Goin' ta Boston.*

U.

Ugly, *ill-tempered, intractable*.

Uncle Sam, *United States*; the largest boaster of liberty and owner of slaves.

Unrizzeest, applied to dough or bread: *heavy, most unrisen, or most incapable of rising*.

V.

V-spot, *a five-dollar bill*.

Vally, *valve*.

W.

Wake snakes, *to get into trouble*.

Wal, *well*; spoken with great deliberation, and sometimes with the *a* very much flattened, sometimes (but more seldom) very much broadened.

Wannut, *walnut (hickory)*.

Ware, *where*.

Ware, *were*.

Whopper, *an uncommonly large lie*; as, that General Taylor is in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.

Wig, *Whig*; a party now dissolved.

Wunt, *will not*.

Wus, *worse*.

Wut, *what*.

Wuth, *worth*; as, *Antislavery perfessions 'fore 'lection ain't wuth a Bungtown copper*.

Wuz, *was*, sometimes *were*.

Y.

Yaller, *yellow*.

Yeller, *yellow*.

Yellers, *a disease of peach-trees*.

Z.

Zach, Ole, *a second Washington, an anti-slavery slaveholder; a humane buyer and seller of men and women, a Christian hero generally*.

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THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT.

1850.

THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT.

—0—

PART I.

SHOWING HOW HE BUILT HIS HOUSE
AND HIS WIFE MOVED INTO IT.

My worthy friend, A. Gordon
Knott,
From business snug withdrawn,
Was much contented with a lot
That would contain a Tudor cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-
plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf
To give his taste expansion,
And, since no man, retired with
pelf,

The building mania can shun,
Knott, being middle-aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf!)
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel;
"I want," said he, "a—you know
what,

(You are a builder, I am Knott,)
A thing complete from chimney-
pot

Down to the very grounself;
Here's a half-acre of good land;
Just have it nicely mapped and
planned

And make your workmen drive on;
Meadow there is, and upland too,
And I should like a water-view,
D'you think you could contrive
one?

(Perhaps the pump and trough
would do,

If painted a judicious blue?)

The woodland I've attended to;"
[He meant three pines stuck up
askew,

Two dead ones and a live one.]
"A pocket-full of rocks 'twould
take

To build a house of freestone,
But then it is not hard to make
What nowadays is *the* stone;
The cunning painter in a trice
Your house's outside petrifies,
And people think it very gneiss
Without inquiring deeper;
My money never shall be thrown
Away on such a deal of stone
When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for Knott to dwell in:
The architect worked hard for
weeks

In venting all his private peaks
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks
Had satisfied Fluellen;

Whatever anybody had
Out of the common, good or bad,
Knott had it all worked well in;
A donjon-keep, where clothes might
dry,

A porter's lodge that was a sty,
A campanile slim and high,
Too small to hang a bell in;

All up and down and here and
there,
With Lord-knows-whats of round
and square

Stuck on at random everywhere,—
It was a house to make one stare,
All corners and all gables;
Like dogs let loose upon a bear,

Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with
 care,
 The whole among them seemed to
 tear,
 And all the oddities to spare
 Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile
 Approved by fashion's leaders :
 (Only he made the builder smile, -
 By asking every little while,
 Why that was called the Twodoor
 style,

Which certainly had *three* doors?)
 Yet better for this luckless man
 If he had put a downright ban
 Upon the thing *in limine* ;
 For, though to quit affairs his plan,
 Ere many days, poor Knott began
 Perforce accepting draughts, that
 ran

All ways—except up chimney ;
 The house, though painted stone to
 mock,

With nice white lines round every
 block,

Some trepidation stood in,
 When tempests (with petrific shock,
 So to speak), made it really rock,
 Though not a whit less wooden ;
 And painted stone, howe'er well
 done,

Will not take in the prodigal sun
 Whose beams are never quite at one
 With our terrestrial lumber ;
 So the wood shrank around the
 knots,

And gaped in disconcerting spots,
 And there were lots of dots and rots
 And crannies without number,
 Wherethrough, as you may well
 presume,

The wind, like water through a
 flume,

Came rushing in ecstatic,
 Leaving, in all three floors, no room
 That was not a rheumatic ;
 And, what with points and squares
 and rounds

Grown shaky on their poises,
 The house at nights was full of
 pounds,

Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratch-
 ings, raps—till—"Zounds !"

Cried Knott, "this goes beyond all
 bounds ;

I do not deal in tongues and sounds,
 Nor have I let my house and grounds
 To a family of Noyeses !"

But, though Knott's house was full
 of airs,

He had but one,—a daughter ;
 And, as he owned much stocks and
 shares,

Many who wished to render theirs
 Such vain, unsatisfying cares,
 And needed wives to sew their tears,
 In matrimony sought her ;
 They vowed her gold they wanted
 not,

Their faith would never falter,
 They longed to tie this single Knott,
 In the Hymeneal halter ;
 So daily at the door they rang,
 Cards for the belle delivering,
 Or in the choir at her they sang,
 Achieving such a rapturous twang
 As set her nerves ashivering.

Now Knott had quite made up his
 mind

That Colonel Jones should have
 her ;
 No beauty he, but oft we find
 Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish
 rind,

So hoped his Jenny'd be resigned
 And make no more palaver ;
 Glanced at the fact that love was
 blind,

That girls were ratherish inclined
 To pet their little crosses,
 Then nosologically defined
 The rate at which the system pined
 In those unfortunates who dined
 Upon that metaphoric kind
 Of dish—their own proboscis.

But she with many tears and moans,
 Besought him not to mock her,
 Said 'twas too much for flesh and
 bones

To marry mortgages and loans,
 That fathers' hearts were stocks
 and stones,

And that she'd go, when Mrs. Jones,
 To Davy Jones's locker ;

Then gave her head a little toss
 That said as plain as ever was,

If men are always at a loss
 Mere womankind to bridle—

To try the thing on woman cross
 Were fifty times as idle ;
 For she a strict resolve had made
 And registered in private,
 That either she would die a maid,
 Or else be Mrs. Doctor Slade,
 If woman could contrive it ;
 And, though the wedding-day was
 set,

Jenny was more so, rather,
 Declaring, in a pretty pet,
 That howsoe'er they spread their
 net,
 She would out-Jennyrall them yet,
 The colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes
 Were keenly on the watch, a stir
 Beginning slowly to arise
 About those questions and replies,
 Those raps that unwrapped myste-
 ries

So rapidly at Rochester,
 And Knott, already nervous grown
 By lying much awake alone,
 And listening, sometimes to a moan,
 And sometimes to a clatter,
 Whene'er the wind at night would
 rouse

The gingerbread-work on his house,
 Or when some hasty-tempered
 mouse,
 Behind the plastering, made a towse
 About a family matter,
 Began to wonder if his wife,
 A paralytic half her life,

Which made it more surprising,
 Might not to rule him from her
 urn,

Have taken a peripatetic turn
 For want of exorcising.

This thought, once nestled in his
 head,
 Ere long contagious grew, and
 spread

Infecting all his mind with dread,
 Until at last he lay in bed
 And heard his wife, with well-
 known tread,
 Entering the kitchen through the
 shed,

(Or was't his fancy, mocking?)
 Opening the pantry, cutting bread,

And then (she'd been some ten
 years dead)

Closets and drawers unlocking ;
 Or, in his room (his breath grew
 thick)

He heard the long-familiar click
 Of slender needles flying quick,
 As if she knit a stocking ;
 For whom?—he prayed that years
 might flit

With pains rheumatic shooting,
 Before those ghostly things she
 knit

Upon his unfleshed soul might fit,
 He did not fancy it a bit,

To stand upon that footing ;
 At other times, his frightened hairs

Above the bed clothes trusting,
 He heard her, full of household
 cares

(No dream entrapped in supper's
 snares,

The foal of horrible nightmares,
 But broad awake, as he declares),
 Go bustling up and down the stairs,
 Or setting back last evening's
 chairs,

Or with the poker thrusting
 The raked-up sea-coal's hardened
 crust—

And—what! impossible! it must!
 He knew she had returned to dust,
 And yet could scarce his senses
 trust,

Hearing her as she poked and
 fussed

About the parlour, dusting!

Night after night he strove to sleep
 And take his ease in spite of it ;
 But still his flesh would chill and
 creep,

And, though two night-lamps he
 might keep,

He could not so make light of it.
 At last, quite desperate, he goes
 And tells his neighbours all his
 woes,

Which did but their amount en-
 hance ;

They made such mockery of his
 fears

That soon his days were of all jeers,
 His nights of the rueful counte-
 nance ;

"I thought most folks," one neighbour said,
 "Gave up the ghost when they were dead?"
 Another gravely shook his head,
 Adding "From all we hear, it's quite plain poor Knott is going mad—
 For how can he at once be sad
 And think he's full of spirits?"
 A third declared he knew a knife
 Would cut this Knott much quicker,
 "The surest way to end all strife,
 And lay the spirit of a wife,
 Is just to take and lick her!"
 A temperance man caught up the word,
 "Ah yes," he groaned, "I've always heard
 Our poor friend somewhat slanted
 Tow'rd taking liquor overmuch;
 I fear these spirits may be Dutch,
 (A sort of gins, or something such),
 With which his house is haunted;
 I see the thing as clear as light,—
 If Knott would give up getting tight,
 Naught farther would be wanted:"
 So all his neighbours stood aloof
 And, that the spirits 'neath his roof
 Were not entirely up to proof,
 Unanimously granted.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites
 were foes,
 And so bought up, Heaven only knows
 How many, though he wanted crows
 To give ghosts caws, as I suppose,
 To think that day was breaking;
 Moreover, what he called his park,
 He turned into a kind of ark
 For dogs, because a little bark
 s a good tonic in the dark,
 If one is given to waking;
 But things went on from bad to worse,
 His curs were nothing but a curse,
 And, what was still more shocking

Foul ghosts of living fowl made scoff
 And would not think of going off
 In spite of all his cocking.
 Shanghais, Bucks-counties, Dominiques,
 Malays (that didn't lay for weeks),
 Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings,
 (Waiving the cost, no trifling ill,
 Since each brought in his little bill,)
 By day or night were never still,
 But every thought of rest would kill
 With cacklings and with quorkings;
 Henry the Eighth of wives got free
 By a way he had of axing;
 But poor Knott's Tudor henery
 Was not so fortunate, and he
 Still found his trouble waxing;
 As for the dogs, the rows they made,
 And how they howled, snarled,
 barked, and bayed,
 Beyond all human knowledge is;
 All night, as wide awake as gnats,
 The terriers rumpused after rats,
 Or, just for practice, taught their brats,
 To worry cast-off shoes and hats,
 The bull-dogs settled private spats,
 All chased imaginary cats;
 Or raved behind the fence's slats,
 At real ones, or, from their mats
 With friends, miles off, held pleasant chats,
 Or, like some folks in white cravats,
 Contemptuous of sharps and flats,
 Sat up and sang dogsologies.
 Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,
 And, safe upon the garden wall,
 All night kept cat-a-walling,
 As if the feline race were all,
 In one wild cataleptic sprawl,
 Into love's tortures falling.

PART II.

SHOWING WHAT IS MEANT BY A
 FLOW OF SPIRITS.

AT first the ghosts were somewhat shy,
 Coming when none but Knott was nigh,

And people said 'twas all their
 eye,
 (Or rather his) a flam, the sly
 Digestion's-machination;
 Some recommended a wet sheet,
 Some a nice broth of pounded peat,
 Some a cold flat-iron to the feet,
 Some a decoction of lamb's-bleat,
 Some a southwesterly grain of
 wheat;
 Meat was by some pronounced un-
 meet,
 Others thought fish most indiscreet,
 And that 'twas worse than all to
 eat
 Of vegetables, sour or sweet,
 (Except, perhaps, the skin of beet,)
 In such a concatenation:
 One quack his button gently plucks
 And murmurs "Biliary ducks!"
 Says Knott, "I never ate one;"
 But all, though brimming full of
 wrath,
 Homœo, Allo, Hydropath,
 Concurred in this—that t'other's
 path
 To death's door was the straight
 one.
 Still, spite of medical advice,
 The ghosts came thicker, and a
 spice
 Of mischief grew apparent;
 Nor did they only come at night,
 But seemed to fancy broad day-
 light,
 Till Knott, in horror and affright,
 His unoffending hair rent;
 Whene'er with handkerchief on
 lap,
 He made his elbow-chair a trap,
 To catch an after-dinner nap,
 The spirits, always on the tap,
 Would make a sudden *rap, rap,*
rap,
 The half-spun cord of sleep to snap,
 (And what is life without its nap
 But threadbareness and mere
 mishap?)
 As 'twere with a percussion cap
 The trouble's climax capping;
 It seemed a party dried and grim
 Of mummies had come to visit him,
 Each getting off from every limb
 Its multitudinous wrapping;
 Scratching sometimes the walls ran
 round,

The merest penny-weights of
 sound;
 Sometimes 'twas only by the
 pound
 They carried on their dealing,
 A thumping 'neath the parlour
 floor,
 Thump-bump-thump-bumping o'er
 and o'er,
 As if the vegetables in store
 (Quiet and orderly before)
 Were altogether peeling;
 You would have thought the thing
 was done
 By the spirit of some son of a gun,
 And that a forty-two-pounder,
 Or that the ghost which made such
 sounds
 Could be none other than John
 Pounds,
 Of Ragged Schools the founder.
 Through three gradations of
 affright,
 The awful noises reached their
 height;
 At first they knocked noc-
 turnally,
 Then, for some reason, changing
 quite,
 (As mourners, after six months'
 flight,
 Turn suddenly from dark to light),
 Began to knock diurnally,
 And last, combining all their
 stocks,
 (Scotland was ne'er so full of Knox),
 Into one Chaos (father of Nox),
Nocte pluit—they showered knocks,
 And knocked, knocked, knocked,
 eternally;
 Ever upon the go, like buoys,
 (Wooden sea-urchins), all Knott's
 joys,
 They turned to troubles and a
 noise
 That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their
 scope;
 Whenever Knott a door would ope,
 It would ope not, or else elope
 And fly back (curbless as a trope
 Once started down a stanza's slope
 By a bard that gave it too much
 rope—)
 Like a clap of thunder slamming;

And, when kind Jenny brought
his hat,
(She always, when he walked, did
that),

Just as upon his head it sat,
Submitting to his settling pat,
Some unseen hand would jam it
dat,

Or give it such a furious bat
That eyes and nose went cram-
ming

Up out of sight, and consequently,
As when in life it paddled free,

His beaver caused much dam-
ming;

If these things seem o'er-strained
to be,

Read the account of Doctor Dee,
'Tis in our college library;

Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,
And Mrs. Crowe, more like a bee,
Sucking the nightshade's honeyed
fee,

And Stilling's Pneumatology;
Consult Scot, Glanvil, grave Wie-
rus, and both Mathers; further see,
Webster, Casaubon, James First's
trea-

tise, a right royal Q. E. D.

Writ with the moon in perigee,

Bodin de la Demonomanie—

(Accent that last line gingerly)

All full of learning as the sea

Of fishes, and all disagree,

Save in *Sathanas apage!*

Or, what will surely put a flea

In unbelieving ears—with glee,

Out of a paper (sent to me

By some friend who forgot to P...

A...Y...—I use cryptography

Lest I his vengeful pen should
dree—

His P...O...S...T...A...G...E...)

Things to the same effect I cut,

About the tantrums of a ghost,

Not more than three weeks since,
at most,

Near Stratford, in Connecticut.

Knott's Upas daily spread its
roots,

Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,

And bore more pestilential fruits;

The ghosts behaved like downright
brutes,

They snipped holes in his Sunday
suits

Practised all night on octave flutes,
Put peas (not peace) into his boots,

Whereof grew corns in season,

They scotched his sheets, and,
what was worse,

Stuck his silk nightcap full of burs,
Till he, in language plain and terse,
(But much unlike a Bible verse),

Swore he should lose his reason.

The tables took to spinning, too,
Perpetual yarns, and arm-chairs
grew

To prophets and apostles;

One footstool vowed that only he

Of law and gospel held the key,

That teachers of whate'er degree

To whom opinion bows the knee

Wern't fit to teach Truth's a b c,

And were (the whole lot) to a T

Mere fogies all and fossils;

A teapoy, late the property

Of Knox's Aunt Keziah,

(Whom Jenny most irreverently

Had nicknamed her aunt-tipathy)

With tips emphatic claimed to be

The prophet Jeremiah;

The tins upon the kitchen-wall

Turned tintinnabulators all,

And things that used to come at call

For simple household services

Began to hop and whirl and prance,

Fit to put out of countenance

The *Commis* and *Grisettes* of France

Or Turkey's dancing Dervises.

Of course such doings, far and wide,
With rumours filled the country-
side,

And (as it is our nation's pride

To think a Truth not verified

Till with majorities allied)

Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,

And candidates with questions
plied,

Who, like the circus-riders, tried

At once both hobbies to bestride,

And each with his opponent vied

In being inexplicit.

Earnest inquirers multiplied;

Folks, whose tenth cousins lately
died,

Wrote letters long, and Knott re-
plied;

All who could either walk or ride
 Gathered to wonder or deride,
 And paid the house a visit;
 Horses were to his pine-trees tied,
 Mourners in every corner sighed,
 Widows brought children there
 that cried,
 Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed,
 (People Knott never could abide,)
 Into each hole and cranny pried
 With strings of questions cut and
 dried

From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,
 For the wise spirits to decide—

As, for example, is it
 True that the damned are fried or
 boiled?

Was the Earth's axis greased or
 oiled?

Who cleaned the moon when it was
 soiled?

How baldness might be cured or
 foiled?

How heal diseased potatoes?

Did spirits have the sense of smell?
 Where would departed spinsters
 dwell?

If the late Zenas Smith were well?

If Earth were solid or a shell?

Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?

Did the bull toll Cock-Robin's
 knell?

What remedy would bugs expel?

If Paine's invention were a sell?

Did spirits by Webster's system
 spell?

Was it a sin to be a belle?

Did dancing sentence folks to hell?

If so, then where most torture fell—

On little toes or great toes?

If life's true seat were in the brain?

Did Ensign mean to marry Jane?

By whom, in fact, was Morgan
 slain?

Could matter ever suffer pain?

What would take out a cherry-
 stain?

Who picked the pocket of Seth
 Crane,

Of Waldo precinct, State of Maine?

Was Sir John Franklin sought in
 vain?

Did primitive Christians ever train?

What was the family-name of Cain?

Them spoons, were they by Betty
 ta'en?

Would earth-worm poultice cure a
 sprain?

Was Socrates so dreadful plain?

What teamster guided Charles's
 wain?

Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,
 And could his will in force remain?

If not, what counsel to retain?

Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from
 Spain?

Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine?

Were ducks discomforted by rain?

How did Britannia rule the main?

Was Jonas coming back again?

Was vital truth upon the wane?

Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a
 chain?

Who was our Huldah's chosen
 swain?

Did none have teeth pulled with-
 out payin'?

Ere ether was invented?

Whether mankind would not agree,

If the universe were tuned in C?

What was it ailed Lucindy's knee?

Whether folks eat folks in Feejee?

Whether *his* name would end with
 T?

If Saturn's rings were two or three,

And what bump in Phrenology

They truly represented?

These problems dark, wherein they
 groped,

Wherewith man's reason vainly
 coped,

Now that the spirit-world was oped,
 In all humility they hoped

Would be resolved *instantly*;

Each of the miscellaneous rout

Brought his, or her, own little
 doubt,

And wished to pump the spirits
 out,

Through his or her own private
 sprout,

Into his or her decanter.

PART III.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT THE
 MOST ARDENT SPIRITS ARE
 MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN
 USEFUL.

MANY a speculating wight

Came by express-trains, day and
 night,

To see if Knott would "sell his right,"

Meaning to make the ghosts a sight—

What they called a "meenay-gerie ;"

One threatened, if he would not "trade,"

His run of custom to invade,
(He could not these sharp folks persuade

That he was not, in some way, paid),

And stamp him as a plagiarist,
By coming down, at one fell swoop,
With THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING TROUPE,

Come recently from Hades,
Who (for a quarter-dollar heard)
Would ne'er rap out a hasty word
Whence any blame might be incurred

From the most fastidious ladies ;
The late lamented Jesse Soule
To stir the ghosts up with a pole
And be director of the whole,

Who was engaged the rather
For the rare merits he'd combine,
Having been in the spirit line,
Which trade he only did resign,
With general applause, to shine,
Awful in mail of cotton fine,

As ghost of Hamlet's father !
Another a fair plan reveals
Never yet hit on, which, he feels,
To Knott's religious sense appeals—

"We'll have your house set up on wheels,

A speculation pious ;

For music, we can shortly find
A barrel-organ that will grind
Psalm-tunes,—an instrument designed

For the New England tour—refined
From secular drosses, and inclined
To an unworldly turn, (combined
With no sectarian bias) ;

Then, travelling by stages slow,
Under the style of Knott & Co.,
I would accompany the show
As moral lecturer, the foe
Of Rationalism ; while you could throw

The rappings in, and make them go
Strict Puritan principles, you know,

(How *do* you make 'em? with your toe?)

And the receipts which thence might flow,

We could divide between us ;
Still more attractions to combine,
Beside these services of mine,
I will throw in a very fine
(It would do nicely for a sign)

Original Titian's Venus."
Another offered handsome fees
If Knott would get Demosthenes
(Nay, his mere knuckles, for more ease)

To rap a few short sentences :
Or if, for want of proper keys,
His Greek might make confusion,
Then just to get a rap from Burke,
To recommend a little work
On Public Elocution.

Meanwhile, the spirits made replies
To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,
Resolving doubts of every size,
And giving seekers grave and wise,
Who came to know their destinies,

A rap-turous reception ;
When unbelievers void of grace
Came to investigate the place
(Creatures of Sadducistic race,
With grovelling intellects and base),

They could not find the slightest trace

To indicate deception ;
Indeed, it is declared by some
That spirits (of this sort) are glum,
Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,
And (out of self-respect) quite mum
To sceptic natures cold and numb,
Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come

Have not a just conception :
True, there were people who de-
murred

That, though the raps no doubt
were heard

Both under them and o'er them,
Yet, somehow, when a search they
made,

They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,
Or Jenny's lover, Doctor Slade,
Equally awe-struck and dismayed,
Or Deborah, the chamber-maid,
Whose terrors not to be gainsaid,
In laughs hysteric were displayed,
Was always there before them ;

This had its due effect with some

Who straight departed, muttering,
Hum!

Transparent hoax! and Gam-
mon!

But these were few: believing
souls

Came, day by day, in larger shoals,
As the ancients to the windy holes
'Neath Delphi's tripod brought
their doles,

Or to the shrine of Ammon.

The spirits seemed exceeding tame,
Call whom you fancied, and he
came;

The shades august of eldest fame
You summoned with an awful
ease;

As grosser spirits gurgled out
From chair and table with a spout,
In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout
The senses of the rabble rout,
Where'er the gimlet twirled about

Of cunning Mephistopheles,
So did these spirits seem in store,
Behind the wainscot or the door,
Ready to thrill the being's core
Of every enterprising bore

With their astounding glamour;
Whatever ghost one wished to
hear,

By strange coincidence, was near
To make the past or future clear
(Sometimes in shocking grammar)
By raps and taps, now there, now
here—

It seemed as if the spirit queer
Of some departed auctioneer
Were doomed to practise by the
year

With the spirit of his hammer:
Whate'er you asked was answered,
yet

One could not very deeply get
Into the obliging spirits' debt,
Because they used the alphabet

In all communications,
And new revealings (though sub-
lime)

Rapped out, one letter at a time,
With boggles, hesitations,

Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,
And getting matters into train,
Could hardly overload the brain,

With too excessive rations,
Since just to ask *if two and two*

Really make four? or, *How d' ye
do?*

And get the fit replies thereto
In the tramundane rat-tat-too,
Might ask a whole day's patience.

'Twas strange ('mongst other
things) to find

In what odd sets the ghosts com-
bined,

Happy forthwith to thump any
Piece of intelligence inspired,
The truth whereof had been in-
quired

By some one of the company;
For instance, Fielding, Mirabeau,
Orator Henley, Cicero,
Paley, John Zisca, Marivaux,
Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,
Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,
Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De
Foe,

Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,
Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,
Tiresias, the late James Crow,
Casabianca, Grose, Prideaux,
Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift,
Brissot,

Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,
Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,
The inventor of *Elixir pro*,
Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,
Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,
Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de
trop*)

With a disembodied Esquimaux,
To say that it was so and so,

With Franklin's expedition;
One testified to ice and snow,
One that the mercury was low,
One that his progress was quite
slow,

One that he much desired to go,
One that the cook had frozen his
toe,

(Dissented from by Dandolo,
Wordsworth, Cynægirus, Boileau,
La Hontan, and Sir Thomas Roe),
One saw twelve white bears in a
row,

One saw eleven and a crow,
With other things we could not
know

(Of great statistic value, though),
By our mere mortal vision.

Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,
 And seemed to play at ducks and drakes
 With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes
 In science or in mystery;
 They knew so little (and that wrong)
 Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,

One would have said the unnumbered throng

Had been Professors of History;
 What made it odder was, that those
 Who, you would naturally suppose,
 Could solve a question, if they chose,

As easily as count their toes,

Were just the ones that blundered;

One day, Ulysses happening down,
 A reader of Sir Thomas Browne

And who (with him) had wondered

What song it was the Sirens sang,
 Asked the shrewd Ithacan—*bang!*
bang!

With this reponse the chamber rang,
 "I guess it was Old Hundred."
 And Franklin, being asked to name
 The reason why the lightning came,
 Replied, "Because it thundered."

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,
 One fearful point, than which, indeed,

Nothing could seem absurder;
 Poor Colonel Jones they all abused,
 And finally downright accused

The poor old man of murder;
 'Twas thus; by dreadful raps was shown

Some spirit's longing to make known

A bloody fact, which he alone
 Was privy to (such ghosts more prone

In Earth's affairs to meddle are);
Who are you? with awe-stricken looks,

All ask: his airy knuckles he crooks,
 And raps, "I was Eliab Snooks,

That used to be a pedler;
 Some on ye still are on my books!"
 Whereat, to inconspicuous nooks

(More fearing this than common spooks),

Shrank each indebted meddler;
 Further the vengeful ghost declared
 That while his earthly life was spared,

About the country he had fared,
 A duly licensed follower
 Of that much-wandering trade that wins

Slow profit from the sale of tins
 And various kinds of hollow-ware;

That Colonel Jones enticed him in,
 Pretending that he wanted tin,
 There slew him with a rolling-pin,
 Hid him in a potato-bin,

And (the same night) him ferried
 Across Great Pond to t'other shore,
 And there, on land of Widow Moore,

Just where you turn to Larkin's store,

Under a rock him buried;
 Some friends (who happened to be by)

He called upon to testify
 That what he said was not a lie,
 And that he did not stir this
 Foul matter, out of any spite,
 But from a simple love of right;—

Which statements the Nine Worthies,

Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,
 Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,

Cambyzes, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,
 The owner of a castle in Spain,
 Jehanghire and the Widow of Nain
 (The friends aforesaid), made more plain

And by loud raps attested;
 To the same purport testified
 Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride,

Who knew said Snooks before he died,

Had in his wares invested,
 Thought him entitled to belief
 And freely could concur, in brief,
 In everything the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized
 (Distinctly here the spirits sneezed),
 To say that he should ne'er be eased,

Till Jenny married whom she pleased,

Free from all checks and urgin's,
(This spirit dropt his final g's)

And that, unless Knott quickly sees

This done, the spirits to appease,
They would come back his life to tease,

As thick as mites in ancient cheese,
And let his house on an endless lease

To the ghosts (terrific rappers these

And veritable Eumenides)

Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins!

Knott was perplexed and shook his head,

He did not wish his child to wed

With a suspected murderer,
(For, true or false, the rumour spread),

But as for this roiled life he led,
"It would not answer," so he said,

"To have it go no furdere."

At last, scarce knowing what it meant,

Reluctantly he gave consent
That Jenny, since 'twas evident
That she *would* follow her own bent,

Should make her own election;
For that appeared the only way
These frightful noises to allay
Which had already turned him gray

And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid
Her father's ordinance obeyed,
And, all in whitest crape arrayed,
(Miss Pulsifer the dresses made
And wishes here the fact displayed
That she still carries on the trade,
The third door south from Bagg's Arcade),

A very faint "I do" essayed
And gave her hand to Hiram Slade,
From which time forth, the ghosts were laid,

And ne'er gave trouble after;
But the Selectmen, be it known,

Dug underneath the aforesaid stone,

Where the poor pedler's corpse was thrown,

And found thereunder a jaw-bone,
Though, when the crowner sat thereon,

He nothing hatched, except alone
Successive broods of laughter;

It was a frail and dingy thing,
In which a grinder or two did cling,

In colour like molasses,
Which surgeons, called from far and wide,

Upon the horror to decide,
Having put on their glasses,
Reported thus — "To judge by looks,

These bones, by some queer hooks or crooks,

May have belonged to Mr. Snooks,
But, as men deepest-read in books

Are perfectly aware, bones,
If buried fifty years or so,

Lose their identity and grow
From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,
You'll find two parties in the town,

One headed by Benaiah Brown,
And one by Perez Tinkham;
The first believe the ghosts all through,

And vow that they shall never rue
The happy chance by which they knew

That people in Jupiter are blue,
And very fond of Irish stew,
Two curious facts which Prince Lee Boo

Rapped clearly to a chosen few —
Whereas the others think 'em

A trick got up by Doctor Slade
With Deborah the chamber-maid
And that sly cretur Jinny.

That all the revelations wise,
At which the Brownites made big eyes,

Might have been given by Jared Keyes,

A natural fool and ninny,
And, last week, didn't Eliab Snooks
Come back with never better looks,

As sharp as new-bought mackerel hooks,	Should be most scrupulously weighed
And bright as a new pin, eh?	And searched into, before it is
Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers	Made public, since it may give
(Though to be mixed in parish stirs	pain
Is worse than handling chestnut-	That cannot soon be cured again,
burs)	And one word may infix a stain
That no case to his mind occurs	Which ten cannot gloss over,
Where spirits ever did converse,	Though speaking for his private
Save in a kind of guttural Erse,	part,
(So say the best authorities ;)	He is rejoiced with all his heart
And that a charge by raps conveyed	Miss Knott missed not her lover.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.



I.

SOMEWHERE in India, upon a
time
(Read it not Injah, or you spoil the
verse),
There dwelt two saints whose
privilege sublime
It was to sit and watch the world
grow worse,
Their only care (in that deli-
cious clime)
At proper intervals to pray and
curse ;
Pracrit the dialect each prudent
brother
Used for himself, Damnonian for
the other.

II.

One half the time of each was
spent in praying
For blessings on his own unworthy
head,
The other half in fearfully por-
traying
Where certain folks would go when
they were dead ;
This system of exchanges—there's
no saying
To what more solid barter 'twould
have led,
But that a river, vexed with boils
and swellings
At rainy times, kept peace be-
tween their dwellings.

III.

So they two played at wordy
battledore,
And kept a curse for ever in the air,

Flying this way or that from
shore to shore ;
Nor other labour did this holy pair,
Clothed and supported from the
lavish store
Which crowds lanigerous brought
with daily care ;
They toiled not, neither did they
spin ; their bias
Was tow'rd the harder task of
being pious.

IV.

Each from his hut rushed six
score times a day,
Like a great canon of the Church
full-rammed
With cartridge theologic (so to
say),
Touched himself off, and then, re-
coiling, slammed
His hovel's door behind him in
a way
That to his foe said plainly,—*you'll*
be damned ;
And so like Potts and Wain-
wright, shrill and strong,
The two D—D'd each other all
day long.

V.

One was a dancing Dervise, a
Mohammedan,
The other was a Hindoo, a gymno-
sophist ;
One kept his whatd'yecallit and
his Ramadan,
Laughing to scorn the sacred rites
and laws of his
Transfluvial rival, who, in turn,
called Ahmed an

Old top, and, as a clincher, shook
 across a fist
 With nails six inches long, yet
 lifted not
 His eyes from off his navel's
 mystic knot.

VI.

"Who whirls not round six
 thousand times an hour
 Will go," screamed Ahmed, "to
 the evil place;
 May he eat dirt, and may the
 dog and Giaour
 Defile the graves of him and all his
 race;
 Allah loves faithful souls and
 gives them power
 To spin till they are purple in the
 face;
 Some folks get you know what,
 but he that pure is
 Earns Paradise and ninety thou-
 sand houries."

VII.

"Upon the silver mountain,
 South by East,
 Sits Brahma fed upon the sacred
 bean;
 He loves those men whose nails
 are still increased,
 Who all their lives keep ugly, foul,
 and lean;
 'Tis of his grace that not a bird
 or beast
 Adorned with claws like mine was
 ever seen;
 The suns and stars are Brahma's
 thoughts divine
 Even as these trees I seem to see
 are mine."

VIII.

"Thou seem'st to see, indeed!"
 roared Ahmed back;
 "Were I but once across this
 plaguy stream,
 With a stout sapling in my hand,
 one whack
 On those lank ribs would rid thee
 of that dream!
 Thy Brahma-blasphemy is ipecac

To my soul's stomach; couldst
 thou grasp the scheme
 Of true redemption, thou wouldst
 know that Deity
 Whirls by a kind of blessed
 spontaneity.

IX.

"And this it is which keeps our
 earth here going
 With all the stars."—"Oh, vile!
 but there's a place
 Prepared for such; to think of
 Brahma throwing
 Worlds like a juggler's balls up
 into Space!
 Why, not so much as a smooth
 lotos blowing
 Is e'er allowed that silence to efface
 Which broods round Brahma,
 and our earth, 'tis known,
 Rests on a tortoise, moveless as
 this stone."

X.

So they kept up their banning
 amœbæan,
 When suddenly came floating down
 the stream
 A youth whose face like an in-
 carnate pæan
 Glowed, 'twas so full of grandeur
 and of gleam;
 "If there *be* gods, then, doubt-
 less, this must be one,"
 Thought both at once, and then
 began to scream,
 "Surely, whate'er immortals
 know, thou knowest,
 Decide between us twain before
 thou goest!"

XI.

The youth was drifting in a slim
 canoe
 Most like a huge white waterlily's
 petal,
 But neither of our theologians
 knew
 Whereof 'twas made; whether of
 heavenly metal
 Unknown, or of a vast pearl
 split in two

And hollowed, was a point they
could not settle ;
'Twas good debate-seed, though,
and bore large fruit
In after years of many a tart
dispute.

XII.

There were no wings upon the
stranger's shoulders,
And yet he seemed so capable of
rising
That, had he soared like thistle-
down, beholders
Had thought the circumstance
noways surprising ;
Enough that he remained, and,
when the scolders
Hailed him as umpire in their
vocal prize-ring,
The painter of his boat he lightly
threw
Around a lotos-stem, and brought
her to.

XIII.

The strange youth had a look as
if he might
Have trod far planets where the
atmosphere
(Of nobler temper) steepes the
face with light,
Just as our skins are tanned and
freckled here ;
His air was that of a cosmopolite
In the wide universe from sphere
to sphere ;
Perhaps he was (his face had
such grave beauty)
An officer of Saturn's guards off
duty.

XIV.

Both saints began to unfold their
tales at once,
Both wished their tales, like simial
ones, prehensile,
That they might seize his ear ;
fool ! knave ! and dunce !
Flew zigzag back and forth, like
strokes of pencil
In a child's fingers ; voluble as
duns,
They jabbered like the stones on
that immense hill

In the Arabian Nights ; until
the stranger
Began to think his ear-drums in
some danger.

XV.

In general those who nothing
have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time
in doing it ;
They turn and vary it in every
way,
Hashing it, stewing it, mincing it,
ragouting it ;
Sometimes they keep it purposely
at bay,
Then let it slip to be again pur-
suing it ;
They drone it, groan it, whisper
it and shout it,
Refute it, flout it, swear to't,
prove it, doubt it.

XVI.

Our saints had practised for some
thirty years ;
Their talk, beginning with a single
stem,
Spread like a banyan, sending
down live piers,
Colonies of digression, and, in
them,
Germs of yet new dispersion ;
once by the ears,
They could convey damnation in
a hem,
And blow the pinch of premise-
priming off
Long syllogistic batteries, with a
cough.

XVII.

Each had a theory that the
human ear
A providential tunnel was, which
led
To a huge vacuum (and surely
here
They showed some knowledge of
the general head),
For cant to be decanted through
a mere
Auricular canal or mill-race fed

All day and night, in sunshine
and in shower,
From their vast heads of milk-
and-water-power.

XVIII.

The present being a peculiar case,
Each with unwonted zeal the other
scouted,
Put his spurred hobby through
its every pace,
Pished, pshawed, poohed, horribled,
bahed, jeered, sneered, flouted,
Sniffed, nonsensed, infideled,
fudged, with his face
Looked scorn too nicely shaded to
be shouted,
And, with each inch of person
and of vesture,
Contrived to hint some most dis-
dainful gesture.

XIX.

At length, when their breath's
end was come about,
And both could, now and then,
just gasp "impostor!"
Holding their heads thrust me-
nacingly out,
As staggering cocks keep up their
fighting posture,
The stranger smiled and said,
"Beyond a doubt
'Tis fortunate, my friends, that
you have lost your
United parts of speech, or it had
been
Impossible for me to get between.

XX.

"Produce! says Nature,—what
have you produced?
A new strait-waistcoat for the
human mind;
Are you not limbed, nerved,
jointed, arteried, juiced,
As other men? yet, faithless to
your kind,
Rather like noxious insects you
are used
To puncture life's fair fruit, be-
neath the rind

Laying your creed-eggs whence
in time there spring
Consumers new to eat and buzz
and sting.

XXI.

"Work! you have no conception
how 'twill sweeten
Your views of Life and Nature,
God and Man;
Had you been forced to earn
what you have eaten,
Your heaven had shown a less
dyspeptic plan;
At present your whole function
is to eat ten
And talk ten times as rapidly as
you can;—
Were your shape true to cos-
mogonic laws,
You would be nothing but a pair
of jaws.

XXII.

"Of all the useless beings in
creation
The earth could spare most easily
you bakers
Of little clay gods, formed in
shape and fashion
Precisely in the image of their
makers;
Why, it would almost move a
saint to passion,
To see these blind and deaf, the
hourly breakers
Of God's own image in their
brother men,
Set themselves up to tell the
how, where, when,

XXIII.

"Of God's existence; one's diges-
tion's worse—
So makes a god of vengeance and
of blood;
Another,—but no matter, they
reverse
Creation's plan, out of their own
vile mud
Pat up a god, and burn, drown,
hang, or curse
Whoever worships not; each keeps
his stud

Of texts which wait with saddle
on and bridle
To hunt down atheists to their
ugly idol.

XXIV.

"This, I perceive, has been your
occupation;
You should have been more use-
fully employed;
All men are bound to earn their
daily ration,
Where States make not that primal
contract void
By cramps and limits; simple
devastation
Is the worm's task, and what he has
destroyed
His monument; creating is man's
work,
And that, too, something more
than mist and murk."

XXV.

So having said, the youth was
seen no more,
And straightway our sage Brahmin,
the philosopher,
Cried, "That was aimed at thee,
thou endless bore,
Idle and useless as the growth of
moss over
A rotting tree-trunk!" "I
would square that score
Full soon," replied the Dervise,
could I cross over
And catch thee by the beard.
Thy nails I'd trim
And make thee work, as was ad-
vised by him."

XXVI.

"Work? Am I not at work from
morn till night
Sounding the deeps of oracles um-
bilical
Which for man's guidance never
come to light,
With all their various aptitudes,
until I call?"
"And I, do I not twirl from left
to right
For conscience' sake? Is that no
work? Thou silly gull,
He had thee in his eye; 'twas Ga-
briel

Sent to reward my faith, I know
him well."

XXVII.

"'Twas Vishnu, thou vile whirli-
gig!" and so
The good old quarrel was begun
anew;
One would have sworn the sky
was black as sloe,
Had but the other dared to call it
blue;
Nor were the followers who fed
them slow
To treat each other with their
curses, too,
Each hating t'other (moves it
tears or laughter?)
Because he thought him sure of
hell hereafter.

XXVIII.

At last some genius built a bridge
of boats
Over the stream, and Ahmed's
zealots filed
Across, upon a mission to (cut
throats
And) spread religion pure and un-
defiled;
They sowed the propagandist's
wildest oats,
Cutting off all, down to the smallest
child,
And came back, giving thanks
for such fat mercies,
To find their harvest gone past
prayers or curses.

XXIX.

All gone except their saint's reli-
gious hops,
Which he kept up with more than
common flourish;
But these, however satisfying
crops
For the inner man, were not enough
to nourish
The body politic, which quickly
drops
Reserve in such sad junctures, and
turns currish;
So Ahmed soon got cursed for all
the famine
Where'er the popular voice could
edge a damn in.

XXX.

At first he pledged a miracle
quite boldly,
And, for a day or two, they growled
and waited;

But, finding that this kind of
manna coldly
Sat on their stomachs, they ere-
long be-rated

The saint for still persisting in
that old lie,

Till soon the whole machine of
saintship grated,

Ran slow, creaked, stopped, and,
wishing him in Tophet,

They gathered strength enough
to stone the prophet.

XXXI.

Some stronger ones contrived (by
eating leather,

Their weaker friends, and one
thing or another)

The winter months of scarcity to
weather;

Among these was the late saint's
younger brother,

Who, in the spring, collecting
them together,

Persuaded them that Ahmed's holy
pothor

Had wrought in their behalf, and
that the place

Of Saint should be continued to
his race.

XXXII.

Accordingly, 'twas settled on the
spot

That Allah favoured that peculiar
breed;

Beside, as all were satisfied,
'twould not

Be quite respectable to have the
need

Of public spiritual food forgot;

And so the tribe, with proper forms,
decreed

That he, and, failing him, his
next of kin,

For ever for the people's good
should spin.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

AND

OTHER POEMS.

—o—

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

AGRO DOLCE.

THE wind is roistering out of
doors,

My windows shake and my chimney
roars ;

My Elmwood chimneys seem croon-
ing to me,

As of old, in their moody, minor
key,

And out of the past the hoarse
wind blows,

As I sit in my arm-chair, and toast
my toes.

"Ho! ho! nine-and-forty," they
seem to sing,

"We saw you a little toddling
thing.

We knew you child and youth and
man,

A wonderful fellow to dream and
plan,

With a great thing always to come
—who knows?

Well, well! 'tis some comfort to
toast one's toes.

"How many times have you sat at
gaze

Till the mouldering fire forgot to
blaze,

Shaping among the whimsical
coals

Fancies and figures and shining
goals!

What matters the ashes that cover
those?

While hickory lasts you can toast
your toes.

"O dream-ship-builder! where are
they all,

Your grand three-deckers, deep-
chested and tall,

That should crush the waves under
canvas piles,

And anchor at last by the Fortunate
Isles?

There's gray in your beard, the
years turn foes,

While you muse in your arm-chair,
and toast your toes."

I sit and dream that I hear, as of
yore,

My Elmwood chimneys' deep-
throated roar;

If much be gone, there is much
remains;

By the embers of loss I count my
gains,

You and yours with the best, till
the old hope glows

In the fanciful flame, as I toast my
toes.

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed
ships,

To send a child's armada of chips!

Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-
blades sere!

"Well, maybe more love with the
less gift goes,"
I growl, as, half moody, I toast my
toes.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field
and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spread-
ing tree,
June is the pearl of our New Eng-
land year.
Still a surprisal, though expected
long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies
in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth,
draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush
in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom
storms the world.

A week ago the sparrow was divine :
The bluebird, shifting his light
load of song

From post to post along the cheer-
less fence,

Was as a rhymers ere the poet come ;
But now, O rapture ! sunshine
winged and voiced,

Pipe blown through by the warm
wild breath of the West

Shepherding his soft droves of
fleecey cloud,

Gladness of woods, skies, waters,
all in one,

The bobolink has come, and, like
the soul

Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not
what

Save *June ! Dear June ! Now God
be praised for June.*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed
with eastern wind ;

Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the
date,

And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the
sun,

The season need but turn his hour-
glass round,

And Winter suddenly, like crazy.

Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead
May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dis-
tressed front

With frosty streaks and drifts of
his white beard

All overblown. Then, warmly
walled with books,

While my wood-fire supplies the
sun's defect,

Whispering old forest-sagas in its
dreams,

I take my May down from the
happy shelf

Where perch the world's rare song-
birds in a row,

Waiting my choice to open with
full breast,

And beg an alms of spring-time,
ne'er denied

In-doors by vernal Chaucer, whose
fresh woods

Throb thick with merle and mavis
all the year.

July breathes hot, sallows the
crispy fields,

Curled up the wan leaves of the lilac-
hedge,

And every eve cheats us with show
of clouds

That braise the horizon's western
rim, or hang

Motionless, with heaped canvas
drooping idly,

Like a dim fleet by starving men
besieged,

Conjectured half, and half descried
afar,

Helpless of wind, and seeming to
slip back

Adown the smooth curve of the
oily sea.

But June is full of invitationssweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn and
thrice-read tomes

To leisurely delights and sauntering
thoughts

That brook no ceiling narrower than
the blue.

The cherry, drest for bridal, at my
pane

Brushes, then listens, <i>Will he come?</i> The bee, All dusty as a miller, takes his toll Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think Merely to bask and ripen is some- times The student's wiser business; the brain That forages all climes to line its cells, Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish, Will not distil the juices it has sucked To the sweet substance of pellucid thought, Except for him who hath the secret learned To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'tis he! My oriole, my glance of summer fire, Is come at last, and, ever, on the watch, Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound About the bough to help his house- keeping,— Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck, Yet fearing me who laid it in his way, Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs, Divines the providence that hides and helps. <i>Heave, ho! Heave, ho!</i> he whistles as the twine Slackens its hold; <i>once more now!</i> and a flash Lightens across the sunlight to the elm Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt. Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails My loosened thought with it along the air, And I must follow, would I ever find	The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life. I care not how men trace their ancestry, To ape or Adam; let them please their whim; But I in June am midway to believe A tree among my far progenitors, Such sympathy is mine with all the race, Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet There is between us. Surely there are times When they consent to own me of their kin, And condescend to me, and call me cousin, Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time, Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words. And I have many a lifelong leafy friend, Never estranged nor careful of my soul, That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me Within his tent as if I were a bird, Or other free companion of the earth, Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men. Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round His deep-ridged trunk with up- ward slant diverse, In outline like enormous beaker, fit For hand of Jotun, where mid snow and mist He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared, I know not by what grace,—for in the blood Of our New World subduers lingers yet Hereditary feud with trees, they being (They and the red-man most) our fathers' foes,—
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Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
The seventh fallen, that lean along
the brink

Where the steep upland dips into
the marsh,

Their roots, like molten metal
cooled in flowing,

Stiffened in coils and runnels down
the bank.

The friend of all the winds, wide-
armed he towers

And glints his steely aglets in the
sun,

Or whitens fitfully with sudden
bloom

Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as
when a shoal

Of devious minnows wheel from
where a pike

Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads,
and whirl

A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas ! no acorn from the British oak
'Neath which slim fairies tripping
wrought those rings

Of greenest emerald, wherewith
fireside life

Did with the invisible spirit of
Nature wed.

Was ever planted here ! No darnel
fancy

Might choke one useful blade in
Puritan fields ;

With horn and hoof the good old
Devil came,

The witch's broomstick was not
contraband,

But all that superstition had of fair,
Or piety of native sweet, was
doomed.

And if there be who nurse unholy
faiths,

Fearing their god as if he were a
wolf

That snuffed round every home
and was not seen,

There should be some to watch and
keep alive

All beautiful beliefs. And such
was that,—

By solitary shepherd first surmised
Under Thessalian oaks, loved by

some maid

Of royal stirp, that silent came and
vanished,

As near her nest the hermit thrush,
nor dared

Confess a mortal name,—that faith
which gave

A Hamadryad to each tree ; and I
Will hold it true that in this willow

dwells

The open-handed spirit, frank and
blithe,

Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
With ceremonious thrift, bowed
out of doors.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a
tree

While the blithe season comforts
every sense,

Steeps all the brain in rest, and
heals the heart,

Brimming it o'er with sweetness
unawares,

Fragrant and silent as that rosy
snow

Wherewith the pitying apple-tree
fills up

And tenderly lines some last-year
robin's nest.

There muse I of old times, old
hopes, old friends,—

Old friends ! The writing of those
words has borne

My fancy backward to the gracious
past,

The generous past, when all was
possible,

For all was then untried ; the years
between

Have taught some sweet, some bit-
ter lessons, none

Wiser than this,—to spend in all
things else,

But of old friends to be most miserly.
Each year to ancient friendships

adds a ring,

As to an oak, and precious more
and more,

Without deservingness or help of
ours,

They grow, and, silent, wider
spread, each year,

Their unbought ring of shelter or
of shade.

Sacred to me the lichens on the
bark,

Which Nature's milliners would
scrape away ;

<p>Most dear and sacred every withered limb ! 'Tis good to set them early, for our faith Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come, Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.</p> <p>This willow is as old to me as life ; And under it full often have I stretched, Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive, And gathering virtue in at every pore Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased, Or was transfused in something to which thought Is coarse and dull of sense. My- self was lost, Gone from me like an ache, and what remained Became a part of the universal joy. My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree, Danced in the leaves ; or, floating in the cloud, Saw its white double in the stream below ; Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy, Dilated in the broad blue over all. I was the wind that dappled the lush grass, The tide that crept with coolness to its roots, The thin-winged swallow skating on the air ; The life that gladdened everything was mine.</p> <p>Was I then truly all that I beheld ? Or is this stream of being but a glass Where the mind sees its visionary self, As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay, Across the river's hollow heaven below His picture flits,—another, yet the same ? But suddenly the sound of human voice Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours, Doth in opacous cloud precipitate</p>	<p>The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved Into an essence rarer than its own, And I am narrowed to myself once more.</p> <p>For here not long is solitude secure, Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell. Here, sometimes, in this paradise of shade, Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp, Seeing the treeless causey burn beyond, Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food And munch an unearned meal. I cannot help Liking this creature, lavish Sum- mer's bedesman, Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow warm, Himself his large estate and only charge, To be the guest of haystack or of hedge, Nobly superior to the household gear That forfeits us our privilege of nature. I bait him with my match-box and my pouch, Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke, His equal now, divinely unem- ployed. Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man, Some secret league with wild wood- wandering things ; He is our ragged Duke, our bare- foot Earl, By right of birth exonerate from toil, Who levies rent from us his tenants all, And serves the state by merely being. Here The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat, And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate fan, Winnow the heat from out his dank gray hair,—</p>
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A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered
 man,
 Whose feet are known to all the
 populous ways,
 And many men and manners he
 hath seen,
 Not without fruit of solitary
 thought.
 He, as the habit is of lonely men,—
 Unused to try the temper of their
 mind
 In fence with others,—positive and
 shy,
 Yet knows to put an edge upon his
 speech,
 Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.
 Him I entrap with my long-suffer-
 ing knife,
 And, while its poor blade hums
 away in sparks,
 Sharpen my wit upon his gritty
 mind,
 In motion set obsequious to his
 wheel,
 And in its quality not much unlike.

 Nor wants my tree more punctual
 visitors.
 The children, they who are the
 only rich,
 Creating for the moment, and pos-
 sessing
 Whate'er they choose to feign,—for
 still with them
 Kind Fancy plays the fairy god-
 mother,
 Strewing their lives with cheap
 material
 For winged horses and Aladdin's
 lamps,
 Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's
 touch profane
 To dead leaves disenchanted,—
 long ago
 Between the branches of the tree
 fixed seats,
 Making an o'erturned box their
 table. Oft
 The shrilling girls sit here between
 school hours,
 And play at *What's my thought*
 like? while the boys,
 With whom the age chivalric ever
 bides,
 Pricked on by knightly spur of
 female eyes,

Climb high to swing and shout on
 perilous boughs,
 Or, from the willow's armoury
 equipped
 With musket dumb, green banner,
 edgeless sword,
 Make good the rampart of their
 tree-redoubt
 'Gainst eager British storming from
 below,
 And keep alive the tale of Bunker's
 Hill.

 Here, too, the men that mend our
 village ways,
 Vexing Mc'Adam's ghost with
 pounded slate,
 Their nooning take; much noisy
 talk they spend
 On horses and their ills; and, as
 John Bull
 Tells of Lord This or That, who was
 his friend,
 So these make boast of intimacies
 long
 With famous teams, and add large
 estimates,
 By competition swelled from mouth
 to mouth,
 Of how much they could draw, till
 one, ill pleased
 To have his legend overbid, retorts;
 "You take and stretch truck-horses
 in a string
 From here to Long Wharf end, one
 thing I know,
 Not heavy neither, they could
 never draw,—
 Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter
 loud and long.
 So they in their leaf-shadowed
 microcosm
 Image the larger world; for where-
 soe'er
 Ten men are gathered, the obser-
 vant eye
 Will find mankind in little, as the
 stars
 Glide up and set, and all the
 heavens revolve
 In the small welkin of a drop of
 dew.

I love to enter pleasure by apostern,
 Not the broad popular gate that
 gulps the mob;

To find my theatres in roadside nooks,	But I have known when winter bar- berries
Where men are actors, and suspect it not;	Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise
Where Nature all unconscious works her will,	Of savour whose mere harshness seemed divine.
And every passion moves with human gait,	
Unhindered by the buskin or the train.	Oh, benediction of the higher mood And human-kindness of the lower! for both
Hating the crowd, where we gre- garious men	I will be grateful while I live, nor question
Lead lonely lives, I love society, Nor seldom find the best with simple souls	The wisdom that hath made us what we are,
Unswerved by culture from their native bent,	With such large range as from the ale-house bench
The ground we meet on being primal man	Can reach the stars and be with both at home.
And nearer the deep bases of our lives.	They tell us we have fallen on prosy days, Condemned to glean the leavings of earth's feast
But oh, half heavenly, earthly half, my soul,	Where gods and heroes took delight of old;
Canst thou from those late ecstasies descend,	But though our lives, moving in one dull round
Thy lips still wet with the miracu- lous wine	Of repetition infinite, become
That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff	Stale as a newspaper once read, and though
To such divinity that soul and sense, Once more commingling in their source, are lost,—	History herself, seen in her work- shop, seem
Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar thirst	To have lost the art that dyed those glorious panes,
With the mere dregs and rinsings of the world?	Rich with memorial shapes of saint and sage,
Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,	That pave with splendour the Past's dusky aisles,—
I am content, nor need to blush; I take	Panes that enchant the light of common day
My little gift of being clean from God,	With colours costly as the blood of kings,
Not haggling for a better, holding it Good as was ever any in the world,	Till with ideal hues it edge our thought,—
My days as good and full of miracle, I pluck my nutriment from any bush,	Yet while the world is left, while nature lasts,
Finding out poison as the first men did	And man the best of nature, there shall be
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.	Somewhere contentment for these human hearts,
Sometimes my bush burns, and sometimes it is	Some freshness, some unused material
A leafless wilding shivering by the wall;	For wonder and for song. I lose myself
	In other ways where solemn guide- posts say,

*This way to Knowledge, This way
to Repose,*
But here, here only, I am ne'er
betrayed,
For every by-path leads me to my
love.

God's passionless reformers, in-
fluences,
That purify and heal and are not
seen,
Shall man say whence your virtue
is, or how
Ye make medicinal the wayside
weed?
I know that sunshine, through
whatever rift
How shaped it matters not, upon
my walls
Paints discs as perfect-rounded as
its source,
And, like its antitype, the ray
divine,
However finding entrance, perfect
still,
Repeats the image unimpaired of
God.

We, who by shipwreck only find
the shores
Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at
first;
Can but exult to feel beneath our
feet,
That long stretched vainly down
the yielding deeps,
The shock and sustenance of solid
earth;
Inland afar we see what temples
gleam
Through immemorial stems of
sacred groves,
And we conjecture shining shapes
therein;
Yet for a space we love to wonder
here
Among the shells and sea-weed of
the beach.

So mused I once within my willow-
tent
One brave June morning, when the
bluff northwest,
Thrusting aside a dank and snuf-
fling day

That made us bitter at our neigh-
bours' sins,
Brimmed the great cup of heaven
with sparkling cheer
And roared a lusty stave; the
sliding Charles,
Blue toward the west, and bluer
and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's
eyes
Look once and look no more, with
southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like
Helen's hair
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstan-
tial gold;
From blossom-clouded orchards,
far away
The bobolink tinkled: the deep
meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light
and shade
Against the bases of the southern
hills,
While here and there a drowsy
island rick
Slept and its shadow slept; the
wooden bridge
Thundered, and then was silent;
on the roofs
The sun-warped shingles rippled
with the heat;
Summer on field and hill, in heart
and brain,
All life washed clean in this high
tide of June.

DARA.

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in
a hand
Wilted with harem-heats, and all
the land
Was hovered over by those vulture
ills
That snuff decaying empire from
afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a
star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.
He who had governed fleecy sub-
jects well
Made his own village by the self-
same spell

Secure and quiet as a guarded fold; Then, gathering strength by slow and wise degrees Under his sway, to neighbour vil- lages Order returned, and faith and jus- tice old.	To glow and lighten with heaped jewels' sheen.
Now when it fortune'd that a king more wise Eudued the realm with brain and hands and eyes, He sought on every side men brave and just; And having heard our mountain shepherd's praise, How he refilled the mould of elder days, To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.	The King set forth for Dara's pro- vince straight; There, as was fit, outside the city's gate, The viceroy met him with a stately train, And there, with archers circled, close at hand, A camel with the chest was seen to stand: The King's brow reddened, for the guilt was plain.
So Dara shepherded a province wide, Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took more pride Than in his crook before; but envy finds More food in cities than on moun- tains bare; And the frank sun of natures clear and rare Breeds poisonous fogs in low and marish minds.	"Open me here," he cried, "this treasure-chest!" 'Twas done; and only a worn shep- herd's vest Was found therein. Some blushed and hung the head; Not Dara; open as the sky's blue roof He stood, and "O my lord, behold the proof That I was faithful to my trust," he said.
Soon it was hissed into the royal ear, That, though wise Dara's province, year by year, Like a great sponge, sucked wealth and plenty up, Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's behest, Some yellow drops, more rich than all the rest, Went to the filling of his private cup.	"To govern men, lo, all the spell I had! My soul in these rude vestments ever clad Still to the unstained past kept true and leal, Still on these plains could breathe her mountain air, And fortune's heaviest gifts serene- ly bear, Which bend them from their truth and make them reel.
For proof, they said, that, where- so'er he went, A chest, beneath whose weight the camel bent, Went with him; and no mortal eye had seen What was therein, save only Dara's own; But, when 'twas opened, all his tent was known	"For ruling wisely I should have small skill, Were I not lord of simple Dara still; That sceptre kept, I could not lose my way." Strange dew in royal eyes grew round and bright, And strained the throbbing lids; before 'twas night Two added provinces blest Dara's sway.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,

Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I
kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the King to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,

Till I dreamed, as his music made
me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing
Leaves.’”

Then the brow of the King swelled
crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
“Well have ye spoken, my two
eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

“But she, like a thing of peasant
race,
That is happy binding the
sheaves ;”
Then he saw her dead mother in
her face,
And said, “Thou shalt have thy
leaves.”

II.

He mounted and rode three days
and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And ’twas easy to buy the gems
and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were
there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode
he,
And asked of every tree,
“Oh, if you have ever a Singing
Leaf,
I pray you give it me !”

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-
tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

“Oh, where shall I find a little foot-
page
That would win both hose and
shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing
Leaves
If they grow under the moon ?”

Then lightly turned him Walter
the page,
By the stirrup as he ran :
“Now pledge you me the truesome
word
Of a king and gentleman,

“That you will give me the first,
first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the
Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor’s fate.”

The King’s head dropt upon his
breast
A moment, as it might be ;
“Twill be my dog, he thought, and
said,
“My faith I plight to thee.”

Then Walter took from next his
heart
A packet small and thin,
“Now give you this to the Princess
Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.”

III.

As the King rode in at his castle-
gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And “Welcome, father !” she
laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

“Lo, here the Singing Leaves,”
quoth he,
“And woe, but they cost me
dear !”
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached
her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden
sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was
opened,
Sang : “I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing ’neath thy
window
Are my only heritage.”

And the second Leaf sang: "But
 in the land
 That is neither on earth or sea,
 My lute and I are lords of more
 Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang: "Be
 mine! Be mine!"
 And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
 Then sweeter it sang and ever
 sweeter,
 And said, "I am thine, thine,
 thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale
 enough,
 At the second she turned aside,
 At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
 With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said
 she,
 "I have my hope thrice o'er,
 For they sing to my very heart,"
 she said,
 "And it sings to them ever-
 more."

She brought to him her beauty and
 truth,
 But and broad earldoms three,
 And he made her queen of the
 broader lands
 He held of his lute in fee.

The drooping sea-weed hears, in
 night abyssed,
 Far and more far the wave's reced-
 ing shocks,
 Nor doubts, for all the darkness
 and the mist,
 That the pale shepherdess will keep
 her tryst,
 And shoreward lead again her
 foam fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the
 Carib shore
 With momentary brede of pearl
 and gold,
 Goes hurrying thence to gladden
 with its roar
 Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of
 Labrador,
 By love divine on one sweet errand
 rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far
 withdraw,
 I, too, can wait and feed on hope
 of Thee
 And of the dear recurrence of Thy
 law,
 Sure that the parting grace my
 morning saw
 Abides its time to come in search
 of me.

SEA-WEED.

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
 Nor, pitying saint, thine interces-
 sion claim;
 Too closely clings the burden of
 the day,
 And all the mint and anise that I
 pay
 But swells my debt and deepens my
 self-blame.

Shall I less patience have than
 Thou, who know
 That Thou revisit'st all who wait
 for thee,
 Nor only fill'st the unsounded
 deeps below,
 But dost refresh with punctual
 overflow
 The rifts where unregarded mosses
 be?

THE FINDING OF THE
LYRE.

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
 What once a tortoise served to
 cover.
 A year and more, with rush and
 roar,
 The surf had rolled it over,
 Had played with it, and flung it by,
 As wind and weather might decide
 it,
 Then tossed it high where sand-
 drifts dry
 Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
 The rains had soaked, the suns had
 burned it;
 With many a ban the fisherman
 Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;

And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing
of things

In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done ; the chords he
strained.

And, as his fingers o'er them
hovered,

The shell disdained a soul had
gained,

The lyre had been discovered.

Oh empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought for-
saken,

Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken !

NEW-YEAR'S EVE. 1850.

THIS is the midnight of the century,
—hark !

Through aisle and arch of God-
minster have gone

Twelve throbs that tolled the
zenith of the dark,

And mornward now the starry
hands move on ;

"Mornward !" the angelic watchers
say,

"Passed is the sorest trial ;

No plot of man can stay

The hand upon the dial ;

Night is the dark stem of the lily
Day."

If we, who watched in valleys here
below,

Toward streaks, misdeemed of
morn, our faces turned

When volcan glares set all the east
aglow,—

We are not poorer that we wept
and yearned ;

Though earth swing wide from
God's intent,

And though no man nor nation

Will move with full consent

In heavenly gravitation,

Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

THOUGH old the thought and oft
expressed,

'Tis his at last who says it best,—

I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white,

Whereon each one of us may write

His word or two, and then comes
night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we
cry,

"To write an epic !" so we try

Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to
hold,

Luck hates the slow and loves the
bold,

Soon come the darkness and the
cold.

Greatly begin ! though thou have
time

But for a line, be that sublime,—

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came !

But we forget it, dream of fame,

And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

AL FRESCO.

THE dandelions and buttercups

Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee

Stumbles among the clover-tops,

And summer sweetens all but me :

Away, unfruitful lore of books,

For whose vain idiom we reject

The soul's more native dialect,

Aliens among the birds and brooks,

Dull to interpret or conceive

What gospels lost the woods re-
trieve

Away, ye critics, city-bred,
 Who set man-traps of thus and so,
 And in the first man's footsteps
 tread,
 Like those who toil through drifted
 snow!
 Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
 Can make a garden of a cell!
 I need ye not, for I to-day
 Will make one long sweet verse of
 play.

Snap, chord of manhood's tenser
 strain!

To-day I will be a boy again;
 The mind's pursuing element,
 Like a bow slackened and unbent,
 In some dark corner shall be leant.
 The robin sings, as of old, from the
 limb!
 The catbird croons in the lilac-
 bush!
 Through the dim harbour, himself
 more dim,
 Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
 The withered leaves keep dumb
 for him;
 The irreverent buccaneering bee
 Hath stormed and rifled the
 nunnery
 Of the lily, and scattered the sacred
 floor
 With haste-dropt gold from shrine
 to door;
 There, as of yore,
 The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup
 Its tiny polished urn holds up,
 Filled with ripe summer to the
 edge,
 The sun in his own wine to pledge;
 And our tall elm, this hundredth
 year
 Doge of our leafy Venice here,
 Who, with an annual ring, doth
 wed
 The blue Adriatic overhead,
 Shadows with his palatial mass
 The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unestranged birds and bees!
 O face of nature always true!
 O never-unsympathising trees!
 O never-rejecting roof of blue,
 Whose rash disherison never falls
 On us unthinking prodigals,

Yet who convictest all our ill,
 So grand and unappeasable!
 Methinks my heart from each of
 these
 Plucks part of childhood back
 again,
 Long there imprisoned, as the
 breeze
 Doth every hidden odour seize
 Of wood and water, hill and plain;
 Once more am I admitted peer
 In the upper house of Nature here,
 And feel through all my pulses run
 The royal blood of breeze and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
 No hum of neighbour toil intrudes;
 The only hammer that I hear
 Is wielded by the woodpecker,
 The single noisy calling his
 In all our leaf-hid Sybaris;
 The good old time, close-hidden
 here,
 Persists, a loyal cavalier,
 While Roundheads prim, with
 point of fox,
 Probe wainscot-chink and empty
 box;
 Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast
 Insults thy statues, royal Past;
 Myself too prone the axe to wield,
 I touch the silver side of the shield
 With lance reversed, and challenge
 peace,
 A willing convert of the trees.

How chanced it that so long I tost
 A cable's length from this rich coast,
 With foolish anchors hugging close
 The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,
 Nor had the wit to wreck before
 On this enchanted island's shore,
 Whither the current of the sea,
 With wiser drift, persuaded me?

Oh, might we but of such rare days
 Build up the spirit's dwelling-place!
 A temple of so Parian stone
 Would brook a marble god alone,
 The statue of a perfect life,
 Far-shrined from earth's bestaining
 strife.

Alas! though such felicity
 In our vext world here may not be,
 Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut
 Shows stones which old religion cut

With text inspired, or mystic sign
Of the Eternal and Divine,
Torn from the consecration deep
Of some fallen nunnery's mossy
sleep,

So, from the ruins of this day
Crumbling in golden dust away,
The soul one gracious block may
draw,

Carved with some fragment of the
law,

Which, set in life's uneven wall,
Old benedictions may recall,
And lure some nunlike thoughts to
take

Their dwelling here for memory's
sake.

MASACCIO.

(IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL.)

HE came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls, that
shone

For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own,
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or
when.

The shadows deepened, and I
turned

Half sadly from the fresco grand;
"And is this," mused I, "all ye
earned,

High-vaulted brain and cunning
hand,

That ye to greater men could teach
The skill yourselves could never
reach?"

"And who were they," I mused,
"that wrought

Through pathless wilds, with labour
long,

The highways of our daily thought?
Who reared those towers of earliest
song

That lift us from the throng to peace
Remote in sunny silences?"

Out clanged the Ave Mary bells,
And to my heart this message came:
Each clamorous throat among them
tells

What strong-souled martyrs died
in flame

To make it possible that thou
Shouldst here with brother sinners
bow.

Thoughts that great hearts once
broke for, we

Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbed once in saints and heroes
rare.

Who perished, opening for their
race

New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health
to those

Who live in story and in song,
Oh nameless dead, that now repose
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,
One cup of recognition true
Shall silently be drained to you!

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight
there,

Looks through the side-light of
the door;

I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the
pane,

He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more
hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,

Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a
row

Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and

jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old

coon,

And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me
win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he
warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and
dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored
within,
And just another bored without.

GODMINSTER CHIMES.

WRITTEN IN AID OF A CHIME OF
BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAM-
BRIDGE.

GODMINSTER? Is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
Whether 'twas dreamed or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms after rain,
And builds of half-remembered
things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn cen-
turies
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought:
From Calvary shines the altar's
gleam,
The Church's East is there,
The Ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and
prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's
crown
And safe in God repose;

The saints of many a warring creed,
Who now in heaven have learned,
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurned.

And, as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are
sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend;
One prayer soars cleaved with
martyr fire,
One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears.

Whilst thus I dream, the bells clash
out
Upon the Sabbath air,
Each seems a hostile faith to shout,
A selfish form of prayer;
My dream is shattered, yet who
knows
But in that heaven so near
These discords find harmonious
close
In God's atoning ear?

Oh chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance
clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *My Brother* here,
And hear *My Son* in heaven!

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

WHO hath not been a poet? Who
hath not,
With life's new quiver full of winged
years,

<p>Shot at a venture, and then, follow- ing on, Stood doubtful at the Parting of the Ways?</p> <p>There once I stood in dream, and as I paused, Looking this way and that, came forth to me The figure of a woman veiled, that said, "My name is Duty, turn and fol- low me;"</p> <p>Something there was that chilled me in her voice; I felt Youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine, As if to be withdrawn, and I re- plied: "Oh, leave the hot wild heart within my breast!</p> <p>Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes Death; This slippery globe of life whirls of itself, Hasting our youth away into the dark; These senses, quivering with elec- tric heats, Too soon will show, like nests on wintry boughs Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable wreck, Which whistling north-winds line with downy snow Sometimes, or fringe with foliated rime, in vain, Thither the singing birds no more return.</p> <p>Then glowed to me a maiden from the left, With bosom half disclosed, and naked arms More white and undulant than necks of swans; And all before her steps an influence ran Warm as the whispering South that opens buds And swells the laggard sails of Northern May. "I am called Pleasure, come with me!" she said, Then laughed, and shook out sun- shine from her hair,</p>	<p>Not only that, but, so it seemed, shook out All memory too, and all the moon- lit past, Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams, More beautiful for being old and gone.</p> <p>So we two went together; downward sloped The path through yellow meads, or so I dreamed, Yellow with sunshine and young green, but I Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one close joy; I only felt the hand within my own, Transmuting all my blood to golden fire, Dissolving all my brain in throb- bing mist.</p> <p>Suddenly shrank the hand; sud- denly burst A cry that split the torpor of my brain, And as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense: "Save me!" it thrilled; "Oh, hide me! there is Death! Death the divider, the unmerciful, That digs his pitfalls under Love and Youth And covers Beauty up in the cold ground; Horrible Death! bringer of endless dark; Let him not see me! hide me in thy breast!"</p> <p>Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my arms Met only what slipped crumbling down, and fell, A handful of gray ashes, at my feet.</p> <p>I would have fled, I would have followed back That pleasant path we came, but all was changed; Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to find; Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I thought,</p>
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"That way lies Youth, and Wisdom, and all Good ;
 For only by unlearning Wisdom comes
 And climbing backward to diviner Youth ;
 What the world teaches profits to the world,
 What the soul teaches profits to the soul,
 Which then first stands erect with Godward face,
 When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,
 The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,
 And looks and listens with her finer sense ;
 Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh from without."

After long weary days I stood again
 And waited at the Parting of the Ways ;
 Again the figure of a woman veiled
 Stood forth and beckoned, and I followed now :
 Down to no bower of roses led the path,
 But through the streets of towns where chattering Cold
 Hewed wood for fires whose glow was owned and fenced,
 Where Nakedness wove garments of warm wool
 Not for itself ;—or through the fields it led
 Where Hunger reaped the unattainable grain,
 While Idleness enforced saw idle lands,
 Leagues of unpeopled soil, the common earth,
 Walled round with paper against God and Man.
 "I cannot look," I groaned, "at only these ;
 The heart grows hardened with perpetual wont,
 And palters with a feigned necessity,
 Bargaining with itself to be content ;
 Let me behold thy face."

The Form replied :

"Men follow Duty, never overtake ;
 Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks behind."
 But, as she spake, a loosened lock of hair
 Slipped from beneath her hood, and I, who looked
 To see it gray and thin, saw amplest gold ;
 Not that dull metal dug from sordid earth,
 But such as the retiring sunset flood
 Leaves heaped on bays and capes of island cloud.
 "O Guide divine," I prayed, "although not yet
 I may repair the virtue which I feel
 Gone out at touch of untuned things and foul
 With draughts of Beauty, yet declare how soon !"

"Faithless and faint of heart," the voice returned,
 "Thou see'st no beauty save thou make it first ;
 Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a glass
 Where the soul sees the image of herself,
 Visible echoes, offsprings of herself.
 But, since thou need'st assurance of how soon,
 Wait till that angel comes who opens all,
 The reconciler, he who lifts the veil,
 The reuniter, the rest-bringer, Death."

I waited, and methought he came ;
 but how,
 Or in what shape, I doubted, for no sign,
 By touch or mark, he gave me as he passed :
 Only I knew a lily that I held
 Snapt short below the head and shrivelled up ;
 Then turned my Guide and looked at me unveiled,
 And I beheld no face of matron stern,

But that enchantment I had followed erst,
 Only more fair, more clear to eye
 and brain,
 Heightened and chastened by a
 household charm;
 She smiled, and "Which is fairer,"
 said her eyes,
 "The hag's unreal Florimel or
 mine?"

ALADDIN.

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
 And lived in a cellar damp,
 I had not a friend nor a toy,
 But I had Aladdin's lamp;
 When I could not sleep for cold;
 I had fire enough in my brain,
 And builded, with roofs of gold,
 My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and
 night,
 I have money and power good
 store,
 But I'd give all my lamps of silver
 bright,
 For the one that is mine no more;
 Take, Fortune, whatever you
 choose,
 You gave, and may snatch again;
 I have nothing 'twould pain me to
 lose,
 For I own no more castles in
 Spain!

AN INVITATION.

NINE years have slipt like hour-
 glass sand
 From life's still-emptying globe
 away,
 Since last, dear friend, I clasped
 your hand,
 And stood upon the impoverished
 land,
 Watching the steamer down the
 bay.
 I held the token which you gave,
 While slowly the smoke-pennon
 curled
 O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and
 wave,

And shut the distance like a grave,
 Leaving me in the colder world.

The old worn world of hurry and
 heat,
 The young fresh world of thought
 and scope,
 While you, where beckoning billows
 fleet
 Climb far sky-beaches still and
 sweet,
 Sank wavering down the ocean-
 slope.

You sought the new world in the
 old,
 I found the old world in the new,
 All that our human hearts can hold,
 The inward world of deathless
 mould,
 The same that Father Adam knew.

He needs no ship to cross the tide,
 Who, in the lives about him, sees
 Fair window-prospects opening
 wide
 O'er history's fields on every side,
 To Ind and Egypt, Rome and
 Greece.

Whatever moulds of various brain
 E'er shaped the world to weal or
 woe,
 Whatever empires' wax and wane,
 To him that hath not eyes in vain,
 Our village-microcosm can show.

Come back our ancient walks to
 tread,
 Dear haunts of lost or scattered
 friends,
 Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,
 Where song and smoke and laughter
 sped
 The nights to proctor-haunted ends.

Constant are all our former loves,
 Unchanged the icehouse-girdled
 pond,
 Its hemlock glooms, its shadowy
 coves,
 Where floats the coot and never
 moves,
 Its slopes of long-tamed green be-
 yond.

Our old familiars are not laid,
 Though snapt our wands and sunk
 our books;
 They beckon, not to be gainsaid,
 Where, round broad meads that
 mowers wade,
 The Charles his steel-blue sickle
 crooks.

Where, as the cloudbergs eastward
 blow,
 From glow to gloom the hillsides
 shift

Their plumps of orchard-trees arow,
 Their lakes of rye that wave and
 flow,
 Their snowy whiteweed's summer
 drift.

There have we watched the West
 unfurl
 A cloud Byzantium newly born,
 With flickering spires and domes of
 pearl,
 And vapoury surfs that crowd and
 curl
 Into the sunset's Golden Horn.

There, as the flaming occident
 Burned slowly down to ashes gray,
 Night pitched o'erhead her silent
 tent,
 And glimmering gold from Hesper
 sprent
 Upon the darkened river lay,

Where a twin sky but just before
 Deepened, and double swallows
 skimmed,
 And, from a visionary shore,
 Hung visioned trees, that more and
 more
 Grew dusk as those above were
 dimmed.

Then eastward saw we slowly grow
 Clear-edged the lines of roof and
 spire,
 While great elm-masses blacken
 slow,
 And linden-ricks their round heads
 show
 Against a flush of widening fire.

Doubtful at first and far away,
 The moon-flood creeps more wide
 and wide;

Up a ridged beach of cloudy gray,
 Curved round the east as round a
 bay,
 It slips and spreads its gradual tide.

Then suddenly, in lurid mood,
 The moon looms large o'er town
 and field

As upon Adam, red like blood,
 'Tween him and Eden's happy wood,
 Glared the commissioned angel's
 shield.

Or let us seek the seaside, there
 To wander idly as we list,
 Whether, on rocky headlands bare,
 Sharp cedar-horns, like breakers,
 tear
 The trailing fringes of gray mist,

Or whether, under skies full flown,
 The brightening surfs, with foamy
 din,
 Their breeze-caught forelocks back-
 ward blown,
 Against the beach's yellow zone,
 Curl slow, and plunge for ever in.

And, as we watch those canvas
 towers
 That lean along the horizon's rim,
 "Sail on," I'll say; "may sunniest
 hours
 Convoy you from this land of ours,
 Since from my side you bear not
 him!"

For years thrice three, wise Horace
 said,
 A poem rare let silence bind;
 And love may ripen in the shade,
 Like ours, for nine long seasons laid
 In deepest arches of the mind.

Come back! Not ours the Old
 World's good,
 The Old World's ill, thank God,
 not ours;
 But here, far better understood,
 The days enforce our native mood,
 And challenge all our manlier
 powers.

Kindlier to me the place of birth
 That first my tottering footsteps
 trod;

There may be fairer spots of earth,
But all their glories are not worth
The virtue of the native sod.

Thence climbs an influence more
benign

Through pulse and nerve, through
heart and brain;

Sacred to me those fibres fine

That first clasped earth. Oh, ne'er
be mine

The alien sun and alien rain !

These nourish not like homelier
glows

Or waterings of familiar skies,

And nature fairer blooms bestows

On the heaped hush of wintry
snows,

In pastures dear to childhood's eyes,

Than where Italian earth receives

The partial sunshine's sampler-boons,

Where vines carve friezes 'neath
the eaves,

And, in dark firmaments of leaves,

The orange lifts its golden moons.

THE NOMADES.

WHAT Nature makes in any mood

To me is warranted for good,

Though long before I learned to see

She did not set us moral theses,

And scorned to have her sweet
caprices

Strait-waistcoated in you or me.

I, who take root and firmly cling,

Thought fixedness the only thing ;

Why Nature made the butterflies,

(Those dreams of wings that float
and hover

At noon the slumberous poppies
over,)

Was something hidden from mine
eyes,

Till once, upon a rock's brown
bosom,

Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,

I saw a butterfly at rest ;

Then first of both I felt the beauty ;

The airy whim, the grim-set duty,

Each from the other took its best.

Clearer it grew than winter sky
That Nature still had reasons why ;
And, shifting sudden as a breeze,
My fancy found no satisfaction,
No antithetic sweet attraction,
So great as in the Nomades.

Scythians, with Nature not at
strife,

Light Arabs of our complex life,

They build no houses, plant no
mills

To utilise Time's sliding river,

Content that it flow waste for ever,

If they, like it, may have their wills.

An hour they pitch their shifting
tents

In thoughts, in feelings, and events ;

Beneath the palm-trees, on the
grass,

They sing, they dance, make love,
and chatter,

Vex the grim temples with their
clatter,

And make Truth's fount their
looking-glass.

A picnic life ; from love to love,

From faith to faith they lightly
move,

And yet, hard-eyed philosopher,

The flightiest maid that ever
hovered

To me your thought-webs fine dis-
covered,

No lens to see them through like
her.

So witchingly her finger-tips

To Wisdom, as away she trips,

She kisses, waves such sweet fare-
wells

To Duty, as she laughs " To-
morrow ! "

That both from that mad contrast
borrow

A perfectness found nowhere else.

The beach-bird on its pearly verge
Follows and flies the whispering

surge,

While, in his tent, the rock-stayed
shell

Awaits the flood's star-timed vibra-
tions,

And both, the flutter and the
patience,
The sauntering poet loves them
well.

Fulfil so much of God's decree
As works its problem out in thee,
Nor dream that in thy breast alone
The conscience of the changeful

seasons,
The Will that in the planets
reasons
With space-wide logic, has its
throne.

Thy virtue makes not vice of mine,
Unlike, but none the less divine;
Thy toil adorns, not chides, my
play;
Nature of sameness is so chary,
With such wild whim the freakish
fairy
Picks presents for the christening-
day.

SELF-STUDY.

A PRESENCE both by night and
day,
That made my life seem just begun,
Yet scarce a presence, rather say
The warning aureole of one.

And yet I felt it everywhere;
Walked I the woodland's aisles
along,
It seemed to brush me with its
hair;
Bathed I, I heard a mermaid's song.

How sweet it was! A buttercup
Could hold for me a day's delight,
A bird could lift my fancy up
To ether free from cloud or blight.

Who was the nymph? Nay, I will
see,
Methought, and I will know her
near;
If such, divined, her charm can be,
Seen and possessed, how triply
dear!

So every magic art I tried,
And spells as numberless as sand,

Until, one evening, by my side
I saw her glowing fullness stand.

I turned to clasp her, but "Fare-
well,"
Parting she sighed, "we meet no
more;
Not by my hand the curtain fell
That leaves you conscious, wise,
and poor.

"Since you have found me out, I
go;
Another lover I must find,
Content his happiness to know,
Nor strive its secret to unwind."

PICTURES FROM APPLE- DORE.

I.

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and
frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-
bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to
be lost;
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smit-
ten one,
Where, æons ago, with half-shut
eye,
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and
snags,
Round which, though the winds
in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs
and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses,
and turns,
And the dreary black sea-weed lolls
and wags;
Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak
clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the
coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and
drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, for evermore,—

Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless
thing unknown,
These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night :
Then there are monsters left and
right ;
Every rock is a different monster ;
All you have read of, fancied,
dreamed,
When you waked at night because
you screamed,
There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never
once stir),
If you look long, they seem to be
moving
Just as plainly as plain can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading
and shoving
Out into the awful sea,
Where you can hear them snort
and spout
With pauses between, as if they
were listening,
Then tumult anon when the surf
breaks glistening
In the blackness where they wallow
about.

II.

All this you would scarcely com-
prehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny
day ;
Then it is simple enough in its
way,—
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow
between ;
Patches of whortleberry and bay ;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square
and gray,
Like graveyards for ages deserted ;
a few
Unsocial thistles ; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white
as spray ;
And on the whole island never a
tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as
your knee,

That crouch in hollows where they
may,
(The cellars where once stood a vil-
lage, men say,)
Huddling for warmth, and never
grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea ;
A general dazzle of open blue ;
A breeze always blowing and play-
ing rat-tat
With the bow of the ribbon round
your hat ;
A score of sheep that do nothing
but stare
Up or down at you everywhere ;
Three or four cattle that chew the
cud
Lying about in a listless despair ;
A medrick that makes you look
overhead
With short, sharp scream, as he
sights his prey,
And, dropping straight and swift as
lead,
Splits the water with sudden
thud ;—
This is Appledore by day.

A common island, you will say ;
But stay a moment : only climb
Up to the highest rock of the isle,
Stand there alone for a little while,
And with gentle approaches it grows
sublime,
Dilating slowly as you win
A sense from the silence to take it
in.
So wide the loneliness, so lucid the
air,
The granite beneath you so savagely
bare,
You well might think you were
looking down
From some sky-silenced mountain's
crown,
Whose far-down pines are wont to
tear
Locks of wool from the topmost
cloud.
Only be sure you go alone,
For Grandeur is inaccessibly proud,
And never yet has backward thrown
Her veil to feed the stare of a
crowd ;
To more than one was never shown
That awful front, nor is it fit

That she, Cothurnus-shod, stand
 bowed
 Until the self-approving pit
 Enjoy the gust of its own wit
 In babbling plaudits cheaply loud ;
 She hides her mountains and her sea
 From the harriers of scenery,
 Who hunt down sunsets, and
 huddle and bay,
 Mouthing and mumbling the dying
 day.

Trust me, 'tis something to be cast
 Face to face with one's Self at last,
 To be taken out of the fuss and
 strife,
 The endless clatter of plate and
 knife,
 The bore of books and the bores of
 the street,
 From the singular mess we agree to
 call Life,
 Where that is best which the most
 fools vote is,
 And to be set down on one's own
 two feet
 So nigh to the great warm heart of
 God,
 You almost seem to feel it beat
 Down from the sunshine and up
 from the sod ;
 To be compelled, as it were, to
 notice
 All the beautiful changes and
 chances
 Through which the landscape flits
 and glances,
 And to see how the face of common
 day
 Is written all over with tender his-
 tories,
 When you study it that intenser
 way
 In which a lover looks at his mis-
 tress.
 Till now you dreamed not what
 could be done
 With a bit of rock and a ray of sun ;
 But look, how fade the lights and
 shades
 Of keen bare edge and crevice deep !
 How doubtfully it fades and fades,
 And glows again, yon craggy steep,
 O'er which, through colour's
 dreamiest grades,

The yellow sunbeams pause and
 creep !
 Now pink it blooms, now glimmers
 gray,
 Now shadows to a filmy blue,
 Tries one, tries all, and will not stay,
 But flits from opal hue to hue,
 And runs through every tenderest
 range
 Of change that seems not to be
 change,
 So rare the sweep, so nice the art,
 That lays no stress on any part,
 But shifts and lingers and per-
 suades ;
 So soft that sun-brush in the west,
 That asks no costlier pigments' aids,
 But mingling knobs, flaws, angles,
 dints,
 Indifferent of worst or best,
 Enchants the cliffs with wraiths
 and hints
 And gracious preludings of tints,
 Where all seems fixed, yet all
 evades,
 And indefinitely pervades
 Perpetual movement with per-
 petual rest !

III.

Away north-east is Boone Island
 light ;
 You might mistake it for a ship,
 Only it stands too plumb upright,
 And like the others does not slip
 Behind the sea's unsteady brink ;
 Though, if a cloud-shade chance
 to dip
 Upon it a moment, 'twill suddenly
 sink,
 Levelled and lost in the darkened
 main,
 Till the sun builds it suddenly up
 again,
 As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.
 On the mainland you see a misty
 camp
 Of mountains pitched tumultu-
 ously :
 That one looming so long and large
 Is Saddleback, and that point you
 see
 Over yon low and rounded marge,
 Like the boss of a sleeping giant's
 targe

<p>Laid over his breast, is Ossipee ; That shadow there may be Kearsarge ; That must be Great Haystack ; I love these names, Wherewith the lonely farmer tames Nature to mute companionship With his own mind's domestic mood, And strives the surly world to clip In the arms of familiar habitude. 'Tis well he could not contrive to make A Saxon of Agamenticus : He glowers there to the north of us, Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze, Unconvertibly savage, and scorus to take The white man's baptism or his ways. Him first on shore the coaster divines Through the early gray, and sees him shake The morning mist from his scalp- lock of pines ; Him first the skipper makes out in the west, Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous, Plashing with orange the palpitant lines Of mutable billow, crest after crest, And murmurs <i>Agamenticus</i> ! As if it were the name of a saint. But is that a mountain playing cloud, Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so faint ? Look along over the low right shoulder Of Agamenticus into that crowd Of brassy thunderheads behind it ; Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older By half an hour, you will lose it and find it A score of times ; while you look 'tis gone, And, just as you've given it up, anon It is there again, till your weary eyes Fancy they see it waver and rise,</p>	<p>With its brother clouds ; it is Agio- chook, There if you seek not, and gone if you look, Ninety miles off as the eagle flies. But mountains make not all the shore The mainland shows to Appledore ; Eight miles the heaving water spreads To a long low coast with beaches and heads That run through unimagined mazes, As the lights and shades and magi- cal hazes Put them away or bring them near, Shimmering, sketched out for thirty miles Between two capes that waver like threads, And sink in the ocean, and re- appear, Crumbled and melted to little isles, With filmy trees, that seem the mere Half-fancies of drowsy atmosphere ; And see the beach there, where it is Flat as a threshing-floor, beaten and packed With the flashing flails of weariless seas, How it lifts and looms to a preci- pice, O'er whose square front, a dream, no more, The steepened sand-stripes seem to pour, A murmurless vision of cataract ; You almost fancy you hear a roar, Fitful and faint from the distance wandering ; But 'tis only the blind old ocean maundering, Raking the shingle to and fro, Aimlessly clutching and letting go The kelp-haired sedges of Apple- dore, Slipping down with a sleepy for- getting, And anon his ponderous shoulder setting, With a deep, hoarse pant against Appledore.</p>
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IV.

Eastward as far as the eye can
 see,
 Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,
 The sparkle and tremor of purple
 sea
 That rises before you, a flickering
 hill,
 On and on to the shut of the sky,
 And beyond, you fancy it sloping
 until
 The same multitudinous throb and
 thrill
 That vibrate under your dizzy eye
 In ripples of orange and pink are
 sent
 Where the popped sails doze on the
 yard,
 And the clumsy junk and proa lie
 Sunk deep with precious woods and
 nard,
 Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.
 Those leaning towers of clouded
 white
 On the farthest brink of doubtful
 ocean,
 That shorten and shorten out of
 sight,
 Yet seem on the selfsame spot to
 stay,
 Receding with a motionless motion,
 Fading to dubious films of gray,
 Lost, dimly found, then vanished
 wholly,
 Will rise again, the great world
 under,
 First films, then towers, then high-
 heaped clouds,
 Whose nearing outlines sharpen
 slowly
 Into tall slips with cobweb shrouds,
 That fill long Mongol eyes with
 wonder,
 Crushing the violet wave to spray
 Past some low headland of
 Cathay;—
 What was that sigh which seemed
 so near,
 Chilling your fancy to the core?
 'Tis only the sad old sea you hear,
 That seems to seek for evermore
 Something it cannot find, and so,
 Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe
 To the pitiless breakers of Apple-
 dore.

V.

How looks Appledore in a storm?
 I have seen it when its crags
 seemed frantic,
 Butting against the mad Atlantic,
 When surge on surge would heap
 enorme,
 Cliffs of emerald topped with
 snow,
 That lifted and lifted, and then
 let go
 A great white avalanche of thunder,
 A grinding, blinding, deafening
 ire
 Monadnock might have trembled
 under;
 And the island, whose rock-roots
 pierce below
 To where they are warmed with
 the central fire,
 You could feel its granite fibres
 racked,
 As it seemed to plunge with a
 shudder and thrill
 Right at the breast of the swoop-
 ing hill,
 And to rise again snorting a cata-
 ract
 Of rage-froth from every cranny
 and ledge,
 While the sea drew its breath in
 hoarse and deep,
 And the next vast breaker curled
 its edge,
 Gathering itself for a mightier
 leap.

North, east, and south there are
 reefs and breakers
 You would never dream of in
 smooth weather,
 That toss and gore the sea for acres,
 Bellowing and gnashing and snarl-
 ing together;
 Look northward, where Duck
 Island lies,
 And over its crown you will see
 arise,
 Against a background of slaty skies,
 A row of pillars still and white,
 That glimmer, and then are out
 of sight,
 As if the moon should suddenly
 kiss,

While you crossed the gusty
desert by night,
The long colonnades of Persepolis ;
Look southward for White Island
light,
The lantern stands ninety feet
o'er the tide ;
There is first a half-mile of tumult
and fight,
Of dash and roar and tumble and
fright,
And surging bewilderment wild
and wide,
Where the breakers struggle left
and right,
Then a mile or more of rushing
sea,
And then the lighthouse slim and
lone ;
And whenever the weight of ocean
is thrown
Full and fair on White Island head,
A great mist-jotun you will see
Lifting himself up silently
High and huge o'er the lighthouse
top,
With hands of wavering spray out-
spread,
Groping after the little tower,
That seems to shrink and shorten
and cower,
Till the monster's arms of a sudden
drop,
And silently and fruitlessly
He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched
you stand,
Awaken once more to the rush
and roar,
And on the rock-point tighten your
hand,
As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment
before.
Suck rattling down between you
and a heap
Of tepping billow, whose instant
fall
Must sink the whole island once
for all,
Or watch the silenter, stealthier
seas
Feeling their way to you more
and more ;

If they once should clutch you high
as the knees,
They would whirl you down like a
sprig of kelp,
Beyond all reach of hope or help ;—
And such in a storm is Apple-
dore.

VI.

'Tis the sight of a lifetime to be-
hold
The great shorn sun as you see it
now,
Across eight miles of undulant
gold
That widens landward, weltered
and rolled,
With freaks of shadow and crimson
stains ;
To see the solid mountain brow
As it notches the disk, and gains
and gains
Until there comes, you scarce know
when,
A tremble of fire o'er the parted lips
Of cloud and mountain, which
vanishes ; then
From the body of day the sun-soul
slips
And the face of earth darkens ; but
now the strips
Of western vapour, straight and
thin,
From which the horizon's swervings
win
A grace of contrast, take fire and
burn
Like splinters of touchwood, whose
edges a mould
Of ashes o'erfeathers ; northward
turn
For an instant, and let your eye
grow cold
On Agamenticus, and when once
more
You look, 'tis as if the land-breeze,
growing,
From the smouldering brands the
filn were blowing,
And brightening them down to the
very core ;
Yet they momentarily cool and
dampen and deaden,
The crimson turns golden, the gold
turns leaden,
Hardening into one black bar

O'er which, from the hollow heaven
 afar,
 Shoots a splinter of light like
 diamond,
 Half seen, half fancied; by and by
 Beyond whatever is most beyond
 In the uttermost waste of desert
 sky,
 Grows a star;
 And over it, visible spirit of dew,—
 Ah, stir not, speak not, hold your
 breath,
 Or surely the miracle vanisheth,—
 The new moon, tranced in unspeak-
 able blue!
 No frail illusion; this were true,
 Rather, to call it the canoe
 Hollowed out of a single pearl,
 That floats us from the Present's
 whirl
 Back to those beings which were
 ours,
 When wishes were winged things
 like powers!
 Call it not light, that mystery
 tender,
 Which broods upon the brooding
 ocean,
 That flush of ecstasied surrender
 To indefinable emotion,
 That glory, mellower than a mist
 Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,
 Which rims Square Rock, like what
 they paint
 Of mitigated heavenly splendour
 Round the stern forehead of a
 Saint!

No more a vision, reddened,
 largened,
 The moon dips toward her mountain
 nest,
 And, fringing it with palest argent,
 Slow sheathes herself behind the
 margent
 Of that long cloud-bar in the West.
 Whose nether edge, erelong, you
 see
 * The silvery chrim in turn anoint,
 And then the tiniest rosy point
 Touched doubtfully and timidly
 Into the dark blue's chilly strip,
 As some mute, wondering thing
 below,
 Awakened by the thrilling glow,
 Might, looking up, see Dian dip

One lucent foot's delaying tip
 In Latmian fountains long ago.

Knew you what silence was before?
 Here is no startle of dreaming bird
 That sings in his sleep, or strives
 to sing;
 Here is no sough of branches stirred,
 Nor noise of any living thing,
 Such as one hears by night on shore;
 Only, now and then, a sigh,
 With fickle intervals between,
 Sometimes far, and sometimes nigh,
 Such as Andromeda might have
 heard,
 And fancied the huge sea-beast un-
 seen
 Turning in sleep; it is the sea
 That welters and wavers uneasily
 Round the lonely reefs of Apple-
 dore.

THE WIND-HARP. *

I TREASURE in secret some long,
 fine hair
 Of tenderest brown, but so in-
 wardly golden
 I half used to fancy the sunshine
 there,
 So shy, so shifting, so waywardly
 rare,
 Was only caught for the moment
 and holden
 While I could say *Dearest!* and
 kiss it, and then
 In pity let go to the summer again.

I twisted this magic in gossamer
 strings
 Over a wind-harp's Delphian
 hollow;
 Then called to the idle breeze that
 swings
 All day in the pine-tops, and clings,
 and sings
 Mid the musical leaves, and
 said, "Oh, follow
 The will of those tears that deepen
 my words,
 And fly to my window to waken
 these chords."
 So they trembled to life, and, doubt-
 fully

Feeling their way to my sense,
 saug, "Say whether
 They sit all day by the greenwood
 tree,
 The lover and loved, as it wont to
 be,
 When we—" But grief con-
 quered, and all together
 They swelled such weird murmur
 as haunts a shore
 Of some planet dispeopled,—
 "Nevermore!"

Then from deep in the past, as
 seemed to me,
 The strings gathered sorrow and
 sang forsaken,
 "One lover still waits 'neath the
 greenwood tree,
 But 'tis dark," and they shuddered,
 "where lieth she
 Dark and cold! For ever must
 one be taken?"
 But I groaned, "O harp of all
 ruth bereft,
 This Scripture is sadder,—'the
 other left'!"

There murmured, as if one strove
 to speak,
 And tears came instead; then
 the sad tones wandered
 And faltered among the uncertain
 chords
 In a troubled doubt between sorrow
 and words;
 At last with themselves they
 questioned and pondered,
 "Hereafter?—who knoweth?" and
 so they sighed
 Down the long steps that lead to
 silence and died.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,
 Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
 She pushed it wide, and, as she
 past,
 A wistful look she backward cast,
 And said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"
 With hand on latch, a vision white
 Lingered reluctant, and again

Half doubting if she did aright,
 Soft as the dews that fell that night,
 She said,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the
 stair;
 I linger in delicious pain;
 Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
 To breathe in thought I scarcely
 dare,
 Thinksshe,—"*Auf wiedersehen!*"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I
 press
 The turf that silences the lane;
 I hear the rustle of her dress,
 I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
 I hear, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"
 Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
 The English words had seemed
 too fain,
 But these—they drew us heart to
 heart,
 Yet held us tenderly apart;
 She said, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

PALINODE.

AUTUMN.

STILL thirteen years: 'tis autumn
 now
 On field and hill, in heart and
 brain;
 The naked trees at evening sough;
 The leaf to the forsaken bough
 Sighs not,—"*We meet again!*"

Two watched yon oriole's pendent
 dome,
 That now is void, and dank with
 rain,
 And one,—O hope more frail than
 foam!
 The bird to his deserted home
 Sings not,—"*We meet again!*"

The loath gate swings with rusty
 creak;
 Once, parting there, we played
 at pain;
 There came a parting, when the
 weak
 And fading lips essayed to speak
 Vainly,—"*We meet again!*"

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere
 faith,
 Though thou in outer dark remain;
 One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
 And still, for eighteen centuries
 saith
 Softly,—“Ye meet again!”

If earth another grave must bear,
 Yet heaven hath won a sweeter
 strain,
 And something whispers my despair,
 That, from an orient chamber there,
 Floats down, “We meet again!”

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor,
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
 The tattered surges are hurled,
 It may keep our head to the tempest,
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
 What help in its iron thews,
 Still true to the broken hawser,
 Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
 When the helpless feet stretch out
 And find in the deeps of darkness
 No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
 One broken plank of the Past,
 That our human heart may cling to,
 Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
 To the flesh its sweet despair,
 Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
 With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
 Who doubts it of such as she?

But that is the pang's very secret,—
 Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
 Would scarce stay a child in his race,
 But to me and my thought it is wider
 Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
 Your morals most dearly true;
 But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,
 I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
 But not all the preaching since Adam
 Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—
 That jar of our earth, that dull shock
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
 But I, who am earthy and weak,
 Would give all my incomes from dreamland
 For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
 So worn and wrinkled and brown,
 With its emptiness confutes you,
 And argues your wisdom down.

THE DEAD HOUSE.

HERE once my step was quickened,
 Here beckoned the opening door,
 And welcome thrilled from the threshold
 To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
 From the flame that laughed in the grate,

And shadows adance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a
mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned
the arm-chair,

"This corner, you know, is your
seat ;"

"Rest your slippers on me," beamed
the fender,

"I brighten at touch of your
feet."

"We know the practised finger,"

Said the books, "that seems like
brain ;"

And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once
quivered

On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for
you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed
heart's-ease,

The Present plucks rue for us
men !

I come back : that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look

At the rooms that were once
familiar

To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered ! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more !

'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the
floor !

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home ?

'Twas just a womanly presence,

An influence unexpressed,

But a rose she had worn, on my
grave-sod

Were more than long life with
the rest !

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's
rustle,

'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew
conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the
shutters,

Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is
dead.

For it died that autumn morning

When she, its soul, was borne

To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and
corn.

A MOOD.

I GO to the ridge in the forest

I haunted in days gone by,

But thou, O Memory, pourest

No magical drop in mine eye,

Nor the gleam of the secret re-
storest

That hath faded from earth and
sky :

A Presence autumnal and sober

Invests every rock and tree,

And the aureole of October

Lights the maples, but darkens me.

Pine in the distance,

Patient through sun or rain,

Meeting with graceful persistence,

With yielding but rooted resist-
ance,

The northwind's wrench and strain,

No memory of past existence

Brings thee pain ;

Right for the zenith heading,

Friendly with heat or cold,

Thine arms to the influence
spreading

Of the heavens, just from of old,

Thou only aspirest the more,

Unregretful the old leaves shedding

That fringed thee with music be-
fore,

And deeper thy roots embedding

In the grace and the beauty of
yore;
Thou sigh'st not, "Alas, I am
older,
The green of last summer is sear!"
But loftier, hopefuller, bolder,
Winnest broader horizons each
year.

To me 'tis not cheer thou art sing-
ing:

There's a sound of the sea,
O mournful tree,
In thy boughs for ever clinging,
And the far-off roar
Of waves on the shore
A shattered vessel flinging.

As thou musest still of the ocean
On which thou must float at last,
And seem'st to foreknow
The shipwreck's woe
And the sailor wrenched from the
broken mast,

Do I, in this vague emotion,
This sadness that will not pass,
Though the air throbs with wings,
And the field laughs and sings,
Do I forebode, alas!

The ship-building longer and
wearier,

The voyage's struggle and strife,
And then the darker and drearier
Wreck of a broken life?

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND.

I.

BIÖRN'S BECKONERS.

Now Biörn, the son of Heriulf,
had ill days

Because the heart within him
seethed with blood

That would not be allayed with
any toil;

Whether of war or hunting or the
oar,

But was an hungered for some joy
untried:

For the brain grew not weary with
the limbs,

But, while they slept, still ham-
mered like a Troll,

Building all night a bridge of solid
dream

Between him and some purpose of
his soul,

Or will to find a purpose. With
the dawn

The sleep-laid timbers, crumbled
to soft mist,

Denied all foothold. But the dream
remained,

And every night with yellow-
bearded kings

His sleep was haunted,—mighty
men of old,

Once young as he, now ancient like
the gods,

And safe as stars in all men's memo-
ries.

Strange sagas read he in their sea-
blue eyes

Cold as the sea, grandly compas-
sionless;

Like life, they made him eager and
then mocked,

Nay, broad awake, they would not
let him be;

They shaped themselves gigantic in
the mist,

They rose far-beckoning in the
lamps of heaven,

They whispered invitation in the
winds,

And breath came from them, might-
ier than the wind,

To strain the lagging sails of his
resolve,

Till that grew passion which before
was wish

And youth seemed all too costly to
be staked

On the soiled cards wherewith men
played their game,

Letting Time pocket up the larger
life,

Lost with base gain of raiment,
food, and roof.

"What helpeth lightness of the
feet?" they said,

"Oblivion runs with swifter foot
than they;

Or strength of sinew? New men
come as strong,

And those sleep nameless; or re-
nown in war?

Swords gave no name on the long-
memoried rock

But moss shall hide it ; they alone
 who wring
 Some secret purpose from the un-
 willing gods
 Survive in song for yet a little
 while
 To vex, like us, the dreams of later
 men,
 Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike
 all we did."

II.

THORWALD'S LAY.

So Büörn went comfortless but for
 his thought,
 And by his thought the more dis-
 comforted,
 Till Eric Thurlson kept his Yule-
 tide feast :
 And thither came he, called among
 the rest,
 Silent, lone-minded, a church-door
 to mirth :
 But, ere deep draughts forbade
 such serious song
 As the grave Skald might chant
 nor after blush,
 Then Eric looked at Thorwald
 where he sat
 Mute as a cloud amid the stormy
 hall,
 And said : " O Skald, sing now an
 olden song,
 Such as our fathers heard who led
 great lives ;
 And, as the bravest on a shield is
 borne
 Along the waving host that shouts
 him king,
 So rode their thrones upon the
 thronging seas !"
 Then the old man arose ; white-
 haired he stood,
 White-bearded, and with eyes that
 looked afar
 From their still region of perpetual
 snow,
 Beyond the little smokes and stirs
 of men :
 His head was bowed with gathered
 flakes of years,
 As winter bends the sea-foreboding
 pine,
 But something triumphed in his
 brow and eye,

Which whoso saw it could not see
 and crouch :
 Loud rang the emptied beakers as
 he mused,
 Brooding his eyried thoughts ; then,
 as an eagle
 Circles smooth-winged above the
 wind-vexed woods,
 So wheeled his soul into the air of
 song
 High o'er the stormy hall ; and
 thus he sang :
 " The fletcher for his arrow-shaft
 picks out
 Wood closest-grained, long-sea-
 soned, straight as light ;
 And from a quiver full of such as
 these
 The wary Bowman, matched against
 his peers,
 Long doubting, singles yet once
 more the best.
 Who is it needs such flawless shafts
 as Fate ?
 What archer of his arrows is so
 choice,
 Or hits the white so surely ? They
 are men,
 The chosen of her quiver ; nor for
 her
 Will every reed suffice, or cross-
 grained stick
 At random from life's vulgar fagot
 plucked :
 Such answer household ends ; but
 she will have
 Souls straight and clear, of toughest
 fibre, sound
 Down to the heart of heart ; from
 these she strips
 All needless stuff, all sapwood ;
 seasons them ;
 From circumstance untoward
 feathers plucks
 Crumpled and cheap ; and barbs
 with iron will :
 The hour that passes is her quiver-
 boy :
 When she draws bow, 'tis not across
 the wind,
 Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-
 snatched arrow sings,
 For sun and wind have plighted
 faith to her :
 Ere men have heard the sinew
 twang, behold

In the butt's heart her trembling
messenger!

"The song is old and simple that I
sing;
But old and simple are despised as
cheap,
Though hardest to achieve of
human things:
Good were the days of yore, when
men were tried
By ring of shields, as now by ring
of words;
But while the gods are left, and
hearts of men,
And wide-doored ocean, still the
days are good.
Still o'er the earth hastes Oppor-
tunity,
Seeking the hardy soul that seeks
for her.
Be not abroad, nor deaf with house-
hold cares
That chatter loudest as they mean
the least;
Swift-willed is thrice-willed; late
means nevermore;
Impatient is her foot, nor turns
again."
He ceased; upon his bosom sank
his beard
Sadly, as one who oft had seen her
pass
Nor stayed her; and forthwith the
frothy tide
Of interrupted wassail roared along;
But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat
apart
Musing, and, with his eyes upon
the fire,
Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon
as seen.
"A ship," he muttered, "is a
winged bridge
That leadeth every way to man's
desire,
And ocean the wide gate to man-
ful luck;"
And then with that resolve his
heart was bent,
Which, like a humming shaft,
through many a stripe
Of day and night, across the
unpathwayed seas
Shot the brave prow that cut on
Vinland sands

The first rune in the Saga of the
West.

III.

GUDRIDA'S PROPHECY.

Four weeks they sailed, a speck in
sky-shut seas,
Life, where was never life that
knew itself,
But tumbled lubber-like in blowing
whales;
Thought, where the like had never
been before
Since Thought primeval brooded
the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the
world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the
sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by
day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at
night
In monstrous hush; or sometimes
in the dark
The waves broke ominous with paly
gleams
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of
cold fire.
Then came green stripes of sea that
promised land
But brought it not, and on the
thirtieth day
Low in the West were wooded
shores like cloud.
They shouted as men shout with
sudden hope;
But Biörn was silent, such strange
loss there is
Between the dream's fulfilment
and the dream,
Such sad abatement in the goal
attained.
Then Gudrida, that was a pro-
phetess,
Rapt with strange influence from
Atlantis, sang:
Her words: the vision was the
dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land:
Locked in the shadow
Long the gods shut it,
Niggards of newness
They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
Slim as a cloud-streak ;
It shall fold peoples
Even as a shepherd
Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now ;
Great ships shall seek it,
Swarming as salmon ;
Noise of its numbers
Two seas shall hear.

Man from the Northland,
Man from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed ;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and blue blood,
There shall be mingled ;
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,
King's blood shall theirs be,
Shoots of the eldest
Stock upon Midgard,
Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land ;
They shall subdue it,
Leaving their sons' sons
Space for the body,
Space for the soul.

Leaving their sons' sons
All things save song-craft,
Plant long in growing,
Thrusting its tap-root
Deep in the Gone.

Here men shall grow up
Strong from self-helping ;
Eyes for the present
Bring they as eagles',
Blind to the Past.

They shall make over
Creed, law, and custom ;
Driving-men, doughty
Builders of empire,
Builders of men.

Here is no singer ;
What should they sing of ?

They, the unresting ?
Labour is ugly,
Loathsome is change.

These the old gods hate,
Dwellers in dream-land,
Drinking delusion
Out of the empty
Skull of the Past.

These hate the old gods,
Warring against them ;
Fatal to Odin,
Here the wolf Fenrir
Lieth in wait.

Here the gods' Twilight
Gathers, earth-gulging ;
Blackness of battle,
Fierce till the Old World
Flares up in fire.

Doubt not, my Northmen ;
Fate loves the fearless ;
Fools, when their roof-tree,
Falls, think it doomsday ;
Firm stands the sky.

Over the ruin
See I the promise ;
Crisp waves the cornfield,
Peace-walled, the homestead
Waits open-doored.

There lies the New Land ;
Yours to behold it,
Not to possess it ;
Slowly Fate's perfect
Fulness shall come.

Then from your strong loins
Seed shall be scattered,
Men to the marrow,
Wilderness tamers,
Walkers of waves.

Jealous, the old gods
Shut it in shadow,
Wisely they ward it,
Egg of the serpent,
Bane to them all.

Stronger and sweeter
New gods shall seek it,
Fill it with man-folk
Wise for the future,
Wise from the

Here all is all men's,
 Save only Wisdom ;
 King he that wins her ;
 Him hail they helmsman ;
 Highest of heart.

Might makes no master
 Here any longer ;
 Sword is not swayer ;
 Here è'en the gods are
 Selfish no more.

Walking the New Earth,
 Lo, a divine One
 Greets all men godlike,
 Calls them his kindred ,
 He, the Divine.

Is it Thor's hammer
 Rays in his right hand ?
 Weaponless walks he ;
 It is the White Christ,
 Stronger than Thor.

Here shall a realm rise
 Mighty in manhood ;
 Justice and Mercy
 Here set a stronghold
 Safe without spear.

Weak was the Old World,
 Wearily war-fenced ;
 Out of its ashes,
 Strong as the morning,
 Springeth the New.

Beauty of promise,
 Promise of beauty,
 Safe in the silence
 Sleep thou, till cometh
 Light to thy lids !

Thee shall awaken
 Flame from the furnace,
 Bath of all brave ones,
 Cleanser of conscience,
 Welder of will.

Lowly shall love thee,
 Thee, open-handed !
 Stalwart shall shield thee,
 Thee, worth their best blood,
 Waif of the West !

Then shall come singers,
 Singing no swan-song,

Birth-carols, rather,
 Meet for the man child
 Mighty of bone.

MAHMOOD THE IMAGE- BREAKER.

OLD events have modern meanings ;
 only that survives
 Of past history which finds kin-
 dred in all hearts and lives.

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker,
 spreader of the Faith,
 Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as
 the legend saith.

In the great pagoda's centre, mon-
 strous and abhorred,
 Granite on a throne of granite, sat
 the temple's lord.

Mahmood paused a moment,
 silenced by the silent face
 That, with eyes of stone unwaver-
 ing, awed the ancient place.

Then the Brahmins knelt before
 him, by his doubt made bold,
 Pledging for their idol's ransom
 countless gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood,
 but of precious use,
 Since from it the roots of power
 suck a potent juice.

"Were yon stone alone in question,
 this would please me well,"
 Mahmood said ; "but, with the
 block there, I my truth must
 sell.

"Wealth and rule slip down with
 Fortune, as her wheel turns
 round ;
 He who keeps his faith, he only
 cannot be discrowned.

"Little were a change of station,
 loss of life or crown,
 But the wreck were past retrieving
 if the Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted, smote
 with might and main,

And the idol, on the pavement
tumbling, burst in twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker ;
from the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer
deluged all the floor.

INVITA MINERVA.

THE Bardling came where by a
river grew
The pennoned reeds, that, as the
west wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as
if they knew
What music slept enchanted in
each stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy
one of them,
And with wise lips enliven it through
and through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is
all I need ;
Once I have sought me out a clear,
smooth reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder
'mid the rocks,
The strange youth blows, that tends
Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens shall to me
pay heed."

The summer day he spent in quest-
ful round,
And many a reed he marred, but
never found
A conjuring-spell to free the impris-
oned sound ;
At last his vainly wearied limbs he
laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering
shade,
And sleep about his brain her cob-
web wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother
through his dreams,
Saying : "The reeds along a thou-
sand streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots
and schemes

To snare the melodies wherewith
my breath
Sounds through the double pipes of
Life and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord
seems ?

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft
in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds
constrain,
And make them utter their melo-
dious pain ;
He flies the immortal gift, for well
he knows
His life of life must with its over-
flows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor
come again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless
subjects wrong.
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes
the song :
Therhythmic beauty wanders dumb,
how long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instru-
ment,
Till, found its mated lips, their
sweet consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and
Fate more strong."

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

I.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes,
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted :
And in a small clearing,
Beyond sight or hearing
Of human annoyance,
The little fount gushes,
First smoothly, then dashes
And gurgles and flashes,
To the maples and ashes
Confiding its joyance ;
Unconscious confiding,
Then, silent and glossy,
Slips winding and hiding
Through alder-stems mossy,
Through gossamer roots
Fine as nerves,

That tremble, as shoots
Through their magnetised curves
The allurements delicious
Of the water's capricious
Thrills, gushes, and swerves.

II.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
I am writing no fiction ;
And this fount, its sole daughter,
To the woodland was granted
To pour holy water
And win benediction ;
In summer-noon flushes,
When all the wood hushes,
Blue dragon-flies knitting
To and fro in the sun,
With sidelong jerk flitting
Sink down on the rushes,
And, motionless sitting,
Hear it bubble and run,
Hear its low inward singing,
With level wings swinging
On green tasselled rushes,
To dream in the sun.

III.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
The great August noonlight,
Through myriad rifts slanted,
Leaf and bole thickly sprinkles
With flickering gold ;
There, in warm August gloaming,
With quick, silent brightenings,
From meadow-lands roaming,
The firefly twinkles
His fitful heat-lightnings ;
There the magical moonlight
With meek, saintly glory
Steeps summit and wold ;
There whippoorwills plain in the
solitudes hoary
With lone cries that wander
Now hither, now yonder,
Like souls doomed of old
To a mild purgatory :
But through moonlight and moon-
light
The little fount tinkles
Its silver saints'-bells,
That no sprite ill-boding
May make his abode in
Those innocent dells.

IV.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
When the phebe scarce whistles

Once an hour to his fellow,
And, where red lilies flaunted,
Balloons from the thistles
Tell summer's disasters,
The butterflies yellow,
As caught in an eddy
Of air's silent ocean,
Sink, waver, and steady
O'er goats'-beard and asters,
Like souls of dead flowers,
With aimless emotion
Still lingering unready
To leave their old bowers ;
And the fount is no dumber,
But still gleams and flashes,
And gurgles and plashes,
To the measure of summer ;
The butterflies hear it,
And spell-bound are holden,
Still balancing near it
O'er the goats'-beard so golden.

V.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
A vast silver willow,
I know not how planted,
(This wood is enchanted,
And full of surprises,)
Stands stemming a billow,
A motionless billow
Of ankle-deep mosses ;
Two great roots it crosses
To make a round basin,
And there the Fount rises ;
Ah, too pure a mirror
For one sick of error
To see his sad face in !
No dew-drop is stiller
In its lupin-leaf setting
Than this water moss-bounded ;
But a tiny sand-pillar
From the bottom keeps jetting,
And mermaid ne'er sounded
Through the wreaths of a shell,
Down amid crimson dulces
In some dell of the ocean,
A melody sweeter
Than the delicate pulses,
The soft, noiseless metre,
The pause and the swell
Of that musical motion :
I recall it, not see it ;
Could vision be clearer ?
Half I'm fain to draw nearer
Half tempted to flee it ;
The sleeping Past wake not,

Beware !
 One forward step take not,
 Ah ! break not
 That quietude rare !
 By my step unaffrighted
 A thrush hops before it,
 And o'er it
 A birch hangs delighted,
 Dipping, dipping, dipping its
 tremulous hair ;
 Pure as the fountain, once
 I came to the place,
 (How dare I draw nearer ?)
 I bent o'er its mirror,
 And saw a child's face
 Mid locks of bright gold in it ;
 Yes, pure as this fountain once,—
 Since, how much error !
 Too holy a mirror
 For the man to behold in it
 His harsh, bearded countenance

VI.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 Ah, fly unreturning !
 Yet stay ;—
 'Tis a woodland enchanted,
 Where wonderful chances
 Have sway ;
 Luck flees from the cold one
 But leaps to the bold one
 Half-way ;
 Why should I be daunted ?
 Still the smooth mirror glances,
 Still the amber sand dances,
 One look,—then away !
 O magical glass !
 Canst keep in thy bosom
 Shades of leaf and of blossom
 When summer days pass,
 So that when thy wave hardens
 It shapes as it pleases,
 Unharm'd by the breezes,
 Its fine hanging gardens ?
 Hast those in thy keeping,
 And canst not uncover,
 Enchantedly sleeping,
 The old shade of thy lover ?
 It is there ! I have found it !
 He wakes, the long sleeper !
 The pool is grown deeper,
 The sand dance is ending,
 The white floor sinks, blending
 With skies that below me
 Are deepening and bending,
 And a child's face alone

That seems not to know me,
 With hair that fades golden
 In the heaven-glow around it,
 Looks up at my own ;
 Ah, glimpse through the portal
 That leads to the throne,
 That opes the child's olden
 Regions Elysian !
 Ah, too holy vision
 For thy skirts to be holden
 By soiled hand of mortal !
 It wavers, it scatters,
 'Tis gone past recalling !
 A tear's sudden falling
 The magic cup shatters,
 Breaks the spell of the waters,
 And the sand cone once more,
 With a ceaseless renewing,
 Its dance is pursuing
 On the silvery floor,
 O'er and o'er,
 With a noiseless and ceaseless
 renewing.

VII.

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 If you ask me, *Where is it ?*
 I only can answer,
 'Tis past my disclosing ;
 Not to choice is it granted
 By sure paths to visit
 The still pool enclosing
 Its blithe little dancer ;
 But in some day, the rarest
 Of many Septembers,
 When the pulses of air rest,
 And all things lie dreaming
 In drowsy haze steaming
 From the wood's glowing embers,
 Then, sometimes, unheeding,
 And asking not whither,
 By a sweet inward leading
 My feet are drawn thither,
 And, looking with awe in the
 magical mirror,
 I see through my tears,
 Half doubtful of seeing,
 The face unperturbed,
 The warm golden being
 Of a child of five years ;
 And spite of the mists and the
 error,
 And the days overcast,
 Can feel that I walk undeserted,
 But for ever attended
 By the glad heavens that bended

O'er the innocent past ;
 Toward fancy or truth
 Doth the sweet vision win me ?
 Dare I think that I cast
 In the fountain of youth
 The fleeting reflection
 Of some bygone perfection
 That still lingers in me ?

YUSSOUF.

A STRANGER came one night to
 Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and
 in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of
 power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to
 lay his head ;
 I come to thee for shelter and for
 food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our
 tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf,
 "but no more
 Than it is God's ; come in, and be
 at peace ;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my
 store
 As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents His glorious roof of night
 and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet
 heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest
 that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said :
 "Here is gold ;
 My swiftest horse is saddled for
 thy flight ;
 Depart before the prying day grow
 bold."
 As one lamp lights another, nor
 grows less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's
 face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-con-
 quest ; kneeling low,
 He bowed his forehead upon Yus-
 souf's hand,

Sobbing : "O Sheik, I cannot leave
 thee so ;
 I will repay thee ; all this thou hast
 done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy
 son !"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yus-
 souf, "for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride
 away from me ;
 First-born, for whom by day and
 night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's
 decrees ;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born,
 sleep in peace !"

THE DARKENED MIND.

THE fire is burning clear and
 blithely,
 Pleasantly whistles the winter
 wind ;
 We are about thee, thy friends and
 kindred,
 On us all flickers the firelight kind ;
 There thou sitt'st in thy wonted
 corner
 Lone and awful in thy darkened
 mind.

There thou sitt'st ; now and then
 thou moanest ;
 Thou dost talk with what we can-
 not see,
 Lookest at us with an eye so
 doubtful,
 It doth put us very far from thee ;
 There thou sittest ; we would fain
 be nigh thee,
 But we know that it can never be.

We can touch thee, still we are no
 nearer ;
 Gather round thee, still thou art
 alone ;
 The wide chasm of reason is be-
 tween us ;
 Thou confutest kindness with a
 moan ;
 We can speak to thee, and thou
 canst answer,
 Like two prisoners through a wall
 of stone.

Hardest heart would call it very
awful
When thou look'st at us and seest
—Oh, what?
If we move away, thou sittest
gazing
With those vague eyes at the self-
same spot,
And thou mutterest, thy hands
thou wringest,
Seeing something,—as thou seest
not.

Strange it is that, in this open
brightness,
Thou shouldst sit in such a narrow
cell;
Strange it is that thou shouldst be
so lonesome
Where those are who love thee all
so well;
Not so much of thee is left among
us
As the hum outliving the hushed
bell.

WHAT RABBI JEHOSHA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSHA used to say
That God made angels every day,
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in creation's nest,
Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna! once, and then to die;
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that Heaven is in God's
will;
And doing that, though for a space
One heart-beat long, may win a
grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hier-
archy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clue
Simply as birds and blossoms do,

And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come, not we
must go,
Should win my place as near the
throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone,
And God would listen mid the
throng
For my one breath of perfect song,
That, in its simple human way,
Said all the Host of Heaven could
say.

ALL-SAINTS.

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to
keep,
All-Saints, — the unknown good
that rest
In God's still memory folded
deep;
The bravely dumb that did their
deed,
And scorned to blot it with a
name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more
than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding
street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine
known
Sing with the welcome of their
feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from
heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest
light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles
through tears
In dying eyes, by them made
bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no
more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther
shore.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN
TO MY FIRE.

I.

BEAUTY on my hearth-stone blazing!

To-night the triple Zoroaster
Shall my prophet be and master :
To-night will I pure Magian be,
Hymns to thy sole honour raising,¹
While thou leapest fast and faster,
Wild with self-delighted glee,
Or sink'st low and glowest faintly
As an aureole still and saintly,
Keeping cadence to my praising
Thee ! still thee ! and only thee !

II.

Elfish daughter of Apollo !
Thee, from thy father stolen and
bound
To serve in Vulcan's clangorous
smithy
Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,
And, when he had tampered with
thee,

(Too confiding little maid !)
In a reed's precarious hollow
To our frozen earth conveyed :
For he swore I know not what ;
Endless ease should be thy lot,
Pleasure that should never falter,
Lifelong play, and not a duty
Save to hover o'er the altar,
Vision of celestial beauty,
Fed with precious woods and
spices ;

Then, perfidious ! having got
Thee in the net of his devices,
Sold thee into endless slavery,
Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,
Thee, Helios' daughter, who dost
bear

His likeness in thy golden hair ;
Thee, by nature wild and wavery,
Palpitating, evanescent
As the shade of Dian's crescent,
Life, motion, gladness, everywhere !

III.

Fathom deep men bury thee
In the furnace dark and still,
There, with dreariest mockery,
Making thee eat, against thy will,

Blackest Pennsylvanian stone ;
But thou dost avenge thy doom,
For, from out thy catacomb,
Day and night thy wrath is blown
In a withering simoom,
And, adown that cavern drear,
Thy black pitfall in the floor,
Staggers the lusty antique cheer,
Despairing, and is seen no more !

IV.

Elfish I may rightly name thee ;
We enslave, but cannot tame thee :
With fierce snatches, now and
then,
Thou pluckest at thy right again,
And thy down-trod instincts savage
To stealthy insurrection creep,
While thy wittol masters sleep,
And burst in undiscerning ravage :
Then how thou shak'st thy bac-
chant locks !
While brazen pulses, far and near,
Throb thick and thicker, wild with
fear
And dread conjecture, till the
drear
Disordered clangour every steeple
rocks !

V.

But when we make a friend of
thee,
And admit thee to the hall
On our nights of festival,
Then, Cinderella, who could see
In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall?
Once more a Princess lithe and tall,
Thou dancest with a whispering
tread,
While the bright marvel of thy
head
In crinkling gold floats all abroad,
And gloriously dost vindicate
The legend of thy lineage great,
Earth-exiled daughter of the Py-
thian god !
Now in the ample chimney-place,
To honour thy acknowledged race,
We crown thee high with laurel
good,
Thy shining father's sacred wood,
Which, guessing thy ancestral
right,
Sparkles and snaps his dumb de-
light,

And, at thy touch, poor outcast
 one,
 Feels through his gladdened fibres
 go
 The tingle and thrill and vassal
 glow
 Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI.

Oh thou of home the guardian Lar,
 And, when our earth hath wandered
 far
 Into the cold, and deep snow covers
 The walks of our New England
 lovers,
 Their sweet secluded evening-star!
 'Twas with thy rays the English
 Muse
 Ripened her mild domestic hues;
 'Twas by thy flicker that she
 conned
 The fireside wisdom that enrings
 With light from heaven familiar
 things;
 By thee she found the homely
 faith
 In whose mild eyes thy comfort
 stay'th,
 When Death, extinguishing his
 torch,
 Gropes for the latch-string in the
 porch;
 The love that wanders not beyond
 His earliest nest, but sits and sings
 While children smooth his patient
 wings;
 Therefore with thee I love to read
 Our brave old poets: at thy touch
 how stirs
 Life in the withered words! how
 swift recede
 Time's shadows! and how glows
 again
 Through its dead mass the incan-
 descent verse,
 As when upon the anvils of the
 brain
 It glittering lay, cyclopically
 wrought
 By the fast-throbbing hammers of
 the poet's thought!
 Thou murmurest, too, divinely
 stirred,
 The aspirations unattained,
 The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
 They bent and strained

And broke, beneath the sombre
 weight
 Of any airiest mortal word.

VII.

What warm protection dost thou
 bend
 Round curtained talk of friend with
 friend,
 While the gray snow-storm, held
 aloof,
 To softest outline rounds the roof,
 Or the rude North with baffled
 strain
 Shoulders the frost-starred win-
 dow-pane!
 Now the kind nymph to Bacchus
 borne
 By Morpheus' daughter, she that
 seems
 Gifted upon her natal morn
 By him with fire, by her with
 dreams,
 Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
 Than all the grape's bewildering
 juice,
 We worship, unforbid of thee;
 And, as her incense floats and curls
 In airy spires and wayward whirls,
 Or poises on its tremulous stalk
 A flower of frailest revery,
 So winds and loiters, idly free,
 The current of unguided talk,
 Now laughter-rippled, and now
 caught
 In smooth, dark pools of deeper
 thought.
 Meanwhile thou mellowest every
 word,
 A sweetly unobtrusive third;
 For thou hast magic beyond wine,
 To unlock natures each to each;
 The unspoken thought thou canst
 divine;
 Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
 With whispers that to dream-land
 reach
 And frozen fancy-springs unchain
 In Arctic outskirts of the brain;
 Sun of all inmost confidences,
 To thy rays doth the heart uncloset
 Its formal calyx of pretences,
 That close against rude day's of-
 fences,
 And open its shy midnight rose!

VIII.

Thou holdest not the master key
 With which thy Sire sets free the
 mystic gates
 Of Past and Future: not for com-
 mon fates
 Do they wide open fling,
 And, with a far-heard ring,
 Swing back their willing valves
 melodiously;
 Only to ceremonial days,
 And great processions of imperial
 song
 That set the world at gaze,
 Doth such high privilege belong:
 But thou a postern door canst ope
 To humbler chambers of the self-
 same palace
 Where Memory lodges, and her
 sister Hope,
 Whose being is but as a crystal
 chalice
 Which, with her various mood, the
 elder fills
 Of joy or sorrow,
 So colouring as she wills
 With hues of yesterday the un-
 conscious morrow.

IX.

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks
 with thee,
 For thee I took the idle shell,
 And struck the unused chords
 again,
 But they are gone who listened
 well;
 Some are in heaven, and all are far
 from me:
 Even as I sing, it turns to pain,
 And with vain tears my eyelids
 throb and swell:
 Enough; I come not of the race
 That hawk their sorrows in the
 market-place.
 Earth stops the ears I best had
 loved to please:
 Then break, ye untuned chords, or
 rust in peace!
 As if a white-haired actor should
 come back
 Some midnight to the theatre void
 and black,
 And there rehearse his youth's
 great part

Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,
 So seems it now: ye crowd upon
 my heart,
 And I bow down in silence, shadowy
 hosts!

FANCY'S CASUISTRY.

How struggles with the tempest's
 swells
 That warning of tumultuous bells!
 The fire is loose! and frantic knells
 Throb fast and faster,
 As tower to tower confusedly tells
 News of disaster.

But on my far-off solitude
 No harsh alarms can intrude;
 The terror comes to me subdued
 And charmed by distance,
 To deepen the habitual mood
 Of my existence.

Are those, I muse, the Easter
 chimes?
 And listen, weaving careless rhymes
 While the loud city's griefs and
 crimes
 Pay gentle allegiance
 To the fine quiet that sublimes
 These dreamy regions.

And when the storm o'erwhelms
 the shore,
 I watch entranced as, o'er and o'er,
 The light revolves amid the roar
 So still and saintly,
 Now large and near, now more and
 more
 Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see
 Flash out the breakers 'neath their
 lee
 In sudden snow, then lingeringly
 Wane tow'rd eclipse,
 While through the dark the shud-
 dering sea
 Gropes for the ships.

And is it right, this mood of mind
 That thus, in revery enshrined,
 Can in the world mere topics find
 For musing stricture,
 Seeing the life of humankind
 Only as picture.

The events in line of battle go;
In vain for me their trumpets blow
As unto him that lieth low
In death's dark arches,
And through the sod hears throbbing slow
The muffled marches.

O Duty! am I dead to thee
In this my cloistered ecstasy,
In this lone shallop on the sea
That drifts tow'rd Silence?
And are those visioned shores I see
But sirens' islands?

My Dante frowns with lip-locked
mien,
As who would say, "'Tis those, I
ween,
Whom life-long armour-chafe makes
lean
That win the laurel;"
But where *is* Truth? What does
it mean,
The world-old quarrel?

Such questionings are idle air:
Leave what to do and what to spare
To the inspiring moment's care,
Nor ask for payment
Of fame or gold, but just to wear
Unspotted raiment.

TO MR. JOHN BARTLETT,

WHO HAD SENT ME A SEVEN-POUND
TROUT.

FIT for an Abbot of Theleme,
For the whole Cardinals' Col-
lege, or
The Pope himself to see in dream
Before his lenten vision gleam,
He lies there, the sogdologer!

His precious flanks with stars be-
sprent,
Worthy to swim in Castaly!
The friend by whom such gifts are
sent,
For him shall bumpers full be
spent,
His health! be Luck his fast
ally!

I see him trace the wayward brook
Amid the forest mysteries,

Where at their shades shy aspens
look,
Or where, with many a gurgling
crook,
It croons its woodland his-
tories.

I see leaf-shade and sun-fleck lend
Their tremulous, sweet vicis-
situde
To smooth, dark pool, to crinkling
bend,—
(Oh, stew him, Ann, as 'twere your
friend,
With amorous solicitude!)

I see him step with caution due,
Soft as if shod with moccasins,
Grave as in church, for who plies
you,
Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
From all our common stock o'
sins.

The unerring fly I see him cast,
That as a rose-leaf falls as soft,
A flash! a whirl! he has him fast!
We tyros, how that struggle last
Confuses and appalls us oft.

Unfluttered he: calm as the sky
Looks on our tragi-comedies,
This way and that he lets him fly,
A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die,
Lands him, with cool *aplomb*,
at ease.

The friend who gave our board such
gust,
Life's care may he o'erstep it
half,
And, when Death hooks him, as he
must,
He'll do it handsomely, I trust,
And John H—— write his
epitaph!

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
Of constellations happiest,
May he somewhere with Walton
dine,
May Horace send him Massic wine,
And Burns Scotch drink, the
nappiest!

And when they come his deeds to
 weigh,
 And how he used the talents
 his,
 One trout-scale in the scales he'll
 lay
 (If trout had scales), and 'twill out-
 sway
 The wrong side of the balances.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

SPIRIT, that rarely comest now
 And only to contrast my gloom,
 Likeraimbow-feathered birds that
 bloom
 A moment on some autumn bough
 That, with the spurn of their fare-
 well,
 Sheds its last leaves,—thou once
 didst dwell
 With me year-long, and make in-
 tense
 To boyhood's wisely vacant days
 Their fleet but all-sufficing grace
 Of trustful inexperience,
 While soul could still transfigure
 sense,
 And thrill, as with love's first caress,
 At life's mere unexpectedness.
 Days when my blood would leap
 and run
 As full of sunshine as a breeze,
 Or spray tossed up by Summer
 seas
 That doubts if it be sea or sun!
 Days that flew swiftly like the band
 That played in Grecian games at
 strife,
 And passed from eager hand to
 hand
 The onward-dancing torch of
 life!
 Wing-footed! thou abid'st with
 him
 Who asks it not; but he who
 hath
 Watched o'er the waves thy wan-
 ing path,
 Shall nevermore behold returning
 Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward
 yearning!
 Thou first reveal'st to us thy face

Turned o'er the shoulder's parting
 grace,
 A moment glimpsed, then seen
 no more,—
 Thou whose swift footsteps we can
 trace
 Away from every mortal door.
 Nymph of the unreturning feet,
 How may I win thee back? But
 no,
 I do thee wrong to call thee so;
 'Tis I am changed, not thou art
 fleet:
 The man thy presence feels again,
 Not in the blood, but in the brain,
 Spirit, that lov'st the upper air
 Serene and passionless and rare,
 Such as on mountain heights we
 find
 And wide-viewed uplands of the
 mind;
 Or such as scorns to coil and sing
 Round any but the eagle's wing
 Of souls that with long upward
 beat
 Have won an undisturbed retreat
 Where, poised like winged vic-
 tories,
 They mirror in relentless eyes
 The life broad-basking 'neath
 their feet,—
 Man ever with his Now at strife,
 Pained with first gasps of earthly
 air,
 Then praying Death the last to
 spare,
 Still fearful of the ampler life.
 Not unto them dost thou consent
 Who, passionless, can lead at ease
 A life of unalloyed content
 A life like that of land-locked
 seas,
 Who feel no elemental gush
 Of tidal forces, no fierce rush
 Of storm deep-grasping scarcely
 spent
 'Twixt continent and continent.
 Such quiet souls have never known
 Thy truer inspiration, thou
 Who lov'st to feel upon thy brow
 Spray from the plunging vessel
 thrown
 Grazing the tusked lee shore, the
 cliff

That o'er the abrupt gorge holds its
breath,

Where the frail hair-breadth of
an *if*

Is all that sunders life and death :
These, too, are cared for, and round
these

Bends her mild crook thy sister
Peace ;

These in unvexed dependence lie,
Each 'neath his strip of household
sky ;

O'er these clouds wander, and the
blue

Hangs motionless the whole day
through ;

Stars rise for them, and moons
grow large

And lessen in such tranquil wise
As joys and sorrows do that rise

Within their nature's sheltered
marge ;

Their hours into each other flit
Like the leaf-shadows of the
vine

And fig-tree under which they sit,
And their still lives to heaven
incline

With an unconscious habitude,

Unhistoried as smokes that rise
From happy hearths and sight
elude

In kindred blue of morning skies.

Wayward ! when once we feel thy
lack,

'Tis worse than vain to woo thee
back !

Yet there is one who seems to be
Thine elder sister, in whose eyes
A faint far northern light will rise
Sometimes, and bring a dream of
thee ;

She is not that for which youth
hoped,

But she hath blessings all her
own,

Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,
And faith to sorrow given alone :

Almost I deem that it is thou
Come back with graver matron
brow,

With deepened eyes and bated
breath,

Like one that somewhere hath
met Death,

But "No," she answers, "I am
she

Whom the gods love, Tranquillity :
That other whom you seek
forlorn

Half earthly was ; but I am born
Of the immortals, and our race

Wears still some sadness on its
face :

He wins me late, but keeps me
long,

Who, dowered with every gift of
passion,

In that fierce flame can forge and
fashion

Of sin and self the anchor strong ;
Can thence compel the driving
force

Of daily life's mechanic course,
Nor less the nobler energies

Of needful toil and culture wise ;
Whose soul is worth the tempter's
lure

Who can renounce, and yet endure,
To him I come, not lightly wooed,
But won by silent fortitude."

VILLA FRANCA.

1859.

WAIT a little : do *we* not wait ?

Louis Napoleon is not Fate,

Francis Joseph is not Time ;

There's One hath swifter feet than
Crime ;

Cannon-parliaments settle naught ;
Venice is Austria's, — whose is
Thought ?

Miné is good, but, spite of change,
Gutenberg's gun has the longest
range.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !

Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
sever !

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsmen waits for
ever.

Wait, we say : our years are long ;
Men are weak, but Man is strong ;
Since the stars first curved their
rings,

We have looked on many things ;
Great wars come and great wars go,
Wolf-tracks light on polar snow ;

We shall see him come and gone,
This second-hand Napoleon.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for
ever.

We saw the elder Corsican,
And Clotho muttered as she span,
While crowned lackeys bore the
train,

Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne:
"Sister, stint not length of thread!
Sister, stay the scissors dread!
On Saint Helen's granite bleak,
Hark, the vulture whets his beak!"

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for
ever.

The Bonapartes, we know their bees
That wade in honey red to the
knees;

Their patent reaper, its sheaves
sleep sound

In dreamless garners underground:
We know false glory's spendthrift
race

Pawning nations for feathers and
lace;

It may be short, it may be long,
"Tis reckoning-day!" sneers un-
paid Wrong.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for
ever.

The Cock that wears the Eagle's
skin

Can promise what he ne'er could
win;

Slavery reaped for fine words sown,
System for all, and rights for none,
Despots atop, a wild clan below,
Such is the Gaul from long ago;

Wash the black from the Ethiop's
face,

Wash the past out of man or race!

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for
ever.

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider
swings,
And snares the people for the
kings;

"Luther is dead; old quarrels
pass;

The stake's black scars are healed
with grass;"

So dreamers prate; did man ere
live

Saw priest or woman yet forgive?
But Luther's broom is left, and
eyes

Peep o'er their creeds to where it
lies.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for
ever.

Smooth sails the ship of either
realm,

Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm;

We look down the depths, and
mark

Silent workers in the dark

Building slow the sharp-tusked
reefs,

Old instincts hardening to new
beliefs;

Patience a little; learn to wait;

Hours are long on the clock of Fate.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!

Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
But only God endures for ever!

THE MINER.

DOWN 'mid the tangled roots of
things

That coil about the central fire,
I seek for that which giveth wings
To stoop, not soar, to my desire,

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
The sea's deep yearning far above,
"Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
"In deeper deeps is hid my
Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
In darkness, all alone, and weak;
Such loss were gain if He were won,
For 'tis the sun's own Son I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is
the tomb
That vainly sought his life to
prison;
Why grovel longer in the gloom?
He is not here; he hath arisen."

More life for me where he hath lain
Hidden while ye believed him
dead,
Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
Built on loose sands of *It is said*.

My search is for the living gold;
Him I desire who dwells recluse,
And not his image worn and old,
Day-servant of our sordid use.

If him I find not, yet I find
The ancient joy of cell and church,
The glimpse, the surety undefined,
The unquenched ardour of the
search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled
gains,

To guess the Soul within the soul
Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtile
wise,

Beyond my nature's utmost scope;
Be ever absent from mine eyes

To be twice present in my hope!

GOLD EGG: A DREAM- FANTASY.

HOW A STUDENT IN SEARCH OF
THE BEAUTIFUL FELL ASLEEP IN
DRESDEN OVER HERR PROFESSOR
DOCTOR VISCHER'S WISSENSCHAFT
DES SCHÖNEN, AND WHAT CAME
THEREOF.

I SWAM with undulation soft
Adrift on Vischer's ocean,

And, from my cockboat up aloft,
Sent down my mental plummet oft
In hope to reach a notion.

But from the metaphysic sea
No bottom was forthcoming,
And all the while (how drearily!)
In one eternal note of B
My German stove kept humming.

"What's Beauty?" mused I; "is
it told

By synthesis? analysis?
Have you not made us lead of gold?
To feed your crucible, not sold
Our temple's sacred chalices?"

Then o'er my senses came a change;
My book seemed all traditions,
Old legends of profoundest range,
Diabery, and stories strange
Of goblins, elves, magicians.

Old gods in modern saints I found,
Old creeds in strange disguises;
I thought them safely underground,
And here they were, all safe and
sound,

Without a sign of phthisis.

Truth was, my outward eyes were
closed,

Although I did not know it;
Deep into dream-land I had dozed,
And so was happily transposed
From proser into poet.

So what I read took flesh and blood,
And turned to living creatures:
The words were but the dingy bud
That bloomed, like Adam, from the
mud,

To human forms and features.

I saw how Zeus was lodged once
more

By Baucis and Philemon;
The text said, "Not alone of yore,
But every day, at every door,
Knocks still the masking Demon."

DAIMON 'twas printed in the book
And, as I read it slowly,
The letters stirred and changed, and
took

Jove's stature, the Olympian look,
Of painless melancholy.

He paused upon the threshold
worn :

"With coin I cannot pay you ;
Yet would I fain make some return ;
The gift for cheapness do not spurn,
Accept this hen, I pray you.

"Plain feathers wears my Hemera,
And has from ages olden ;
She makes her nest in common hay,
And yet, of all the birds that lay,
Her eggs alone are golden."

He turned, and could no more be
seen ;

Old Baucis stared a moment,
Then tossed poor Partlet on the
green,

And with a tone, half jest, half
spleen,

Thus made her housewife's com-
ment :

"The stranger had a queerish face,
His smile was hardly pleasant,
And, though he meant it for a
grace,

Yet this old hen of barnyard race
Was but a stingy present.

"She's quite too old for laying eggs,
Nay, even to make a soup of ;
One only needs to see her legs,—
You might as well boil down the
pegs

I made the brood-hen's coop of !

"Some eighteen score of such do I
Raise every year, her sisters ;
Go, in the woods your fortunes try,
All day for one poor earthworm
pry,
And scratch your toes to blis-
ters! "

Philemon found the rede was good,
And, turning on the poor hen,
He clapt his hands, and stamped,
and shooed,
Hunting the exile tow'rd the wood,
To house with snipe and moor-
hen.

A poet saw and cried : "Hold !
hold !

What are you doing, madman ?

Spurn you more wealth than can
be told,

The fowl that lays the eggs of gold,
Because she's plainly clad, man ? "

To him Philemon : "I'll not balk
Thy will with any shackle ;
Wilt add a burden to thy walk ?
There! take her without further
talk ;
You're both but fit to cackle! "

But scarce the poet touched the
bird,

It swelled to stature regal ;
And when her cloud-wide wings
she stirred,

A whisper as of doom was heard,
'Twas Jove's bolt-bearing eagle.

As when from far-off cloud-bergs
springs

A crag, and, hurtling under,
From cliff to cliff the rumour flings,
So she from flight-foreboding wings
Shook out a murmurous thunder.

She gripped the poet to her breast,
And ever, upward soaring,

Earth seemed a new moon in the
west,

And then one light among the rest
Where squadrons lie at mooring.

How tell to what heaven-hallowed
seat

The eagle bent his courses ?
The waves that on its bases beat,
The gales that round it weave and
fleet,
Are life's creative forces.

Here was the bird's primeval nest,
High on a promontory
Star-pharosod, where she takes her
rest

To brood new æons 'neath her
breast,
The future's unfledged glory.

I know not how, but I was there
All feeling, hearing, seeing ;
It was not wind that stirred my
hair

But living breath, the essence rare
Of unembodied being.

And in the nest an egg of gold
Lay soft in self-made lustre;
Gazing whereon, what depths untold
Within, what marvels manifold,
Seemed silently to muster!

Daily such splendours to confront
Is still to me and you sent?
It glowed as when Saint Peter's
front,
Illumed, forgets its stony wont,
And seems to throb translucent.

One saw therein the life of man,
(Or so the poet found it),
The yolk and white, conceive who
can,
Were the glad earth, that, floating,
span
In the glad heaven around it.

I knew this as one knows in dream,
Where no effects to causes
Are chained as in our work-day
scheme,
And then was wakened by a scream
That seemed to come from Baucis.

"Bless Zeus!" she cried, "I'm safe
below!"
First pale, then red as coral;
And I, still drowsy, pondered slow,
And seemed to find, but hardly
know,
Something like this for moral.

Each day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly;
Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit
dew
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly? That's simply: 'tis to see
Some substance casts these shadows

Which we call Life and History,
That aimless seem to chase and flee
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That's nobly: 'tis to know
That God may still be met with,
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
These senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with.

Beauty, Herr Doctor, trust in me,
No chemistry will win you;
Charis still rises from the sea:
If you can't find her, *might* it be
Because you seek within you?

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be,
Our real nature's truant play
When Consciousness looks t'other
way,
Not drop by drop, with watchful
skill,
Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweet-
ness,

As if it had a way to fuse
The golden sunlight into juice.
Hopeless my mental pump I try;
The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;
As those petroleum wells that spout
Awhile like M. C.'s, then give out,
My spring, once full as Arethusa,
Is a mere bore as dry's Creusa;
And yet you ask me why I'm glum,
And why my graver Muse is dumb.
Ah me! I've reasons manifold
Condensed in one,—I'm getting old!

When life, once past its fortieth
year,
Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
The mind's own shadow, which the
boy
Saw onward point to hope and joy,
Shifts round, irrevocably set
Tow'rd morning's loss and vain re-
gret,

And, argue with it as we will,
The clock is unconverted still.

"But count the gains," I hear you
say,

"Which far the seeming loss out-
weigh;
Friendships built firm 'gainst flood
and wind

On rock-foundations of the mind:
Knowledge instead of scheming
hope;
For wild adventure, settled scope;

Talents, from surface-ore profuse,
 Tempered and edged to tools for
 use;
 Judgment, for passion's headlong
 whirls;
 Old sorrows crystallised into pearls;
 Losses by patience turned to gains,
 Possessions now, that once were
 pains;
 Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
 To ripen seeds of faith and trust;
 Why heed a snow-flake on the
 roof
 If fire within keep Age aloof
 Though blundering north-winds
 push and strain
 With palms benumbed against the
 pane?"

My dear old Friend, you're very
 wise;
 We always are with others' eyes,
 And see so clear! (our neighbour's
 deck on)
 What reef the idiot's sure to wreck
 on;
 Folks when they learn how life has
 quizzed 'em
 Are fain to make a shift with Wis-
 dom,
 And, finding she nor breaks nor
 bends,
 Give her a letter to their friends.
 Draw passion's torrent whoso will
 Through sluices smooth to turn a
 mill,
 And, taking solid toll of grist,
 Forget the rainbow in the mist,
 The exulting leap, the aimless
 haste
 Scattered in iridescent waste;
 Prefer who likes the sure esteem
 To cheated youth's midsummer
 dream,
 When every friend was more than
 Damon,
 Each quicksand safe to build a fame
 on;
 Believe that prudence snug excels
 Youth's gross of verdant spec-
 tacles,
 Through which earth's withered
 stubble seen
 Looks autumn-proof as painted
 green,—

I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,
 Take you the drudge, give me the
 glasses!
 And, for your talents shaped with
 practice,
 Convince me first that such the
 fact is;
 Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,
 On life's hard stithy to a tool,
 Be whoso will a ploughshare made,
 Let me remain a jolly blade!
 What's Knowledge, with her stocks
 and lands,
 To gay Conjecture's yellow strands?
 What's watching her slow flocks
 increase
 To ventures for the golden fleece?
 What her deep ships, safe under
 lee,
 To youth's light craft, that drinks
 the sea,
 For Flying Islands making sail,
 And failing where 'tis gain to fail?
 Ah me! Experience (so we're told),
 Time's crucible, turns lead to gold;
 Yet what's experience won but
 dross,
 Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss?
 What but base coin the best event
 To the untried experiment?

'Twas an old couple, says the poet,
 That lodged the gods and did not
 know it;
 Youth sees and knows them as they
 were
 Before Olympus' top was bare;
 From Swampscot's flats his eye
 divine
 Sees Venus rocking on the brine,
 With lucent limbs, that somehow
 scatter a
 Charm that turns Doll to Cleo-
 patra;
 Bacchus (that now is scarce in-
 duced
 To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),
 With cymbals' clang and pards to
 draw him,
 Divine as Ariadne saw him.
 Storms through Youth's pulse with
 all his train
 And wins new Indies in his brain;
 Apollo (with the old a trope,
 A sort of finer Mister Pope),

Apollo—but the Muse forbids ;
 At his approach cast down thy lids,
 And think it joy enough to hear
 Far off his arrows singing clear ;
 He knows enough who silent knows
 The quiver chiming as he goes ;
 He tells too much whoe'er betrays
 The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you're right and I am
 wrong ;

My quibbles are not worth a song,
 And I sophistically tease
 My fancy sad to tricks like these.
 I could not cheat you if I would ;
 You know me and my jesting mood,
 Mere surface-foam, for pride concealing

The purpose of my deeper feeling.
 I have not spilt one drop of joy
 Poured in the senses of the boy,
 Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
 With all her golden inwardness ;
 And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
 Stretch up wide-mouthed to every
 shade

By which their downy dream is
 stirred,

Taking it for the mother-bird,
 So, when God's shadow, which is
 light,

Unheralded, by day or night,
 My wakening instincts falls across,
 Silent as sunbeams over moss,
 In my heart's nest half-conscious
 things

Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
 Lift themselves up, and tremble
 long

With premonitions sweet of song.

Be patient, and perhaps (who
 knows ?)

These may be winged one day like
 those ;

If thrushes, close-embowered to
 sing,

Pierced through with June's
 delicious sting ;

If swallows, their half-hour to run
 Star-breasted in the setting sun.

At first they're but the unfledged
 proem,

Or songless schedule of a poem ;

When from the shell they're hardly
 dry

If some folks thrust them forth,
 must I ?

But let me end with a comparison
 Never yet hit upon by e'er a son
 Of our American Apollo,
 (And there's where I shall beat
 them hollow,

If he is not a courtly St. John,
 But, as West said, a Mohawk
 Injun.)

A poem's like a cruise for whales :
 Through untried seas the hunter
 sails,

His prow dividing waters known
 To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;
 At last, on farthest edge of day,
 He marks the smoky puff of spray ;
 Then with bent oars the shallow flies
 To where the basking quarry lies ;
 Then the excitement of the strife,
 The crimsoned waves,—ah, this is
 life !

But, the dead plunder once secured
 And safe beside the vessel moored,
 All that had stirred the blood before
 Is so much blubber, nothing more,
 (I mean no pun, nor image so
 Mere sentimental verse, you know),
 And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,
 In trying out the noisome oil.
 Yes, this is life ! And so the bard
 Through briny deserts, never
 scarred

Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,
 And lies upon the watch for weeks ;
 That once harpooned and helpless
 lying,

What follows is but weary trying.

Now I've a notion, if a poet
 Beat up for themes, his verse will
 show it ;

I wait for subjects that hunt me,
 By day or night won't let me be,
 And hang about me like a curse,
 Till they have made me into verse,
 From line to line my fingers tease
 Beyond my knowledge, as the bees
 Build no new cell till those before
 With limpid summer-sweet run
 o'er ;

Then, if I neither sing nor shine,
 Is it the subject's fault, or mine ?

AN EMBER PICTURE.

How strange are the freaks of
memory!

The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of colour,
In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy,
And, spite of the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together;
Our talk was of matters-of-course;
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and
actors,
And their easy, natural way :
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
We bore ourselves so to discuss ;
The thunderous rumours of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the
gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the
shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to
tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no
more ;—

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood ;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for
good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me,
Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what
they call so ;
You may find a thousand as fair ;

And yet there's her face in my
memory
With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried, (good rest to their
souls!)

Her face shines out in the embers :
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that
night.

'Tis a face that can never grow
older,
That never can part with its
gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession for ever,
For is it not all a dream?

TO H. W. L.,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY
1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of
his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid
verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when,
fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he
slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers
in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds
his name
Is blown about the world, but to
his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his
fame,
And Love steals shyly through the
loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and
there ends.

As I muse backward up the
checkered years
Wherein so much was given, so
much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as
cheapen tears,—

But hush ! this is not for profaner
ears ;
Let them drink molten pearls
nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's
core,
As naught but nightshade grew
upon earth's ground ;
Love turned all his to heart's-ease,
and the more

Fate tried his bastions, she but
forced a door
Leading to sweeter manhood and
more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's
swaying shade
Seems of mixed race, a gray
wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith trans-
lucent rayed
Till darkness, half disnatured so,
betrayed
A heart of sunshine that would
fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears
may stay
And of its purpose cheat the
charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a
lay,
He shall not go, although his
presence may,
And the next age in praise shall
double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-
sweet
As gracious natures find his song
to be ;
May Age steal on with softly-
cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were
meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-
toned than he !

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY.

"Come forth!" my catbird calls
to me,
"And hear me sing a cavatina

That, in this old familiar tree,
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

"These buttercups shall brim with
wine
Beyond all Lesbian juice or
Massic ;
May not New England be divine?
My ode to ripening summer
classic ?

"Or, if to me you will not hark,
By Beaver Brook a thrush is
ringing
Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his
singing.

"Come out beneath the unmastered
sky,
With its emancipating spaces,
And learn to sing as well as I,
Without premeditated graces.

"What boot your many-volumed
gains,
Those withered leaves for ever
turning,
To win, at best, for all your pains,
A nature mummy-wrapt in
learning ?

"The leaves wherein true wisdom
lies
On living trees the sun are
drinking ;
Those white clouds, drowsing
through the skies,
Grew not so beautiful by think-
ing.

"Come out ! with me the oriole
cries,
Escape the demon that pursues
you !
And, hark, the cuckoo weather-
wise,
Still hiding, farther onward
wooes you."

"Alas, dear friend, that, all my
days,
Has poured from that syringa
thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season-ticket,

"A season-ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,
And who so oft my soul hast caught
With morn and evening volun-
taries,

"Deem me not faithless, if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
No pipe, like thee, for June to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious
finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain
And bubbling o'er with mingled
fancies,
Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of
Spain
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above me,
No falsar friends, no truer foes,—
And does not Doña Clara love
me?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of
guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clash-
ing,
Then silence deep with' breathless
stars,
And overhead a white hand flash-
ing.

"O music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous,
saintly,
Where still, between the Christian
chimes,
The moorish cymbal tinkles
faintly!

"O life borne lightly in the hand,
For friend or foe with grace Cas-
tilian!
O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the
million!

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers.
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arabsoul in Spanish feathers.

"Ah, friend, these singers dead so
long,

And still, God knows, in purga-
tory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory."

IN THE TWILIGHT.

MEN say the sulken instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every
fibre sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened
springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance
blown;
The wind through its glooms sang
low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and
reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in
their blowing,
When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the
flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from the earth
drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel and I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
 An odour from Dreamland sent,
 That makes the ghost seem nigh me
 Of asplendour that came and went,
 Of a life lived somewhere, I know
 not,

In what diviner sphere,
 Of memories that stay not and go
 not,

Like music heard once by an ear
 That cannot forget or reclaim
 it,

A something so shy, it would
 shame it,

To make it a show,

A something too vague, could I
 name it,

For others to know,

As if I had lived it or dreamed
 it,

As if I had acted or schemed it,
 Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,

This life that stirs in my brain,
 Could I be both maiden and lover,
 Moon and tide, bee and clover,

As I seem to have been, once
 again,

Could I but speak and show it,
 This pleasure more sharp than
 pain,

That baffles and lures me so,
 The world should not lack a poet,
 Such as it had

In the ages glad,
 Long ago!

THE FOOTPATH.

It mounts athwart the windy hill
 Through fallow slopes of upland
 bare,

And Fancy climbs with foot-fall
 still

Its narrowing curves that end in
 air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue

Stoops softly to that topmost
 swell;

Its thread-like windings seem a
 clue

To gracious climes where all is
 well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
 An ampler world than clips my
 ken,

Where the great stars of happier
 skies

Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me
 home,

Still master of my secret rare;
 Once tried, the path would end in
 Rome,

But now it leads me everywhere.

For ever to the new it guides,
 From former good, old over-
 much;

What Nature for her poets hides,
 'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
 Within the scope of mortal ear;
 My prying step would make him
 dumb,

And the fair tree, his shelter,
 sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
 Behind my inmost thought, he
 sings;

No feet avail; to hear it nigh,
 The song itself must lend the
 wings.

Sing on, sweet bird close hid, and
 raise

Those angel stairways in my
 brain,

That climb from these low-vaulted
 days

To spacious sunshines far from
 pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment
 fleet,

I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
 And envy Science not her feat
 To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
 And long ago that Pan was dead;

'Twas but that fools preferred to
 bore

Earth's rind inch-deep for truth
 instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer
 long,
 The fairies dance each full-mooned
 night,
 Would we but doff our lenses
 strong,
 And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
 Our seeing, marvel ever new,
 Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet
 doubt
 Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the
 blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
 Whose edge allures to climb the
 height;
 I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
 From still pools dusk with dreams
 of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardest will,
 Thy countersign of long-lost
 speech,—
 Those fountained courts, those
 chambers still,
 Fronting Time's far East, who
 shall reach?

I know not, and will never pry,
 But trust our human heart for
 all;
 Wonders that from the seeker fly
 Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and sur-
 prise
 The password of the unwary
 elves;
 Seek it, thou canst not bribe their
 spies;
 Unsought, they whisper it them-
 selves.

POEMS OF THE WAR.

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD.

OCTOBER 1861.

ALONG a river-side, I know not
where,
I walked one night in mystery of
dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath
my hair,
To think what chanced me by the
pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned
through haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the
meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistledowns
of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some
goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling
in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying
down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote
my ear
A movement in the stream that
checked my breath:
Was it the slow splash of a wading
deer?
But something said, "This water is
of Death!
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill
thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient
Three
Known to the Greek's and to the
Northman's creed,

That sit in shadow of the mystic
Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their
endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and
Time shall be."
No wrinkled crones were they, as I
had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-
morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever
seemed;
Something too high for joy, too
deep for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from
their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they
have strawn,"
So sang they, working at their task
the while;
"The fatal raiment must be
cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-
Queen's isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must
our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer
corse,
That gathered States like children
round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his post-
ing horse,
Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest
son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmur'st thou?
and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we
bring the shroud,

The Time-old web of the implacable
Three:

Is it too coarse for him, the young
and proud?

Earth's mightiest deigned to wear
it,—why not he?

"Is there no hope?" I moaned,
"so strong, so fair!

Our Fowler whose proud bird would
brook erewhile

No rival's swoop in all our western
air!

Gather the ravens, then, in funeral
file

For him, life's morn yet golden in
his hair?

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un-
pitying dames!

I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye
who scanned

The stars, Earth's elders, still must
noblest aims

Be traced upon oblivious ocean-
sands?

Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts
of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with
red battle-dew,

Ye deem we choose the victor and
the slain:

Say, choose we them that shall be
leal and true

To the heart's longing, the high
faith of brain?

Yet there the victory lies, if ye but
knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion:
Knowledge, Will,—

These twain are strong, but stronger
yet the third,—

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root
that still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is
not stirred,

Though Heaven-loosed tempests
spend their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper?
'Tis not we

Denounce it, but the Law before
all time:

The brave makes danger oppor-
tunity;

The waverer, paltering with the
chance sublime,

Dwarfs it to peril: which shall
Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his
eagle's seat

To make Jove's bolts purveyors of
their maw?

Hath he the Many's plaudits found
more sweet

Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind
for Law?

Then let him hearken for the
doomster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn
in flintiest rock,

States climb to power by; slippery
those with gold

Down which they stumble to eter-
nal mock:

No chafferer's hand shall long the
sceptre hold,

Who, given a Fate to shape, would
sell the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal
and woe,

Mystic because too cheaply under-
stood;

Dark sayings are not ours; men
hear and know,

See Evil weak, see strength alone
in Good,

Yet hope to stem God's fire with
walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of
Time Is,

That offers choice of glory or of
gloom;

The solver makes Time Shall Be
surely his.

But hasten, Sisters! for even now
the tomb

Grates its slow hinge and calls
from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not
yet for him,

Whose large horizon, westering,
star by star

Wins from the void to where on
Ocean's rim

The sunset shuts the world with
golden bar,
Not yet his thews shall fail, his
eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood,
saved for those
That walk unblenching through
the trial-fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is
worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven
sires,

Whose eye need blench confronted
with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud,
for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foe-
man's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid
the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God
divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust
with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as
lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with
purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to har-
bour sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns
lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering
for their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands
and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's
side;
Again the loon laughed mocking,
and again
The echoes bayed far down the
night and died,
While waking I recalled my wan-
dering brain.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLONDEL.

AUTUMN 1863.

SCENE I.—*Near a castle in
Germany.*

'TWERE no hard task, perchance,
to win

The popular laurel for my song;
'Twere only to comply with sin,
And own the crown, though
snatched by wrong:
Rather Truth's chaplet let me
wear,
Though sharp as death its thorns
may sting;
Loyal to Loyalty, I bear
No badge but of my rightful
king.

Patient by town and tower I wait,
Or o'er the blustering moorland
go;
I buy no praise at cheaper rate,
Or what faint hearts may fancy
so;
For me, no joy in lady's bower,
Or hall, or tourney, will I sing,
Till the slow stars wheel round
the hour
That crowns my hero and my
king.

While all the land runs red with
strife,
And wealth is won by pedler-
crimes,
Let who will find content in life
And tinkle in unmanly rhymes;
I wait and seek; through dark
and light,
Safe in my heart my hope I
bring,
Till I once more my faith may
plight
To him my whole soul owns her
king.

When power is filched by drone
and dolt,
And, with caught breath and
flashing eye,
Her knuckles whitening round the
bolt,
Vengeance leans eager from the
sky,
While this and that the people
guess,
And to the skirts of praters cling,
Who court the crowd they should
compress,
I turn in scorn to seek my king.

Shut in what tower of darkling
chance

Or dungeon of a narrow doom,
Dream'st thou of battle-axe and
lance

That for the Cross make crash-
ing room?

Come! with hushed breath the
battle waits

In the wild van thy mace's swing;
While doubters parley with their
fates,

Make thou thine own and ours,
my king!

Oh, strong to keep upright the old,
And wise to buttress with the
new,

Prudent, as only are the bold,
Clear-eyed, as only are the true,
To foes benign, to friendship stern,
Intent to imp Law's broken wing,
Who would not die, if death might
earn

The right to kiss thy hand, my
king?

SCENE II.—*An Inn near the
Château of Chalus.*

WELL, the whole thing is over,
and here I sit

With one arm in a sling and a
milk-score of gashes,

And this flagon of Cyprus must
e'en warm my wit,

Since what's left of youth's flame
is a head flecked with ashes.

I remember I sat in this very same
inn,—

I was young then, and one young
man thought I was hand-
some,—

I had found out what prison King
Richard was in,
And was spurring for England to
push on the ransom.

How I scorned the dull souls that
sat guzzling around

[And knew not my secret nor
recked my derision!

Let the world sink or swim, John
or Richard be crowned,

All one, so the beer-tax got
lenient revision.

How little I dreamed, as I tramped
up and down,

That granting our wish one of
Fate's saddest jokes is!

I had mine with a vengeance,—my
king got his crown,

And made his whole business to
break other folks's.

I might as well join in the safe old
tum, tum:

A hero's an excellent load-star,—
but, bless ye,

What infinite odds 'twixt a hero to
come

And your only too palpable hero
in esse!

Precisely the odds (such examples
are rife)

'Twixt the poem conceived and
the rhyme we make show of,

'Twixt the boy's morning dream
and the wake-up of life,

'Twixt the Blondel God meant
and a Blondel I know of!

But the world's better off, I'm con-
vinced of it now,

Than if heroes, like buns, could
be bought for a penny

To regard all mankind as their
haltered milch-cow,

And just care for themselves.
Well, God cares for the many;

For somehow the poor old Earth
blunders along,

Each son of hers adding his mite
of unfitness,

And, choosing the sure way of
coming out wrong,

Gets to port as the next genera-
tion will witness.

You think her old ribs have come
all crashing through,

If a whisk of Fate's broom snap
your cobweb asunder:

But her rivets were clinched by a
wiser than you,

And our sins cannot push the
Lord's right hand from under.

Better one honest man who can
wait for God's mind

In our poor shifting scene here
though heroes were plenty!

Better one bite, at forty, of Truth's
bitter rind,
Than the hot wine that gushed
from the vintage of twenty!

see it all now: when I wanted a
king,

'Twas the kingship that failed in
myself I was seeking,—

'Tis so much less easy to do than
to sing,

So much simpler to reign by a
proxy than *be* king!

Yes, I think I *do* see: after all's
said and sung,

Take this one rule of life and you
never will rue it,—

'Tis but do your own duty and hold
your own tongue,

And Blondel were royal himself,
if he knew it!

MEMORIÆ POSITUM.

R. G. S.

I.

BENEATH the trees,
My lifelong friends in this dear
spot,

Sad now for eyes that see them
not

I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the sear leaves to sigh for
gladness gone,

Whispering hoarse presage of ob-
livion,—

Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through
the withered grace

Of many a spreading realm and
strong-stemmed race,

Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan

For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret?

Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immor-
tal gain

Of unstilled longing and inspiring
pain!

As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow
fine

With keen vibrations from the
touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

'Twere indiscreet

To vex the shy and sacred grief
With harsh obtrusions of relief;

Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,
Go whisper: "*This* death hath
far choicer ends

Than slowly to impearl in hearts of
friends;

These obsequies 'tis meet

Not to seclude in closets of the
heart,

But, church-like, with wide door-
ways, to impart

Even to the heedless street."

II.

Brave, good, and true,

I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young
brow,

Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the
mouth firm-set,

And look made up for Duty's ut-
most debt,

I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous
hostile lines,

In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched
designs.

Plucksheart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end

Who vanish down life's evening
stream

Placid as swans that drift in
dream

Round the next river-bend!

Happy long life, with honour at
the close,

Friends' painless tears, the softened
thought of foes!

And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first
faith sure

From mid-life's doubt and eld's
contentment poor,—

What more could Fortune send?

Right in the van,

On the red rampart's slippery
swell,

With heart that beat a charge,
 he fell
 Foeward, as fits a man;
 But the high soulburns on to light
 men's feet
 Where death for noble ends makes
 dying sweet;
 His life her crescent's span
 Orbs full with share in their un-
 darkening days
 Who ever climbed the battailous
 steepes of praise
 Since valour's praise began.

III.

His life's expense
 Hath won for him cœval youth
 With the immaculate prime of
 Truth;
 While we, who make pretence
 At living on, and wake and eat and
 sleep,
 And life's stale trick by repetition
 keep,
 Our fickle permanence
 (A poor leaf-shadow on a brook,
 whose play
 Of busy idlesse ceases with our
 day)
 Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
 Unhappy, and make terms with
 Fate
 A little more to let us wait;
 He leads for aye the advance,
 Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant
 the desperate good
 For nobler Earths and days of man-
 lier mood;
 Our wall of circumstance
 Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er
 the fight,
 A saintly shape of fame, to cheer
 the right
 And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
 While with dim eyes I think of
 three;
 Who weeps not others fair and
 brave as he?
 Ah, when the fight is won,
 Dear Land, whom triflers now
 make bold to scorn,

(Thee! from whose forehead Earth
 awaits her morn),
 How nobler shall the sun
 Flame in thy sky, how braver
 breathe thy air,
 That thou bred'st children who
 for thee could dare
 And die as thine have done!
 1863.

ON BOARD THE '76.

WRITTEN FOR MR. BRYANT'S SEVEN-
 TIETH BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

OUR ship lay tumbling in an angry
 sea,
 Her rudder gone, her mainmast
 o'er the side;
 Her scuppers, from the waves'
 clutch staggering free
 Trailed threads of priceless crim-
 son through the tide;
 Sails, shrouds, and spars with
 pirate cannon torn,
 We lay, awaiting morn.

Awaiting morn, such morn as
 mocks despair;
 And she that bare the promise
 of the world
 Within her sides, now hopeless,
 helmless, bare,
 At random o'er the wildering
 waters hurled;
 The reek of battle drifting slow alee
 Not sullener than we.

Morn came at last to peer into our
 woe,
 When lo, a sail! Now surely
 help was nigh;
 The red cross flames aloft, Christ's
 pledge; but no,
 Her black guns grinning hate,
 she rushes by
 And hails us:—"Gains the leak!
 Ay, so we thought!
 Sink, then, with curses
 fraught!"

I leaned against my gun still angry-
 hot,
 And my lids tingled with the
 tears held back;

This scorn methought was crueller
than shot :

The manly death-grip in the
battle-wrack,
Yard-arm to yard-arm, were more
friendly far
Than such fear-smothered war.

There our foe wallowed, like a
wounded brute
The fiercer for his hurt. What
now were best?

Once more tug bravely at the
peril's root,
Though death came with it?
Or evade the test

If right or wrong in this God's
world of ours
Be leagued with higher powers?

Some, faintly loyal, felt their pulses
lag

With the slow beat that doubts
and then despairs ;

Some, caitiff, would have struck
the starry flag

That knits us with our past, and
makes us heirs

Of deeds high-hearted as were ever
done

'Neath the all-seeing sun.

But there was one, the Singer of
our crew,

Upon whose head Age waved his
peaceful sign,

But whose red heart's-blood no
surrender knew ;

And couchant under brows of
massive line,

The eyes, like guns beneath a
parapet,

Watched, charge with lightnings
yet.

The voices of the hills did his obey ;
The torrents flashed and tumbled
in his song ;

He brought our native fields from
far away,

Or set us 'mid the innumerable
throng

Of dateless woods, or where we
heard the calm

Old homestead's evening psalm.

But now he sang of faith to things
unseen,

Of freedom's birthright given to
us in trust ;

And words of doughty cheer he
spoke between,

That made all earthly fortune
seem as dust,

Matched with that duty, old as
Time and new,

Of being brave and true.

We, listening, learned what makes
the might of words,—

Manhood to back them, constant
as a star ;

His voice rammed home our cannon,
edged our swords,

And sent our boarders shouting ;
shroud and spar

Heard him and stiffened ; the sails
heard, and wooed

The winds with loftier mood.

In our dark hours he manned our
guns again ;

Remanned ourselves from his
own manhood's stores ;

Pride, honour, country, throbbed
through all his strain ;

And, shall we praise? God's
praise was his before ;

And on our futile laurels he looks
down,

Himself our bravest crown.

ODE RECITED AT THE HAR- VARD COMMEMORATION.

JULY 21, 1865.

I.

WEAK-WINGED is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered
height

Whither the brave deed climbs for
light :

We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our-robin's-leaf to deck
their hearse

Who in warm life-blood wrote their
nobler verse,

Our trivial song to honour those who
come

With ears attuned to strenuous
trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes
their desire,

Live battle-odes whose lines were
steel and fire :

Yet sometimes feathered words
are strong,

A gracious memory to buoy up and
save

From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the
common grave

Of the unventurous throng

II.

To-day our Reverend Mother
welcomes back

Her wisest Scholars, those who
understood

The deeper teaching of her mystic
tome,

And offered their fresh lives to
make it good :

No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names
of things,

Or reading stars to find inglorious
fates,

Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for
the many waits,

And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory
sings

In manly hearts to come, and
nerves them and dilates :

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of
us all !

Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,

That could thy sons entice
From happy homes and toils, the
fruitful nest

Of those half-virtues which the
world calls best,

Into War's tumult rude ;
But rather far that stern device

The sponsors chose that round thy
cradle stood

In the dim, unventured wood,
The VERITAS that lurks be-
neath

The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth
living,

Seed-grain of high emprise, immor-
tal food,

One heavenly thing whereof earth
hath the giving.

III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished
life's best oil

Amid the dust of books to find
her,

Content at last, for guerdon of
their toil,

With the cast mantle she hath
left behind her.

Many in sad faith sought for
her,

Many with crossed hands
sighed for her,

But these, our brothers, fought
for her,

At life's dear peril wrought for
her,

So loved her that they died for
her,

Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness :

Their higher instinct knew

Those love her best who to them-
selves are true,

And what they dare to dream of,
dare to do ;

They followed her and found
her

Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out
mind,

But beautiful, with danger's sweet-
ness round her.

Where faith made whole with
deed

Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,

They saw her plumed and
mailed,

With sweet, sternface unveiled,
And all repaying eyes, look proud
on them in death.

IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by,
and glides

Into the silent hollow of the past ;
What is there that abides

To make the next age better for
the last ?

Is earth too poor to give us

Something to live for here that
 shall outlive us?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with
 Fortune's fickle moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true;
 With our laborious hiving
 What men call treasure, and the
 gods call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriv-
 ing,
 Only secure in every one's con-
 niving,
 A long account of nothings paid
 with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by
 unseen wires,
 After our little hour of strut and
 rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions
 and desires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and im-
 mortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in
 the grave.
 But stay! no age was e'er degene-
 rate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap
 a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape
 our fate.
 Ah, there is something here
 Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
 Something that gives our feeble
 light
 A high immunity from Night,
 Something that leaps life's
 narrow bars
 To claim its birthright with the
 hosts of heaven;
 A seed of sunshine that doth
 leaven
 Our earthly dulness with the
 beams of stars,
 And glorify our clay
 With light from fountains elder
 than the Day;
 A conscience more divine than
 we,
 A gladness fed with secret
 tears,
 A vexing, forward-reaching
 sense

Of some more noble perma-
 nence;
 A light across the sea,
 Which haunts the soul and will
 not let it be,
 Still glimmering from the heights
 of undegenerate years.

V.

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery
 meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vain glorious
 weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the
 wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile
 creeds,
 Where the world's best hope
 and stay
 By battle's flashes gropes a despe-
 rate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings
 to bleeds.
 Peace hath her not ignoble
 wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp decisive word
 Light the black lips of cannon, and
 the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath;
 But some day the live coal behind
 the thought,
 Whether from Baäl's stone
 obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of
 tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose
 it was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion
 caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with
 shock of men:
 Some day the soft Ideal that we
 wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset,
 pursued,
 And cries reproachful: "Was it,
 then, my praise,
 And not myself was loved? Prove
 now thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy
 youth;

Give me thy life, or cower in
empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its
mate ! ”

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate ;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to
yield,

This shows, methinks, God's
plan

And measure of a stalwart
man,

Limbed like the old heroic
breeds,

Who stands self-poised on
manhood's solid earth,

Not forced to frame excuses
for his birth,

Fed from within with all the
strength he needs.

VI.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had
led,

With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry
grief :

Forgive me, if from present things
I turn

To speak what in my heart will
beat and burn,

And hang my wreath on his world-
honoured urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man

Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :

For him her Old-World moulds
aside she threw,

And, choosing sweet clay from
the breast

Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero
new,

Wise, steadfast in the strength of
God, and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind
indeed,

Who loved his charge, but never
loved to lead ;

One whose meek flock the people
joyed to be,

Not lured by any cheat of
birth,

But by his clear-grained human
worth,

And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
They knew that outward grace
is dust ;

They could not choose but
trust

In that sure-footed mind's unfalter-
ing skill,

And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to
spring again and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-
peak of mind,

Thrusting to thin air o'er our
cloudy bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in
vapours blind ;

Broad prairie rather, genial,
level-lined,

Fruitful and friendly for all
human kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved
of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting morn-
ward still,

Ere any names of Serf and
Peer

Could Nature's equal scheme
deface

And thwart her genial will ;
He was a type of the true elder
race,

And one of Plutarch's men talked
with us face to face.

I praise him not ; it were too
late ;

And some innate weakness there
must be

In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and can-
not wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he :

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sub-
lime,

Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns
and drums,

<p>Disturb our judgment for the hour, But at last silence comes ; These all are gone, and, stand- ing like a tower, Our children shall behold his fame, The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man, Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame, New birth of our new soil, the first American.</p>	<p>And seal these hours the noblest of our year, Save that our brothers found this better way?</p>
<p>VII.</p>	
<p>Long as man's hope insatiate can discern, Or only guess some more in- spiring goal Outside of Self, enduring as the pole, Along whose course the flying axles burn Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood ; Long as below we cannot find The meed that stills the inexorable mind ; So long this faith to some ideal Good, Under whatever mortal names it masks, Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks, Feeling its challenged pulses leap, While others skulk in subter- fuges cheap, And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks, Shall win man's praise and woman's love, Shall be a wisdom that we set above All other skills and gifts to culture dear, A virtue round whose forehead we inwreath Laurels that with a living passion breathe When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sear. What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,</p>	<p>VIII.</p> <p>We sit here in the Promised Land That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ; But 'twas they won it, sword in hand, Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk. We welcome back our bravest and our best ;— Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the rest, Who went forth brave and bright as any here ! I strive to mix some gladness with my strain, But the sad strings complain, And will not please the ear : I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane Again and yet again Into a dirge, and die away, in pain. In these brave ranks I only see the gaps, Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps, Dark to the triumph which they died to gain : Fittier may others greet the living, For me the past is unforgiving ; I with uncovered head Salute the sacred dead, Who went, and who return not.— Say not so ! 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay, But the high faith that failed not by the way ; Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ; No bar of endless night exiles the brave ; And to the saner mind We rather seem the dead that stayed behind, Blow, trumpets, all your exulta- tions blow ! For never shall their aureoled pre- sence lack :</p>

I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that
 nobler show;
 We find in our dull road their
 shining track;
 In every nobler mood
 We feel the orient of their spirit
 glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;
 They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-
 hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the
 rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of
 Expectation!

IX.

But is there hope to save
 Even this ethereal essence from
 the grave?
 Whatever 'scaped Oblivion's
 subtle wrong
 Save a few clarion names, or golden
 threads of song?
 Before my musing eye
 The mighty ones of old sweep
 by,
 Disvoiced now and insubstantial
 things,
 As noisy once as we; poor ghosts
 of kings,
 Shadows of empire wholly gone
 to dust,
 And many races, nameless long
 ago,
 To darkness driven by that im-
 perious gust
 Of ever-rushing Time that here
 doth blow:
 O visionary world, condition
 strange,
 Where naught abiding is but only
 Change,
 Where the deep-bolted stars them-
 selves still shift and range!
 Shall we to more continuance
 make pretence?
 Renown builds tombs; a life-estate
 is Wit;
 And, bit by bit,
 The cunning years steal all from us
 but woe;
 Leaves are we, whose decays no
 harvest sow.

But, when we vanish hence,
 Shall they lie forceless in the
 dark below,
 Save to make green their little
 length of sods,
 Or deepen pansies for a year or
 two,
 Who now to us are shining-sweet
 as gods?
 Was dying all they had the skill
 to do?
 That were not fruitless: but the
 Soul resents
 Such short-lived service, as if
 blind events
 Ruled without her, or earth could
 so endure;
 She claims a more divine investi-
 ture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's
 airy rents;
 Whate'er she touches doth her
 nature share;
 Her inspiration haunts the en-
 nobled air,
 Gives eyes to mountains
 blind,
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to
 the wind,
 And her clear trump sings suc-
 cour everywhere
 By lonely bivouacs to the wake-
 ful mind;
 For soul inherits all that soul
 could dare:
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider
 span
 And larger privilege of life than
 man.
 The single deed, the private sac-
 rifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-
 hidden tears,
 Is covered up ere long from mor-
 tal eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the
 deciduous years;
 But that high privilege that
 makes all men peers,
 That leap of heart whereby a
 people rise
 Up to a noble anger's
 height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not
 shrink, but grow more
 bright,

That swift validity in noble
veins,
Of choosing danger and dis-
daining shame,
Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all
contact base,
But wraps its chosen with angelic
might,
These are imperishable gains,
Sure as the sun, medicinal as
light,
These hold great futures in their
lusty reins
And certify to earth a new imperial
race.

X.

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in
battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a
cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most
iron in't.
To edge resolve with, pouring with-
out stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin
bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-
brawl!
How poor their outworn coro-
nets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain
civic wreath
Our brave for honour's blazon shall
bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued
Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trum-
pet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's
sullen ears
With vain resentments and more
vain regrets!

XI.

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture
rude

Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice
renewed,
To heroes living and dear mar-
tyrs dead,
The strain should close that con-
secrates our brave.
Lift the heart and lift the
head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation:
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such
an hour
Beats no march of conscious
power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories
great,
A hero half, and half the
whim of Fate,
But the pith and marrow of a
Nation
Drawing force from all her
men,
Highest, humblest, weakest,
all,
For her time of need, and
then
Pulsing it again through them,
Till the basest can no longer
cower,
Feeling his soul spring up divinely
tall,
Touched but in passing by her
mantle-hem.
Come back, then, noble pride, for
'tis her dower!
How could poet ever tower,
If his passions, hopes, and
fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his
people?
Boom, cannon, boom to all the
winds and waves!
Clash out, glad bells, from every
rocking steeple!
Banners, advance with triumph,
bend your staves!
And from every mountain-
peak

Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak, Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he, And so leap on in light from sea to sea, Till the glad news be sent Across a kindling continent, Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver :	XII. Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release ! Thy God, in these distempered days, Hath taught thee the sure wis- dom of His ways, And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace ! Bow down in prayer and praise ! No poorest in thy borders but may now Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow, O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more ! Smoothing thy gold of war-dis- hevelled hair O'er such sweet brows as never other wore, And letting thy set lips, Freed from wrath's pale eclipse, The rosy edges of their smile lay bare, What words divine of lover or of poet Could tell our love and make thee know it, Among the Nations bright beyond compare? What were our lives with- out thee? What all our lives to save thee? We reckon not what we gave thee? We will not dare to doubt thee, But ask whatever else, and we will dare !
" Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her ! She that lifts up the manhood of the poor, She of the open soul and open door, With room about her hearth for all mankind ! The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more ; From her bold front the helm she doth unbind, Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin, And bids her navies, that so lately hurled Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in, Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore. No challenge sends she to the elder world, That looked askance and hated ; a light scorn Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees She calls the children back, and waits the morn Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."	

L'ENVOI.

TO THE MUSE.

WHITHER? Albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find,
Not where thou art, but where
thou wast,

Sweet beckoner, more fleet than
wind!

I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
With soft brown silence carpeted,
And plot to suare thee in the
woods:

Peace I o'ertake, but thou art
fled!

I find the rock where thou didst
rest,
The moss thy skimming foot hath
prest;

All Nature with thy parting
thrills,

Like branches after birds new-
flown;

Thy passage bill and hollow fills
With hints of virtue not their own;
In dimples still the water slips
Where thou hast dipt thy finger-
tips;

Just, just beyond, for ever burn
Gleams of grace without return:

Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
And through my frame strange
raptures shoot;

All of thee but thyself I grasp;

I seem to fold thy luring shape,
And vague air to my bosom clasp,
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!

One mask and then another drops,
And thou art secret as before:

Sometimes with flooded ear I list,
And hear thee, wondrous organist,

From mighty continental stops
A thunder of new music pour;
Through pipes of earth and air and
stone

Thy inspiration deep is blown;
Through mountains, forests, open
downs,

Lakes, railroads, prairies, states,
and towns,

Thy gathering fugue goes rolling
on

From Maine to utmost Oregon;
The factory-wheels in cadence hum,
From brawling parties concords
come;

All this I hear, or seem to hear,
But when, enchanted, I draw near
To mate with words the various
theme,

Life seems a whiff of kitchen steam,
History an organ-grinder's thrum,
For thou hast slipt from it and
me

And all thine organ pipes left dumb,
Most mutable Perversity!

Not weary yet, I still must seek,
And hope for luck next day, next
week;

I go to see the great man ride,
Shiplike, the swelling human tide
That floods to bear him into port,
Trophied from Senate-hall and
Court;

Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and
rare,

Making the Mob a moment fine
With glimpses of their own Divine,
As in their demigod they see

Their cramped ideal soaring free;
'Twas thou didst bear the fire
about,

That, like the springing of a mine
Sent up to heaven the street-long
shout;

Full well I know that thou wast
here,

It was thy breath that brushed my
ear;

But vainly in the stress and whirl
I dive for thee, the moment's
pearl.

Through every shape thou well
 canst run,
 Proteus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
 Well pleased with logger-camps in
 Maine

As where Milan's pale Duomo
 lies

A stranded glacier on the plain,
 Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
 Melted in many a quaint device,
 And sees, above the city's din,
 Afar its silent Alpine kin:

I track thee over carpets deep
 To wealth's and beauty's inmost
 keep;

Across the sand of bar-room floors
 Mid the stale reek of boosing boors;
 Where drowse the hay-field's frag-
 rant heats,

Or the flail-heart of Autumn beats;
 I dog thee through the market's
 throngs

To where the sea with myriad
 tongues

Laps the green edges of the pier,
 And the tall ships that eastward
 steer,

Curtsy their farewells to the town,
 O'er the curved distance lessening
 down;

I follow allwhere for thy sake.
 Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er
 o'ertake,

Find where, scarce yet unmoving,
 lies,

Warm from thy limbs, thy last
 disguise;

But thou another shape hast
 donned,

And lustre still just, just beyond!

But here a voice, I know not
 whence,

Thrills clearly through my inward
 sense.

Saying: "See where she sits at
 home

While thou in search of her dost
 roam!

All summer long her ancient wheel
 Whirls humming by the open
 door,

Or, when the hickory's social zeal
 Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
 Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
 It modulates the household mirth

With that sweet serious undertone
 Of duty, music all her own;
 Still as of old she sits and spins
 Our hopes, our sorrows, and our
 sins;

With equal care she twines the
 fates

Of cottages and mighty states;
 She spins the earth, the air, the
 sea.

The maiden's unschooled fancy
 free,

The boy's first love, the man's first
 grief,

The budding and the fall o' the
 leaf;

The piping west-wind's snowy care
 For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
 Or from the thorns of evil times
 She can glean wool to twist her
 rhymes;

Morning and noon and eve supply
 To her their fairest tints for dye,
 But ever through her twirling
 thread

There spires one line of warmest
 red,

Tinged from the homestead's genial
 heart,

The stamp and warrant of her art;
 With this Time's sickle she out-
 wears,

And blunts the Sisters' baffled
 shears.

"Harass her not: thy heat and
 stir

But greater coyness breed in her;
 Yet thou mayst find, ere Age's
 frost,

Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
 Learning at last that Stygian Fate
 Unbends to him that knows to
 wait.

The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
 Her love to him that pules and
 plains;

With proud, averted face she stands
 To him that woos with empty
 hands.

Make thyself free of Manhood's
 guild;

Pull down thy barns and greater
 build;

The wood, the mountain, and the
 plain

Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain ;	Shall court thy precious inter-
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold,	views,
Glean from the heavens and ocean old ;	Shall take thy head upon her knee,
From fireside lone and trampling street	And such enchantment lilt to thee,
Let thy life garner daily wheat ;	That thou shalt hear the life-blood flow
The epic of a man rehearse,	From farthest stars to grass-blades low,
Be something better than thy verse ;	And find the Listener's science still
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse	Transcends the Singer's deepest skill!"

THE CATHEDRAL.

Οὐδὲν σοφίζόμεσθα τοιοὶ δαίμοισιν.
 Πατρίους παραδοχὰς, ὥς θ' ὁμήλικας χρόνῳ
 Κεκτήμεθ', οὐδεὶς αὐτὰ καταβαλεῖ λόγος,
 Οὐδ' ἦν δι' ἄκρων τὸ σπῶρον εὐρεται φρενῶν.

EURIPIDES, *Bacchæ*, 196-199.

FAR through the memory shines	I can recall, nay, they are present
a happy day,	still,
Cloudless of care, down-shod to	Parts of myself, the perfume of my
every sense,	mind,
And simply perfect from its own	Days that seem farther off than
resource,	Homer's now
As to a bee the new campanula's	Ere yet the child had loudened to
Illuminate seclusion swung in	the boy,
air.	And I, recluse from playmates,
Such days are not the prey of set-	found perforce
ting suns,	Companionship in things that not
Nor ever blurred with mist of after-	denied
thought ;	Nor granted wholly ; as is Nature's
Like words made magical by poets	wont,
dead,	Who, safe in uncontaminate re-
Wherein the music of all meaning	serve,
is	Lets us mistake our longing for her
The sense hath garnered or the	love,
soul divined,	And mocks with various echo of
They mingle with our life's ethereal	ourselves.
part,	
Sweetening and gathering sweet-	These first sweet frauds upon our
ness evermore,	consciousness,
By beauty's franchise disenthralled	That blend the sensual with its
of time.	imaged world,

These virginal cognitions, gifts of morn,	So Memory cheats us, glimpsing half-revealed.
Ere life grow noisy, and slower-footed thought	Even as I write she tries her wonted spell
Can overtake the rapture of the sense,	In that continuous redbreast bod-ing rain :
To thrust between ourselves and what we feel,	The bird I hear sings not from yonder elm ;
Have something in them secretly divine.	But the flown ecstasy my childhood heard
Vainly the eye, once schooled to serve the brain,	Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
With pains deliberate studies to renew	Haply made sweeter by the accumulate thrill
The ideal vision : second-thoughts are prose ;	That threads my undivided life and steals
For beauty's acme hath a term as brief	A pathos from the years and graves between.
As the wave's poise before it break in pearl.	
Our own breath dims the mirror of the sense,	I know not how it is with other men,
Looking too long and closely : at a flash	Whom I but guess, deciphering myself ;
We snatch the essential grace of meaning out,	For me, once felt is so felt never-more.
And that first passion beggars all behind,	The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
Heirs of a tamer transport pre-possessed.	Had in it the best ferment of the wine.
Who, seeing once, has truly seen again	One spring I knew as never any since :
The gray vague of unsympathising sea	All night the surges of the warm south-west
That dragged his Fancy from her moorings back	Boomed intermittent through the shuddering elms,
To shores inhospitable of eldest time,	And brought a morning from the Gulf adrift,
Till blank foreboding of earth-gendered powers,	Omnipotent with sunshine, whose quick charm
Pitiless seignories in the elements,	Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
Omnipotences blind that darkling smite,	And wiled the bluebird to his whiff of song :
Misgave him, and repaganised the world ?	One summer hour abides, what time I perched,
Yet, by some subtler touch of sympathy,	Dappled with noonday, under sim-mering leaves,
These primal apprehensions, dimly stirred,	And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while aloof
Perplex the eye with pictures from within.	An oriole clattered and the robins shrilled,
This hath made poets dream of lives foregone	Denouncing me an alien and a thief :
In worlds fantastical, more fair than ours ;	One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,

When in the lane I watched the
 ash-leaves fall,
 Balancing softly earthward with-
 out wind,
 Or twirling with directer impulse
 down
 On those fallen yesterday, now
 barbed with frost,
 While I grew pensive with the
 pensive year:
 And once I learned how marvellous
 winter was,
 When past the fence rails, downy-
 gray with rime,
 I creaked adventurous o'er the
 spangled crust
 That made familiar fields seem far
 and strange
 As those stark wastes that whiten
 endlessly
 In ghastly solitude about the pole,
 And gleam relentless to the un-
 setting sun:
 Instant the candid chambers of
 my brain
 Were painted with these sovran
 images;
 And later visions seem but copies
 pale
 From those unfading frescoes of the
 past,
 Which I, young savage, in my age
 of flint,
 Gazed at, and dimly felt a power
 in me
 Parted from Nature by the joy in
 her
 That doubtfully revealed me to
 myself.
 Thenceforward I must stand out-
 side the gate;
 And paradise was paradise the
 more,
 Known once and barred against
 satiety.

 What we call Nature, all outside
 ourselves,
 Is but our own conceit of what we
 see,
 Our own reaction upon what we
 feel,
 The world's a woman to our shift-
 ing mood,
 Feeling with us, or making due
 pretence;
 And therefore we the more per-
 suade ourselves
 To make all things our thought's
 confederates,
 Conniving with us in whate'er we
 dream.
 So when our Fancy seeks analogies,
 Though she have hidden what she
 after finds,
 She loves to cheat herself with
 feigned surprise.
 I find my own complexion every-
 where:
 No rose, I doubt, was ever, like
 the first,
 A marvel to the bush it dawned
 upon,
 The rapture of its life made visible,
 The mystery of its yearning real-
 ised;
 As the first babe to the first woman
 born;
 No falcon ever felt delight of wings
 As when, an eyas, from the stolid
 cliff
 Loosing himself, he followed his
 high heart
 To swim on sunshine, masterless
 as wind;
 And I believe the brown earth
 takes delight
 In the new snowdrop looking back
 at her,
 To think that by some vernal
 alchemy
 It could transmute her darkness
 into pearl;
 What is the buxom peony after
 that,
 With its coarse constancy of hoyden
 blush?
 What the full summer to that won-
 der new?

 But, if in nothing else, in us there
 is
 A sense fastidious hardly recon-
 ciled
 To the poor makeshifts of life's
 scenery,
 Where the same slide must double
 all its parts,
 Shoved in for Tarsus and hitched
 back for Tyre.
 I blame not in the soul this dainti-
 ness,

Rasher of surfeit than a humming-
bird, •
In things indifferent by sense pur-
veyed;
It argues her an immortality
And dateless incomes of experi-
ence,
This unthrift housekeeping that
will not brook
A dish warmed-over at the feast of
life,
And finds Twice stale, served with
whatever sauce,
Nor matters much how it may go
with me
Who dwell in Grub Street and am
proud to drudge
Where men, my betters, wet their
crust with tears;
Use can make sweet the peach's
shady side,
That only by reflection tastes of
sun.

But she, my Princess, who will
sometimes deign
My garret to illumine till the walls,
Narrow and dingy, scrawled with
hackneyed thought
(Poor Richard slowly elbowing Plato
out),
Dilate and drape themselves with
tapestries
Nausikaa might have stooped o'er,
while, between,
Mirrors, effaced in their own clear-
ness, send
Her only image on through deepen-
ing deeps
With endless repercussion of de-
light,—
Bringer of life, witching each sense
to soul,
That sometimes almost gives me to
believe
I might have been a poet, gives at
least
A brain desaxonised, an ear that
makes
Music where none is, and a keener
pang
Of exquisite surmise outleaping
thought,—
Her will I pamper in her luxury:
No crumpled rose-leaf of too care-
less choice

Shall bring a northern nightmare
her dreams,
Vexing with sense of exile; he
shall be
The invitate firstlings of expe-
rience,
Vibrations felt but once and f-
life-long:
Oh, more than half-way turn th-
Grecian front
Upon me, while with self-rebuke
spell,
On the plain fillet that confines th-
hair
In conscious bounds of seeming u-
constraint,
The *Naught in overplus*, thy race
badge!

One feast for her I secretly design
In that Old World so strange
beautiful
To us the disinherited of eld,—
A day at Chartres, with no soul
side
To roil with pedant prate my j-
serene
And make the minster shy of co-
fidence.
I went, and, with the Saxon's pic-
care,
First ordered dinner at the p-
green inn,
The flies and I its only customer
Till by and by there came two E-
lishmen,
Who made me feel, in their eng-
ing way,
I was a poacher on their self-p-
serve,
Intent constructively on lese-ar-
licism.
To them (in those old razor-ridd-
days)
My beard translated me to host-
French;
So they, desiring guidance in
town,
Half condescended to my ba-
sphere,
And, clubbing in one mess th-
lack of phrase,
Set their best man to grapple w-
the Gaul.
“Esker vous ate a nabitang?”
asked;

"I never ate one; are they good?" Nor feels himself till what he feels
 asked I; comes back
 Whereat they stared, then laughed, In manifold reflection from with-
 and we were friends, out;
 The seas, the wars, the centuries While we, each pore alert with con-
 interposed, sciousness,
 Abolished in the truce of common Hide our best selves as we had
 speech, stolen them,
 And mutual comfort of the mother- And each bystander a detective
 tongue. were,
 Like escaped convicts of Propriety, Keen-eyed for every chink of un-
 They furtively partook the joys of disguise,
 men,
 Glancing behind when buzzed some So, musing o'er the problem which
 louder fly, was best,—
 A life wide-windowed, shining all
 abroad,
 Eluding these, I loitered through Or curtains drawn to shield from
 the town, sight profane
 With hope to take my minster un- The rites we pay to the mysterious
 awares I,—
 In its grave solitude of memory. With outward senses furloughed
 A pretty burgh, and such as Fancy and head bowed
 loves I followed some fine instinct in my
 For bygone grandeurs, faintly rum- feet,
 orous now Till, to unbend me from the loom
 Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm of thought,
 Brooding its dreamy thunders far Looking up suddenly, I found mine
 aloof, eyes
 That mingle with our mood, but Confronted with the minster's vast
 not disturb. repose.
 Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to Silent and gray as forest-leaguered
 lovers' walks, cliff
 Look down unwatchful on the slid- Left inland by the ocean's slow re-
 ing Eure, treat,
 Whose listless leisure suits the That hears afar the breeze-borne
 quiet place, rote and longs,
 Lispering among his shallows home- Remembering shocks of surf that
 like sounds clomb and fell,
 At Concord and by Bankside heard Spume-sliding down the baffled de-
 before, cuman,
 Chance led me to a public pleasure- It rose before me, patiently remote
 ground, From the great tides of life it
 Where I grew kindly with the breasted once,
 merry groups, Hearing the noise of men as in a
 And blessed the Frenchman for his dream.
 simple art I stood before the triple northern
 Of being domestic in the light of port,
 day. Where dedicated shapes of saints
 His language has no word, we and kings,
 growl, for Home; Stern faces bleared with immemo-
 But he can find a fireside in the sun, rial watch,
 Play with his child, make love, and Looked down benignly grave and
 shriek his mind, seemed to say,
 By throngs of strangers undispric- *Ye come and go incessant; we re-*
 vacied. *main*
 He makes his life a public gallery,

*Safe in the hallowed quiet of the
past ;*
*Be reverent, ye who flit and are for-
got,*
Of faith so nobly realised as this.
 I seem to have heard it said by
 learned folk
 Who drench you with æsthetics till
 you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 The faucet to let loose a wash of
 words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, there-
 fore worse ;
 But, being convinced by much ex-
 periment
 How little inventiveness there is in
 man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it
 please,
 Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to
 art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its per-
 fectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-con-
 tained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty
 world,
 For ever finished, though the bar-
 barous pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and
 shout
 As if a miracle could be encored.
 But ah ! this other, this that never
 ends,
 Still climbing, luring fancy still to
 climb,
 As full of morals half-divined as
 life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever new
 surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to
 please,
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as
 fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone !
 With one long sigh of infinite
 release
 From pedantries past, present, or
 to come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy
 Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects
 of dream,

Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate, souls self-
 confident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy
 of record
 In monumental pomp ! No Grecian
 drop
 Rebukes these veins that leap with
 kindred thrill,
 After long exile, to the mother-
 tongue.
 Ovid in Pontus, puling for his
 Rome
 Of men invirile and disnatured
 dames
 That poison sucked from the Attic
 bloom decayed.
 Shrank with a shudder from the
 blue-eyed race
 Whose force rough-handed should
 renew the world,
 And from the dregs of Romulus
 express
 Such wine as Dante poured, or he
 who blew
 Roland's vain blast, or sang the
 Campeador
 In verse that clanks like armour in
 the charge,—
 Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's
 horn.
 And they could build, if not the
 columned fane
 That from the height gleamed sea-
 ward many-hued,
 Something more friendly with their
 runder skies :
 The gray spire, molten now in
 driving mist,
 Now lulled with the incommunica-
 ble blue ;
 The carvings touched to meanings
 new with snow,
 Or commented with fleeting grace
 of shade ;
 The statues, motley as man's me-
 mory,
 Partial as that, so mixed of true
 and false,
 History and legend meeting with a
 kiss
 Across this bound-mark where
 their realms confine ;
 The painted windows, freaking
 gloom with glow,

Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,	The conscious silences of brooding woods,
Meet symbol of the senses and the soul :	Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk :
And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's thought	Yet here was sense of undefined regret,
Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee,—	Irreparable loss, uncertain what :
These were before me : and I gazed abashed,	Was all this grandeur but anachro- nism.—
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,	A shell divorced of its informing life,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,	Where the priest housed him like a hermit-crab,
And twittering round the work of larger men,	An alien to that faith of elder days
As we had builded what we but deface.	That gathered round it this fair shape of stone ?
Far up the great bells wallowed in delight,	Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Tossing their clangours o'er the heedless town,	Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
To call the worshippers who never came,	Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day ?
Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes.	Is there no corner safe from peep- ing Doubt,
I entered, reverent of whatever shrine	Since Gutenberg made thought cos- mopolite
Guards piety and solace for my kind,	And stretched electric threads from mind to mind ?
Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,	Nay, did Faith build this wonder ? or did Fear,
And shared decorous in the ancient rite	That makes a fetish and misnames it God
My sterner fathers held idola- trous.	(Blockish or metaphysic, matters not),
The service over, I was tranced in thought :	Contrive this coop to shut its ty- rant in,
Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me,	Appeased with playthings, that he might not harm ?
Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint,	I turned and saw a beldame on her knees ;
Or brick mock-pious with a marble front ;	With eyes astray, she told me- chanic beads
Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof,	Before some shrine of saintly womanhood,
The clustered stems that spread in boughs disleaved,	Bribed intercessor with the far-off Judge :
Through which the organ blew a dream of storm,—	Such my first thought, by kinder soon rebuked,
Though not more potent to sublime with awe	Pleading for whatsoever touches life
And shut the heart up in tran- quillity,	With upward impulse : be He no- where else,
Than aisles to me familiar that o'erarch	God is in all that liberates and lifts,
	In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles :

Blessèd the natures shored on every side	'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith,
With landmarks of hereditary thought!	Homely and wholesome, suited to the time,
Thrice happy they that wander not life-long	With rod or candy for child-minded men :
Beyond near succour of the house- hold faith,	No theologic tube, with lens on lens
The guarded fold that shelters, not confines !	Of syllogism transparent, brings it near,—
Their steps find patience in familiar paths,	At best resolving some new nebula, Or blurring some fixed-star of hope to mist.
Printed with hope by loved feet gone before	Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,
Of parent, child, or lover, glorified By simple magic of dividing Time.	Would she but lay her bow and arrows by
My lips were moistened as the woman knelt,	And arm her with the weapons of the time.
And—was it will, or some vibration faint	Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.
Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will?—	For there's no virgin-fort but self- respect,
My heart occultly felt itself in hers,	And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.
Through mutual intercession gently leagued.	Shall we treat Him as if He were a child
Or was it not mere sympathy of brain?	That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust
A sweetness intellectually con- ceived	The Rock of Ages to their chemie tests,
In simpler creeds to me impos- sible?	Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
A juggle of that pity for ourselves In others, which puts on such pretty masks	Should fail from under us, dis- solved in gas?
And snares self-love with bait of charity?	The armèd eye that with a glance discerns
Something of all it might be, or of none :	In a dry blood-speck between ox and man,
Yet for a moment I was snatched away	Stares helpless at this miracle called life,
And had the evidence of things not seen ;	This shaping potency behind the egg,
For one rapt moment ; then it all came back,	This circulation swift of deity, Where suns and systems incon- spicuous float
This age that blots out life with question-marks,	As the poor blood-disks in our mortal veins.
This nineteenth century with its knife and glass	Each age must worship its own thought of God,
That make thought physical, and thrust far off	More or less earthy, clarifying still
The Heaven, so neighbourly with man of old,	With subsidence continuous of the dregs ;
To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.	Nor saint nor sage could fix immut- ably

<p>The fluent image of the unstable Best, Still changing in their very hands that wrought: To-day's eternal truth To-morrow proved Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane. Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inaccessible, At Thought's own substance made a cage for Thought, And Truth locked fast with her own master-key; Nor didst Thou reck what image man might make Of his own shadow on the flowing world; The climbing instinct was enough for Thee. Or wast Thou, then, an ebbing tide that left Strewn with dead miracle those eldest shores, For men to dry, and dryly lecture on, Thyself thenceforth incapable of flood? Idle who hopes with prophets to be snatched By virtue in their mantles left below; Shall the soul live on other men's report, Herself a pleasing fable of herself? Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would, Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense But Nature still shall search some crevice out With messages of splendour from that Source Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures. This life were brutish did we not sometimes Have intimation clear of wider scope, Hints of occasion infinite, to keep The soul alert with noble discontent And onward yearnings of unstilled desire; Fruitless, except we now and then divined</p>	<p>A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through The secular confusions of the world, Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours. No man can think nor in himself perceive, Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes, Or on the hillside, always unfore- warned, A grace of being, finer than himself, That beckons and is gone,—a larger life Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse Of spacious circles luminous with mind, To which the ethereal substance of his own Seems but gross cloud to make that visible, Touched to a sudden glory round the edge. Who that hath known these visita- tions fleet Would strive to make them trite and ritual? I, that still pray at morning and at eve, Loving those roots that feed us from the past, And prizing more than Plato things I learned At that best academe, a mother's knee, Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed, Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt That perfect disenthralment which is God; Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,— Him who on speculation's windy waste Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm By Faith contrived against our nakedness, Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure, With painted saints and paraphrase of God, The soul's east-window of divine surprise.</p>
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Where others worship I but look
 and long;
 For, though not recreant to my
 fathers' faith,
 Its forms to me are weariness, and
 most
 That drony vacuum of compulsory
 prayer,
 Still pumping phrases for the Ineff-
 able,
 Though all the valves of memory
 gasp and wheeze.
 Words that have drawn transcen-
 dent meanings up
 From the best passion of all bygone
 time,
 Steeped through with tears of
 triumph and remorse,
 Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed
 in martyr-fires,
 Can they, so consecrate and so in-
 spired,
 By repetition wane to vexing wind?
 Alas! we cannot draw habitual
 breath
 In the thin air of life's supremest
 heights,
 We cannot make each meal a sacra-
 ment,
 Nor with our tailors be disbodied
 souls,—
 We men, too conscious of earth's
 comedy,
 Who see two sides, with our posed
 selves debate,
 And only for great stakes can be
 sublime!
 Let us be thankful when, as I do here,
 We can read Bethel on a pile of
 stones,
 And, seeing where God *has* been,
 trust in Him.
 Brave Peter Fischer there in
 Nuremberg,
 Moulding Saint Sebald's miracles in
 bronze,
 Put saint and stander-by in that
 quaint garb
 Familiar to him in his daily walk,
 Not doubting God could grant a
 miracle
 Then and in Nuremberg, if so He
 would;
 But never artist for three hundred
 years
 Hath dared the contradiction ludi-
 crous
 Of supernatural in modern clothes.
 Perhaps the deeper faith that is to
 come
 Will see God rather in the strenuous
 doubt,
 Than in the creed held as an infant's
 hand
 Holds purposeless whatso is placed
 therein.
 Say it is drift, not progress, none
 the less,
 With the old sextant of the fathers'
 creed,
 We shape our courses by new-risen
 stars,
 And, still lip-loyal to what once
 was truth,
 Smuggle new meanings under
 ancient names,
 Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit,
 Time.
 Change is the mask that all Con-
 tinuance wears
 To keep us youngsters harmlessly
 amused;
 Meanwhile some ailing or more
 watchful child,
 Sitting apart, sees the old eyes
 gleam out,
 Stern, and yet soft with humorous
 pity too.
 Whilere, men burnt men for a
 doubtful point,
 As if the mind were quenched
 with fire,
 And Faith danced round them
 with her war-paint on,
 Devoutly savage as an Iroquois;
 Now Calvin and Servetus at one
 board
 Snuff in grave sympathy a milder
 roast,
 And o'er their claret settle Comte
 unread.
 Fagot and stake were desperately
 sincere:
 Our cooler martyrdoms are done in
 types;
 And flames that shine in contro-
 versial eyes
 Burn out no brains but his who
 kindles them.

<p>This is no age to get cathedrals built : Did God, then, wait for one in Bethlehem? Worst is not yet: lo, where his coming looms, Of Earth's anarchic children latest born, Democracy, a Titan who hath learned To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunderbolts,— Could he not also forge them, if he would? He, better skilled, with solvents merciless, Loosened in air and borne on every wind, Saps unperceived: the calm Olym- pian height Of ancient order feels its bases yield, And pale gods glance for help to gods as pale. What will be left of good or wor- shipful, Of spiritual secrets, mysteries, Of fair religion's guarded heritage, Heirlooms of soul, passed down- ward unprofaned From eldest Ind? This Western giant coarse, Scorning refinements which he lacks himself, Loves not nor heeds the ancestral hierarchies Each rank dependent on the next above In orderly gradation fixed as fate. King by mere manhood, nor allow- ing aught Of holier unction than the sweat of toil; In his own strength sufficient; called to solve On the rough edges of society, Problems long sacred to the choicer few, And improvise what elsewhere men receive As gifts of deity; tough foundling reared Where every man's his own Mel- chisedek, How make him reverent of a King of kings?</p>	<p>Or Judge self-made, executor of laws By him not first discussed and voted on? For him no tree of knowledge is forbid, Or sweeter if forbid. How save the ark, Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day From his unscrupulous curiosity That handles everything as if to buy, Tossing aside what fabrics delicate Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his ways? What hope for those fine-nerved humanities That made earth gracious once with gentle arts, Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought And claim an equal suffrage with the brain? The born disciple of an elder time, (To me sufficient, friendlier than the new), Who in my blood feel motions of the Past, I thank benignant nature most for this,— A force of sympathy, or call it lack Of character firm-planted, loosing me From the pent chamber of habitual self To dwell enlarged in alien modes of thought, Haply distasteful, wholesomer for that, And through imagination to possess, As they were mine, the lives of other men. This growth original of virgin soil, By fascination felt in opposites, Pleases and shocks, entices and perturbs, In this brown-fisted rough, this shirt-sleeved Cid, This backwoods Charlemagne of empires new, Whose blundering heel instinc- tively finds out The goutier foot of speechless dignities,</p>
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Who, meeting Caesar's self, would
 slap his back,
 Call him "Old Horse," and chal-
 lenge to a drink,
 My lungs draw braver air, my
 breast dilates
 With ampler manhood, and I front
 both worlds,
 Of sense and spirit, as my natural
 fiefs,
 To shape and then reshape them as
 I will.
 It was the first man's charter; why
 not mine?
 How forfeit? when disposed in
 other hands?

Thou shudder'st, Ovid? Dost in
 him forbode
 A new avatar of the large-limbed
 Goth,
 To break, or seem to break, tradi-
 tion's clue,
 And chase to dreamland back thy
 gods dethroned?
 I think man's soul dwells nearer to
 the east,
 Nearer to morning's fountains than
 the sun;
 Herself the source whence all tradi-
 tion sprang,
 Herself at once both labyrinth and
 clue,
 The miracle fades out of history,
 But faith and wonder and the
 primal earth
 Are born into the world with every
 child.
 Shall this self-maker with the pry-
 ing eyes,
 This creature disenchanted of re-
 spect
 By the New World's new fiend,
 Publicity,
 Whose testing thumb leaves every-
 where its smutch,
 Not one day feel within himself the
 need
 Of loyalty to better than himself,
 That shall ennoble him with the
 upward look?
 Shall he not catch the Voice that
 wanders earth,
 With spiritual summons, dreamed
 or heard,

As sometimes, just ere sleep seals
 up the sense,
 We hear our mother call from
 depths of Time,
 And, waking, find it vision,—none
 the less
 The benediction bides, old skies re-
 turn,
 And that unreal thing, pre-eminent,
 Makes air and dream of all we see
 and feel?
 Shall he divine no strength unmade
 of votes,
 Inward, impregnable, found soon as
 sought,
 Not cognisable of sense, o'er sense
 supreme?
 His holy places may not be of stone,
 Nor made with hands, yet fairer far
 than aught
 By artist feigned, or pious ardour
 reared,
 Fit altars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form
 of man.
 Doubtless his church will be no
 hospital
 For superannuate forms and
 mumping shams,
 No parlour where men issue poli-
 cies
 Of life-assurance on the Eternal
 Mind,
 Nor his religion but an ambulance
 To fetch life's wounded and malin-
 gerers in,
 Scorned by the strong; yet he, un-
 conscious heir
 To the influence sweet of Athens
 and of Rome,
 And old Judæa's gift of secret fire,
 Spite of himself shall surely learn
 to know
 And worship some ideal of him-
 self,
 Some divine thing, large-hearted,
 brotherly,
 Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
 Pleased with his world, and hating
 only cant.
 And, if his Church be doubtful, it
 is sure
 That, in a world, made for what-
 ever else,
 Not made for mere enjoyment, in
 a world

Of toil but half-requtted, or, at best,	Who meant and did the noblest thing they knew?
Paid in some futile currency of breath,	Can our religion cope with deeds like this?
A world of incompleteness, sorrow swift	We, too, build Gothic contract-shams, because
And consolation laggard, whatsoe'er	Our deacons have discovered that it pays,
The form of building or the creed professed,	And pews sell better under vaulted roofs
The Cross, bold type of shame to homage turned,	Of plaster painted like an Indian squaw.
Of an unfinished life that sways the world,	Shall not that Western Goth, of whom we spoke,
Shall tower as sovereign emblem over all.	So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
	Find out, some day, that nothing pays but God,
The kobold Thought moves with us when we shift	Served whether on the smoke-shut battle-field,
Our dwelling to escape him ; perch-ed aloft	In work obscure done honestly, or vote
On the first load of household-stuff he went ;	For truth unpopular, or faith main-tained
For, where the mind goes, goes old furniture.	To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
I, who to Chartres came to feed my eye	Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell?
And give to Fancy one clear holi-day,	Shall he not learn that all pro-sperity,
Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred	Whose bases stretch not deeper than the sense,
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest.	Is but a trick of this world's atmo-sphere,
Here once there stood a homely wooden church,	A desert-born mirage of spire and dome,
Which slow devotion nobly changed for this	Or find too late, the Past's long lesson missed,
That echoes vaguely to my modern steps.	That dust the prophets shake from off their feet
By suffrage universal it was built,	Grows heavy to drag down both tower and wall?
As practised then, for all the coun-try came	I know not ; but, sustained by sure belief
From far as Rouen, to give votes for God,	That man still rises level with the height
Each vote a block of stone securely laid	Of noblest opportunities, or makes
Obedient to the master's deep-mused plan.	Such, if the time supply not, I can wait.
Will what our ballots rear, respon-sible	I gaze round on the windows, pride of France,
To no grave forethought, stand so long as this?	Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild
Delight like this the eye of after days,	Who loved their city and thought gold well spent
Brightening with pride that here, at least, were men	To make her beautiful with piety ;

I pause, transfigured by some stripe
 of bloom,
 And my mind throngs with shining
 auguries,
 Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
 With golden trumpets, silent, that
 await
 The signal to blow news of good to
 men.

Then the revulsion came that al-
 ways comes
 After these dizzy elations of the
 mind :
 And with a passionate pang of doubt
 I cried,
 "O mountain-born, sweet with
 snow-filtered air
 From uncontaminate wells of ether
 drawn
 And never-broken secrecies of sky,
 Freedom, with anguish won, mis-
 prized till lost,
 They keep thee not who from thy
 sacred eyes
 Catch the consuming lust of sen-
 sual good
 And the brute's license of un-
 fettered will.
 Far from the popular shout and
 venal breath
 Of Cleon blowing the mob's baser
 mind
 To bubbles of wind-piloted conceit,
 Thou shrinkest, gathering up thy
 skirts, to hide
 In fortresses of solitary thought
 And private virtue strong in self-
 restraint.
 Must we too forfeit thee misunder-
 stood,
 Content with names, nor inly wise
 to know
 That best things perish of their
 own excess,
 And quality o'er-driven becomes
 defect?
 Nay, is it thou indeed that we have
 glimpsed,
 Or rather such illusion as of old
 Through Athens glided menadlike
 and Rome,
 A shape of vapour, mother of vain
 dreams
 And mutinous traditions, specious
 plea

Of the glaived tyrant and long-
 memoried priest?"

I walked forth saddened ; for all
 thought is sad,
 And leaves a bitterish savour in the
 brain,
 Tonic, it may be, not delectable,
 And turned, reluctant, for a part-
 ing look
 At those old weather-pitted images
 Of bygone struggle, now so sternly
 calm.
 About their shoulders sparrows had
 built nests,
 And fluttered, chirping, from gray
 perch to perch,
 Now on a mitre poising, now a
 crown,
 Irreverently happy. While I
 thought
 How confident they were, what,
 careless hearts
 Flew on those lightsome wings and
 shared the sun,
 A larger shadow crossed ; and look-
 ing up,
 I saw where, nesting in the hoary
 towers,
 The sparrow-hawk slid forth on
 noiseless air,
 With sidelong head that watched
 the joy below,
 Grim Norman baron o'er this clan
 of Kelts.
 Enduring Nature, force conserva-
 tive,
 Indifferent to our noisy whims!
 Men prate
 Of all heads to an equal grade
 cashiered
 On level with the dullest, and ex-
 pect
 (Sick of no worse distemper than
 themselves)
 A wondrous cure-all in equality ;
 They reason that To-morrow must
 be wise
 Because To-day was not, nor
 Yesterday,
 As if good days were shapen of
 themselves,
 Not of the very life-blood of men's
 souls :
 Meanwhile, long-suffering, imper-
 turbable,

Thou quietly complet'st thy syllogism,	For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated hope,
And from the premise sparrow here below	Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
Draw'st sure conclusion of the hawk above,	As the lost opportunity of song.
Pleased with the soft-billed songster, pleased no less	O Power, more near my life than life itself
With the fierce beak of natures aquiline.	(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),
	Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away	Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
In the Past's valley of Avilion, Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,	Of sunshine and wide air and wingéd things
Then to reclaim the sword and crown again!	By sympathy of nature, so do I Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Thrice beautiful to us; perchance less fair	Yet in and of me! Rather Thou the root
To who possessed thee, as a moun- tain seems	Invisibly sustaining, hid in light, Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
To dwellers round its bases but a heap	If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm	Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
And the avalanche's silent bolt holds back	As if there needed any help of ours To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
Leashed with a hair,—meanwhile some far-off clown,	Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,
Hereditary delver of the plain, Sees it an unmoved vision of repose, Nest of the morning, and conjec- tures there	My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
The dance of streams to idle shepherds' pipes,	To change her inward surety for their doubt
And fairer habitations softly hung On breezy slopes, or hid in valleys cool,	Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof:
For happier men. No mortal ever dreams	While she can only feel herself through Thee,
That the scant isthmus he encamps upon	I fear not Thy withdrawal; more I fear,
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,	Seeing, to know Thee not, hood- winked with dreams
And one, the Peaceful, yet to ven- ture on,	Of signs and wonders, while, un- noticed, Thou,
Has been that future whereto pro- phets yearned	Walking Thy garden still, com- mun'st with men, Missed in the commonplace of mir- acle.

THREE MEMORIAL POEMS.

“Coscienza fusca
O della propria o dell' altrui vergogna
Pur sentirà la tua parola brusca.”

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth
When public shames more shameful pardon won,
Some have misjudged me, and my service done,
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth :
Through veins that drew their life from Western earth
Two hundred years and more my blood hath run
In no polluted course from sire to son ;
And thus was I predestined ere my birth
To love the soil wherewith my fibres own
Instinctive sympathies ; yet love it so
As honour would, nor lightly to dethrone
Judgment, the stamp of manhood, nor forego
The son's right to a mother dearer grown
With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow.

TO
E. L. GODKIN,
IN CORDIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS EMINENT SERVICE
IN HEIGHTENING AND PURIFYING THE TONE
OF OUR POLITICAL THOUGHT,
This Volume
IS DEDICATED.

* * Readers, it is hoped, will remember that, by his Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, the author had precluded himself from many of the natural outlets of thought and feeling common to such occasions as are celebrated in this little volume.

THREE MEMORIAL POEMS.

ODE

READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIGHT AT
CONCORD BRIDGE.

19TH APRIL 1875.

I.

WHO cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and
Thought!

II.

She cometh, cometh to-day:
Hark! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her nurslings and champions?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering buzz of the drums?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamour on her,
Crying, "She cometh! prepare
Her to praise and her to honour,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should
grow
Gladness for a hundred years!"

III.

Tell me, young men, have ye seen,
Creature of diviner mien

For true hearts to long and cry for,
Manly hearts to live and die for?
What hath she that others want?
Brows that all endearments haunt,
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
Smiles that glad untimely death,
Looks that fortify despair,
Tones more brave than trumpet's
breath;

Tell me, maidens, have ye known
Household charm moresweetly rare,
Grace of woman ampler blown,
Modesty more debonair,
Younger heart with wit full grown?
Oh for an hour of my prime,
The pulse of my hotter years,
That I might praise her in rhyme
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
Our sweetness, our strength, and
our star,
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
Who lifted us out of the dust,
And made us whatever we are!

IV.

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
Her sandals flash, we see on them,
And on her instep veined with blue,
Flecks of crimson, on those fair feet,
High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
Oh, call them rather christs than
stains,
Sacred and from heroic veins!
For, in the glory-guarded pass,
Her haughty and far-shining head
She bowed to shrive Leonidas
With his imperishable dead;
Her, too, Morgarten saw,
Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy
paw;
She followed Cromwell's quench-
less star
Where the grim Puritan tread
Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dun-
bar:

Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
Yet fresh, nor looked on with un-
tearful eyes.

V.

Our fathers found her in the woods
Where Nature meditates and
broods,
The seeds of unexampled things
Which Time to consummation
brings
Through life and death and man's
unstable moods;
They met her here, not recognised,
A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
To whose chaste wants her bow
sufficed,
Nor dreamed what destinies were
hers:
She taught them bee-like to create
Their simpler forms of Church and
State;
She taught them to endue
The past with other functions than
it knew,
And turn in channels strange the
uncertain stream of Fate;
Better than all, she fenced them in
their need
With iron-handed Duty's sternest
creed,
'Gainst Self's lean wolf that ravens
word and deed.

VI

Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud high-
way,
From Trade's cool heart, and
seething brain?
Why cometh she? She was not far
away.
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With pathos of immortal gain,
'Tis here her fondest memories stay.
She loves yon pine-bemurmured
ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet
sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canace;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,

The Old Time passed into the New;
Where, as your stealthy river
creeps,

He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds.
Here English law and English
thought
'Gainst the self-will of England
fought;
And here were men (coequal with
their fate),
Who did great things, unconscious
they were great.
They dreamed not what a die was
cast
With that first answering shot;
what then?

There was their duty; they were
men
Schooled the soul's inward gospel
to obey,
Though leading to the lion's den.
They felt the habit-hallowed world
give way
Beneath their lives, and on went
they,

Unhappy who was last.
When Buttrick gave the word,
That awful idol of the unchallenged
Past,
Strong in their love, and in their
lineage strong,
Fell crashing: if they heard it not,
Yet the earth heard,
Nor ever hath forgot,
As on from startled throne to
throne,

Where Superstition sate or con-
scious Wrong,
A shudder ran of some dread birth
unknown.

Thrice venerable spot!
River more fateful than the Rubi-
con!

O'er those red planks, to snatch
her diadem,
Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang
with them,
And over ways untried the feet of
Doom strode on.

VII.

Think you these felt no charms
In their gray homesteads and em-
bowered farms?

In household faces waiting at the
door

Their evening step should lighten
up no more?

In fields their boyish feet had
known?

In trees their fathers' hands had set,
And which with them had grown,
Widening each year their leafy
coronet?

Felt they no pang of passionate
regret

For those unsolid goods that seem
so much our own?

These things are dear to every man
that lives,

And life prized more for what it
lends than gives.

Yea, many a tie, by iteration sweet,
Strove to detain their fatal feet;
And yet the enduring half they
chose,

Whose choice decides a man life's
slave or king,

The invisible things of God before
the seen and known:

Therefore their memory inspiration
blows

With echoes gathering on from
zone to zone;

For manhood is the one immortal
thing

Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from
age to age,

Men come to learn, in grateful pil-
grimage,

That length of days is knowing
when to die.

VIII.

What marvellous change of things
and men!

She, a world-wandering orphan
then,

So mighty now! Those are her
streams

That whirl the myriad, myriad
wheels

Of all that does, and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks, and all that feels,

Through spaces stretched from sea
to sea;

By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right and who refrains,

Hers are our losses and our gains;

Our maker and our victim she.

IX.

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to
the brinks

Our hearts were filled with pride's
tumultuous wine;

Better to-day who rather feels than
thinks.

Yet will some graver thoughts in-
trude,

And cares of sterner mood;
They won thee: who shall keep

thee? From the deeps
Where discrowned empires o'er
their ruins brood,

And many a thwarted hope wrings
its weak hands and weeps,

I hear the voice as of a mighty wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing
unconfined,

"I, Freedom, dwell with Know-
ledge: I abide

With men whom dust of faction
cannot blind

To the slow tracings of the Eternal
Mind;

With men by culture-trained and
fortified,

Who bitter duty to sweet lusts
prefer,

Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law
my sword,

Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter;

Implacable as God's word,
Like it, a shepherd's crook to them
that blindly err.

Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs
and my saints,

Shoots of that only race whose
patient sense

Hath known to mingle flux with
permanence,

Rated my chaste denials and re-
straints

Above the moment's dear-paid
paradise:

Beware lest, shifting with Time's
gradual creep,

The light that guided shine into
your eyes.

The envious Powers of ill nor wink
nor sleep:

Be therefore timely wise,
 Nor laugh when this one steals,
 and that one lies,
 As if your luck could cheat those
 sleepless spies,
 Till the deaf Fury comes your
 house to sweep ! ”
 I hear the voice, and unaffrighted
 bow ;
 Ye shall not be prophetic now,
 Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
 Between my vision and the rain-
 bowed sky,
 Or on the left your hoarse fore-
 bodings croak
 From many a blasted bough
 On Yggdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
 That once was green, Hope of the
 West, as thou :
 Yet pardon if I tremble while I
 boast ;
 For I have loved as those who
 pardon most.

x.

Away, ungrateful doubt, away !
 At least she is our own to-day.
 Break into rapture, my song,
 Verses, leap forth in the sun,
 Bearing the joyance along
 Like a train of fire as ye run !
 Pause not for choosing of words,
 Let them but blossom and sing
 Blithe as the orchards and birds
 With the new coming of spring !
 Dance in your jollity, bells ;
 Shout, cannon ; cease not, ye
 drums ;
 Answer, ye hillside and dells ;
 Bow, all ye people ! She comes,
 Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
 She hallowed that April day.
 Stay with us ! Yes, thou shalt stay,
 Softener and strengthener of
 men,
 Freedom, not won by the vain,
 Not to be courted in play,
 Not to be kept without pain.
 Stay with us ! Yes, thou wilt stay,
 Handmaid and mistress of all,
 Kindler of deed and of thought,
 Thou that to hut and to hall
 Equal deliverance brought !
 Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
 Touch our dull lips with your fire,
 That we may praise without fear

Her our delight, our desire,
 Our faith's inextinguishable star,
 Our hope, our remembrance, our
 trust,
 Our present, our past, our to be,
 Who will mingle her life with
 our dust
 And makes us deserve to be free.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE
 HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
 WASHINGTON'S TAKING COMMAND
 OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 3D JULY
 1775.

I.

I.

WORDS pass as wind, but where
 great deeds were done
 A power abides transfused from
 sire to son :
 The boy feels deeper meanings
 thrill his ear,
 That tingling through his pulse
 life-long shall run,
 With sure impulsion to keep honour
 clear,
 When, pointing down, his father
 whispers, “ Here,
 Here, where we stand, stood he,
 the purely Great,
 Whose soul no siren passion could
 unsphere,
 Then nameless, now a power and
 mixed with fate.”
 Historic town, thou holdest sacred
 dust,
 Once known to men as pious,
 learn'd, just,
 And one memorial pile that dares
 to last ;
 But Memory greets with reverential
 kiss
 No spot in all thy circuit sweet as
 this,
 Touched by that modest glory as it
 past,
 O'er which yon elm hath piously
 displayed
 These hundred years its monu-
 mental shade.

2.

Of our swift passage through this
 scenery

Of life and death, more durable
 than we,
 What landmark so congenial as a
 tree
 Repeating its green legend every
 spring,
 And, with a yearly ring,
 Recording the fair seasons as they
 flee,
 Type of our brief but still-renewed
 mortality?
 We fall as leaves: the immortal
 trunk remains,
 Builded with costly juice of hearts
 and brains
 Gone to the mould now, whither
 all that be
 Vanish returnless, yet are procreant
 still
 In human lives to come of good or
 ill,
 And feed unseen the roots of
 Destiny.

II.

I.

MEN's monuments, grown old, for-
 get their names
 They should eternise, but the place
 Where shining souls have passed
 imbibes a grace
 Beyond mere earth; some sweet-
 ness of their fames
 Leaves in the soil its unextinguished
 trace,
 Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler
 aims,
 That penetrates our lives and
 heightens them or shames.
 This insubstantial world and fleet
 Seems solid for a moment when
 we stand
 On dust ennobled by heroic feet
 Once mighty to sustain a tottering
 land,
 And mighty still such burthen to
 upbear,
 Nor doomed to tread the path of
 things that merely were:
 Our sense, refined with virtue of
 the spot,
 Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy
 stream
 Recalls him, the sole chief without
 a blot

No more a pallid image and a
 dream,
 But as he dwelt with men deco-
 rously supreme.

2.

Our grosser minds need this
 terrestrial hint
 To raise long-buried days from
 tombs of print:
 "Here stood he," softly we re-
 peat,
 And lo, the statue shrined and
 still
 In that gray minster-front we call
 the Past,
 Feels in its frozen veins our pulses
 thrill,
 Breathes living air and mocks at
 Death's deceit.
 It warms, it stirs, comes down to
 us at last,
 Its features human with familiar
 light,
 A man, beyond the historian's art
 to kill,
 Or sculptor's to efface with
 patient chisel-blight.

3.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory,
 nor for naught
 Was Fancy given, on whose en-
 charmed loom
 Present and Past commingle, fruit
 and bloom
 Of one fair bough, inseparably
 wrought
 Into the seamless tapestry of
 thought.
 So charmed, with undeluded eye
 we see
 In history's fragmentary tale
 Bright clues of continuity,
 Learn that high natures over
 Time prevail,
 And feel ourselves a link in that
 entail
 That binds all ages past with all
 that are to be.

III.

I.

BENEATH our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood

Famed vaguely for that old fight
 in the wood
 Whose red surge sought, but could
 not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our
 rough-hewn helm :—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the
 town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies
 flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder
 which was he.
 No need to question long ; close-
 lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding
 forests lone
 To bridle others' clamours and his
 own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them
 all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to
 free
 With iron curb that armed demo-
 cracy.

2.

A motley rout was that which came
 to stare,
 In raiment tanned by years of sun
 and storm,
 Of every shape that was not uni-
 form,
 Dotted with regimentals here and
 there ;
 An army all of captains, used to
 pray,
 And stiff in fight, but serious drill's
 despair,
 Skilled to debate their orders,
 not obey ;
 Deacons were there, selectmen, men
 of note
 In half-tamed hamlets ambushed
 round with woods,
 Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
 But largely liberal to its private
 moods ;
 Prompt to assert by manners, voice,
 or pen,
 Or ruder arms, their rights as Eng-
 lishmen,
 Nor much fastidious as to how and
 when :
 Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to
 create

A thought-staid army or a lasting
 state :
 Haughty they said he was, at first ;
 severe ;
 But owned, as all men own, the
 steady hand
 Upon the bridle, patient to com-
 mand,
 Prized, as all prize, the justice
 pure from fear,
 And learned to honour first, then
 love him, then revere.
 Such power there is in clear-eyed
 self-restraint
 And purpose clean as light from
 every selfish taint.

3.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
 The years between furl off : I seem
 to see
 The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred
 foliage through,
 Dapple with gold his sober buff and
 blue
 And weave prophetic aureoles
 round the head
 That shines our beacon now nor
 darkens with the dead.
 Oh man of silent mood,
 A stranger among strangers then,
 How art thou since renowned the
 Great, the Good,
 Familiar as the day in all the homes
 of men !
 The winged years, that winnow
 praise and blame,
 Blow many names out : they but
 fan to flame
 The self-renewing splendours of thy
 fame.

IV.

I.

How many subtlest influences
 unite,
 With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
 Invisible as air and soft as light,
 To body forth that image of the
 brain
 We call our Country, visionary
 shape,
 Loved more than woman, fuller of
 fire than wine,
 Whose charm can none define,

Nor any, though he flee it, can
escape!
All party-coloured threads the
weaver Time
Sets in his web, now trivial, now
sublime,
All memories, all forebodings, hopes
and fears,
Mountain and river, forest, prairie,
sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field,
or tree,
The casual gleanings of unreckoned
years,
Take goddess-shape at last and
there is She,
Old at our birth, new as the spring-
ing hours,
Shrine of our weakness, fortress of
our powers,
Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her
peers,
A force that 'neath our conscious
being stirs,
A life to give ours permanence,
when we,
Are borne to mingle our poor earth
with hers,
And all this glowing world goes
with us on our biers.

2.

Nations are long results, by ruder
ways
Gathering the might that warrants
length of days;
They may be pieced of half-re-
luctant shares
Welded by hammer-strokes of
broad-brained kings,
Or from a doughty people grow, the
heirs
Of wise traditions widening cau-
tious rings;
At best they are computable things,
A strength behind us making us
feel bold
In right, or, as may chance, in
wrong;
Whose force by figures may be
summed and told,
So many soldiers, ships, and dollars
strong,
And we but drops that bear com-
pulsory part

In the dumb throb of a mechanic
heart;
But Country is a shape of each
man's mind
Sacred from definition, unconfined
By the cramped walls where daily
drudgeries grind;
An inward vision, yet an outward
birth
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth;
A brooding Presence that stirs
motious blind
Of wings within our embryo being's
shell
That wait but her completer spell
To make us eagle-natured, fit to
dare
Life's nobler spaces and untar-
nished air.

3.

You, who hold dear this self-con-
ceived ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can
make it real,
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck
her shrine
Who lifts our lives away from
Thine and Mine
And feeds the lamp of manhood
more divine
With fragrant oils of quenchless
constancy.
When all have done their utmost,
surely he
Hath given the best who gives a
character
Erect and constant, which nor any
shock
Of loosened elements, nor the force-
ful sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
From its deep bases in the living
rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet secu-
rity;
And this he gave, serenely far from
pride
As baseness, boon with prosperous
stars allied,
Part of what nobler seed shall in
our loins abide.

4.

No bond of men as common pride
so strong,

In names time-filtered for the lips
 of song,
 Still operant, with the primal
 Forces bound
 Whose currents, on their spiritual
 round,
 Transfuse our mortal will nor are
 gainsaid :
 These are their arsenals, these the
 exhaustless mines
 That give a constant heart in great
 designs ;
 These are the stuff whereof such
 dreams are made
 As make heroic men : thus surely
 he
 Still holds in place the massy blocks
 he laid
 'Neath our new frame, enforcing
 soberly
 The self-control that makes and
 keeps a people free.

V.

1.

OH for a drop of that Cornelian
 ink
 Which gave Agricola dateless length
 of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither
 swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass dis-
 cretion's brink,
 With him so statue-like in sad re-
 serve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to
 deserve !
 Nor need I shun due influence of
 his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals,
 seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unim-
 passionate brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas
 of acclaim.

2.

What figure more immovably
 august
 Than that grave strength so patient
 and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it
 wavered, sure,
 That mind serene, impenetrably
 just,

Modelled on classic lines so simple
 they endure ?
 That soul so softly radiant and so
 white
 The track it left seems less of fire
 than light,
 Cold but to such as love distem-
 perature ?
 And if pure light, as some deem,
 be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on
 their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an
 impurer source ?
 His was the true enthusiasm that
 burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human
 sight,
 The hidden force that makes a life-
 time strong,
 And not the short-lived fuel of a
 song.
 Passionless, say you ? What is
 passion for
 But to sublime our natures and
 control
 To front heroic toils with late
 return,
 Or none, or such as shames the
 conqueror ?
 That fire was fed with substance
 of the soul
 And not with holiday stubble, that
 could burn,
 Unpraised of men who after bonfires
 run,
 Through seven slow years of unad-
 vancing war,
 Equal when fields were lost or fields
 were won,
 With breath of popular applause
 or blame,
 Nor fanned nor damped, unquench-
 ably the same,
 Too inward to be reached by flaws
 of idle fame.

3.

Soldier and statesman, rarest
 unison ;
 High-poised example of great duties
 done
 Simply as breathing, a world's
 honours worn

As life's indifferent gifts to all men
born ;
Dumb for himself, unless it were
to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers elo-
quent,
Tramping the snow to coral where
they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed
content ;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self ;
unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper
shamed ;
Never seduced through show of
present good
By other than unsetting lights to
steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than
his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness
as from fear ;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasp-
ing still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat
helm of will ;
Not honoured then or now because
he wooed
The popular voice, but that he
still withstood ;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there
is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all
men's, — WASHINGTON.

4.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly
great,
That flash and darken like revolv-
ing lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye un-
schooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days
and nights
Rounding a whole life to the circle
fair
Of orb'd fulfilment ; and this bal-
anced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly
bare
Of draperies theatric, standing
there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but
greater grows

Still as we look, and by experience
learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly
stern
The discipline that wrought
through lifelong throes
That energetic passion of repose.

5.

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and
joys,
For ardent girls and boys
Who find no genius in a mind so
clear
That its grave depths seem obvious
and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little
noise.
They feel no force in that calm-cad-
enced phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-
bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's
courtly maze
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier
length of days.
His firm-based brain, to self so little
kind
That no tumultuary blood could
blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow
height of haze ;
It was a world of statelier move-
ment then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a
man for men.

VI.

I.

THE longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of
men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and
then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daugh-
ters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-
featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with
mortal praise,

But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and un-
 wasted days.
 For this we honour him, that he
 could know
 How sweet the service and how
 free
 Of her, God's eldest daughter here
 below,
 And choose in meanest raiment
 which was she.

2.

Placid completeness, life without
 a fall
 From faith or highest aims, truth's
 breachless wall,
 Surely if any fame can bear the
 touch,
 His will say "Here!" at the last
 trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life
 expressed so much.

VII.

I.

NEVER to see a nation born
 Hath been given to mortal man,
 Unless to those who, on that sum-
 mer morn,
 Gazed silent when the great Vir-
 ginian
 Unsheathed the sword whose fatal
 flash
 Shot union through the incoherent
 clash
 Of our loose atoms, crystallising
 them
 Around a single will's unpliant
 stem,
 And making purpose of emotion
 rash.
 Out of that scabbard sprang, as
 from its womb,
 Nebulous at first, but hardening to
 a star,
 Through mutual share of sunburst
 and of gloom,
 The common faith that made us
 what we are.

2.

That lifted blade transformed our
 jangling clans,

Till then provincial, to Americans,
 And made a unity of wildering
 plans;
 Here was the doom fixed: here is
 marked the date
 When this New World awoke to
 man's estate,
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to
 look behind:
 Nor thoughtless was the choice;
 no love or hate
 Could from its poise move that
 deliberate mind,
 Weighing between too early and
 too late
 Those pitfalls of the man refused
 by Fate:
 His was the impartial vision of the
 great
 Who see not as they wish, but as
 they find.
 He saw the dangers of defeat, nor
 less
 The incomputable perils of success;
 The sacred past thrown by, an
 empty rind;
 The future, cloud-land, snare of
 prophets blind;
 The waste of war, the ignominy of
 peace;
 On either hand a sullen rear of
 woes,
 Whose garnered lightnings none
 could guess,
 Piling its thunder-heads and mut-
 tering "Cease!"
 Yet drew not back his hand, but
 gravely chose
 The seeming-desperate task whence
 our new nation rose.

3.

A noble choice and of immortal
 seed!
 Nor deem that acts heroic wait on
 chance
 Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
 The man's whole life preludes the
 single deed
 That shall decide if his inheritance
 Be with the sifted few of matchless
 breed,
 Our race's sap and sustenance,
 Or with the unmotivated herd that
 only sleep and feed.

Choice seems a thing indifferent ;
 thus or so,
 What matters it? The Fates with
 mocking face
 Look on inexorable, nor seem to
 know
 Where the lot lurks that gives life's
 foremost place.
 Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it
 still,
 And but two ways are offered to
 our will,
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with
 safe disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of
 human race.
 He chose, as men choose, where
 most danger showed,
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
 Of petty cares, that gall great hearts
 the most,
 But kept right on the strenuous up-
 hill road,
 Strong to the end, above complaint
 or boast :
 The popular tempest on his rock-
 mailed coast
 Wasted its wind-borne spray,
 The noisy marvel of a day ;
 His soul sate still in its unstormed
 abode.

VIII.

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the massive mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our
 mortal metal ran ;
 She gave us this unblemished
 gentleman :
 What shall we give her back but
 love and praise
 As in the dear old unestrang'd days
 Before the inevitable wrong began?
 Mother of States and undiminished
 men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving
 him,
 And we owe alway what we owed
 thee then :
 The boon thou wouldst have
 snatched from us agen
 Shines as before with no abatement
 dim.
 A great man's memory is the only
 thing

With influence to outlast the pre-
 sent whim
 And bind us as when here he knit
 our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the
 hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part
 of ours :
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed
 sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of
 God,
 We from this consecrated plain
 stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought
 or doubt
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrown'd manhood
 forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy
 son.
 Through battle we have better
 learned thy worth,
 The long-breathed valour and un-
 daunted will,
 Which, like his own, the day's
 disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and
 be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory
 hardly won ;
 If ever with distempered voice or
 pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we
 take it back,
 And for the dead of both don
 common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast
 then,
 As we forget thou hast not always
 been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted
 men,
 Virginia, fitly named from Eng-
 land's manly queen !

AN ODE.

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1876.

I.

I.

ENTRANCED, I saw a vision in the
 cloud

That loitered dreaming in yon sun-
set sky,
Full of fair shapes, half creatures
of the eye,
Half chance-evoked by the wind's
fantasy
In golden mist, an ever-shifting
crowd:
There, mid unreal forms that came
and went
In robes air-spun, of evanescent
dye,

A woman's semblance shone pre-
eminent;
Not armed like Pallas, not like
Hera proud,
But, as on household diligence
intent,
Beside her visionary wheel she
bent
Like Aretë or Bertha, nor than they
Less queenly in her port: about
her knee
Glad children clustered confident
in play:

Placid her pose, the calm of energy;
And over her broad brow in many
a round
(That loosened would have gilt her
garment's hem),
Succinct, as toil prescribes, the
hair was wound
In lustrous coils, a natural diadem.
The cloud changed shape, obse-
quious to the whim
Of some transmuted influence felt
in me,
And, looking now, a wolf I seemed
to see

Limned in that vapour, gaunt and
hunger-bold,
Threatening her charge: resolve
in every limb,
Erect she flamed in mail of sun-
wove gold,

Penthesilea's self for battle dight;
One arm uplifted braced a flicker-
ing spear,

And one her adamantine shield
made light;

Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a
thing to fear,

And her fierce eyes, by danger
challenged, took

Her trident-sceptred mother's
dauntless look,

"I know thee now, O goddess-
born!" I cried,
And turned with loftier brow and
firmer stride;
For in that spectral cloud-work I
had seen
Her image, bodied forth by love
and pride,
The fearless, the benign, the mo-
ther-eyed,
The fairer world's toil-consecrated
queen.

2.

What shape by exile dreamed elates
the mind
Like hers whose hand, a fortress of
the poor,
No blood in lawful vengeance spilt
bestains?
Who never turned a suppliant from
her door?
Whose conquests are the gains of
all mankind?
To-day her thanks shall fly on every
wind,
Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore
to shore,
One love, one hope, and not a doubt
behind!
Cannon to cannon shall repeat her
praise,
Banner to banner flap it forth in
flame;
Her children shall rise up to bless
her name,
And wish her harmless length of
days,
The mighty mother of a mighty
brood,
Blessed in all tongues and dear to
every blood,
The beautiful, the strong, and, best
of all, the good!

3.

Seven years long was the bow
Of battle bent, and the heightening
Storm-heaps convulsed with the
throe
Of their uncontainable lightening;
Seven years long heard the sea
Crash of navies and wave-borne
thunder;
Then drifted the cloud-rack a-lee,

And new stars were seen, a world's
wonder ;
Each by her sisters made bright,
All binding all to their stations,
Cluster of manifold light
Startling the old constellations :
Men looked up and grew pale :
Was it a comet or star,
Omen of blessing or bale,
Hung o'er the ocean afar?

4.

Stormy the day of her birth :
Was she not born of the strong,
She, the last ripeness of earth,
Beautiful, prophesied long ?
Stormy the days of her prime :
Hers are the pulses that beat
Higher for perils sublime,
Making them fawn at her feet.
Was she not born of the strong ?
Was she not born of the wise ?
Daring and counsel belong
Of right to her confident eyes :
Human and motherly they,
Careless of station or race :
Hearken ! her children to-day
Shout for the joy of her face.

II.

I.

No praises of the past are hers,
No fanes by hallowing time ca-
ressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To some sad instinct in the breast :
She has not gathered from the years
Grandeur of tragedies and tears,
Nor from long leisure the unrest
That finds repose in forms of classic
grace :
These may delight the coming race
Who haply shall not count it to
our crime
That we who fain would sing are
here before our time.
She also hath her monuments ;
Not such as stand decrepitly re-
signed
To ruin-mark the path of dead
events
That left no seed of better days
behind,

The tourist's pensioners that show
their scars
And maunder of forgotten wars ;
She builds not on the ground, but
in the mind,
Her open-hearted palaces
For larger-thoughted men with
heaven and earth at ease :
Her march the plump mow marks,
the sleepless wheel,
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed
commonweal ;
The happy homesteads hid in or-
chard trees
Whose sacrificial smokes through
peaceful air
Rise lost in heaven, the household's
silent prayer ;
What architect hath bettered
these ?
With softened eye the westward
traveller sees
A thousand miles of neighbours
side by side,
Holding by toil-won titles fresh
from God
The lands no serf or seigneur ever
trod,
With manhood latent in the very
sod,
Where the long billow of the
wheatfield's tide
Flows to the sky across the prairie
wide,
A sweeter vision than the castled
Rhine,
Kindly with thoughts of Ruth and
Bible-days benign.

2.

Oh ancient commonwealths, that
we revere
Haply because we could not know
you near,
Your deeds like statues down the
aisles of Time
Shine peerless in memorial calm
sublime,
And Athens is a trumpet still, and
Rome ;
Yet which of your achievements is
not foam
Weighed with this one of hers (be-
low you far
In fame, and born beneath a milder
star),

That to Earth's orphans, far as
 curves the dome,
 Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous
 West means home,
 With dear precedency of natural
 ties
 That stretch from roof to roof and
 make men gently wise?
 And if the nobler passions wane,
 Distorted to base use, if the near
 goal
 Of insubstantial gain
 Tempt from the proper race-course
 of the soul
 That crowns their patient breath,
 Whose feet, song-pinioned, are too
 fleet for Death,
 Yet may she claim one privilege
 urbane
 And haply first upon the civic roll,
 That none can breathe her air nor
 grow humane.

3.

Oh, better far the briefest hour
 Of Athens self-consumed, whose
 plastic power
 Hid Beauty safe from Death in
 words or stone;
 Of Rome, fair quarry where those
 eagles crowd
 Whose fulgurous vans about the
 world had blown
 Triumphant storm and seeds of
 polity:
 Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless
 sea,
 Last iridescence of a sunset cloud;
 Than this inert prosperity,
 This bovine comfort in the sense
 alone!
 Yet art came slowly even to such
 as those,
 Whom no past genius cheated of
 their own
 With prudence of o'ermastering pre-
 cedent;
 Petal by petal spreads the perfect
 rose,
 Secure of the divine event;
 And only children rend the bud
 half blown
 To forestall Nature in her calm in-
 tent:
 Time hath a quiver full of purposes

Which miss not of their aim, to us
 unknown,
 And brings about the impossible
 with ease:
 Haply for us the ideal dawn shall
 break
 From where in legend-tinted line
 The peaks of Hellas drink the
 morning's wine,
 To tremble on our lids with mystic
 sign
 Till the drowsed ichor in our veins
 awake
 And set our pulse in tune with
 moods divine:
 Long the day lingered in its sea-
 fringed nest,
 Then touched the Tuscan hills with
 golden lance
 And paused; then on to Spain and
 France
 The splendour flew, and Albion's
 misty crest:
 Shall Ocean bar him from his des-
 tined West?
 Or are we, then, arrived too late,
 Doomed with the rest to grope dis-
 consolate,
 Foreclosed of Beauty by our mo-
 dern date?

III.

I.

POETS, as their heads grow gray,
 Look from too far behind the eyes,
 Too long experienced to be wise
 In guileless youth's diviner way;
 Life sings not now, but prophesies;
 Time's shadows they no more be-
 hold,
 But, under them, the riddle old
 That mocks, bewilders, and defies:
 In childhood's face the seed of
 shame,
 In the green tree an ambushed
 flame,
 In Phosphor a vaunt-guard of Night,
 They, though against their will,
 divine,
 And dread the care-dispelling wine
 Stored from the Muse's vintage
 bright,
 By age imbued with second-sight.
 From Faith's own eyelids there
 peeps out,

Even as they look, the leer of
doubt;
The festal wreath their fancy loads
With care that whispers and fore-
bodes:
Nor this our triumph-day can blunt
Megæra's goads.

2.

Murmur of many voices in the air
Denounces us degenerate,
Unfaithful guardians of a noble
fate,
And prompts indifference or de-
spair:
Is this the country that we dreamed
in youth,
Where wisdom and not numbers
should have weight,
Seed-field of simpler manners,
braver truth,
Where shams should cease to domi-
nate
In household, church, and state?
Is this Atlantis? This the un-
poisoned soil,
Sea-whelmed for ages and recovered
late,
Where parasitic greed no more
should coil
Round Freedom's stem to bend
awry and blight
What grew so fair, sole plant of
love and light?
Who sat where once in crowned
seclusion sate
The long-proved athletes of debate
Trained from their youth, as none
thinks needful now?
Is this debating-club where boys
dispute,
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The Senate, erewhile cloister of
the few,
Where Clay once flashed, and Web-
ster's cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought
that all the horizon knew?

3.

Oh, as this pensive moonlight blurs
my pines,
Here as I sit and meditate these
lines,
To gray-green dreams of what they
are by day,

So would some light, not reasons'
sharp-edged ray,
Trance me in moonshine as before
the flight
Of years had won me this unwel-
come right
To see things as they are, or shall
be soon,
In the frank prose of undissembling
noon!

4.

Back to my breast, ungrateful sigh!
Whoever fails, whoever errs,
The penalty be ours, not hers!
The present still seems vulgar, seen
too nigh;
The golden age is still the age that's
past:
I ask no drowsy opiate
To dull my vision of that only state
Founded on faith in man, and there-
fore sure to last.
For, oh, my country, touched by
thee,
The gray hairs gather back their
gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.
Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's
wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful
words,
As sap in spring-time floods the
tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!

IV.

I.

FLAWLESS his heart and tempered
to the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-
leaning wave,
First left behind him the firm-
footed shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail
and oar,
Steered for the Unknown which
gods to mortals gave,
Of thought and action the mysteri-
ous door,

Bugbear of fools, a summons to
 the brave:
 Strength found he in the unsympa-
 thising sun,
 And strange stars from beneath
 the horizon won,
 And the dumb ocean pitilessly
 grave:
 High-hearted surely he;
 But bolder they who first off-cast
 Their moorings from the habitable
 Past
 And ventured chartless on the sea
 Of storm-engendering Liberty:
 For all earth's width of waters is a
 span,
 And their convulsed existence
 mere repose,
 Matched with the unstable heart
 of man,
 Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all
 it knows,
 Open to every wind of sect or clan,
 And sudden-passionate in ebbs and
 flows.

2.

They steered by stars the elder
 shipmen knew,
 And laid their courses where the
 currents draw
 Of ancient wisdom channelled
 deep in law,
 The undaunted few
 Who changed the Old World for
 the New,
 And more devoutly prized
 Than all perfection theorised
 The more imperfect that had roots
 and grew,
 They founded deep and well,
 Those danger-chosen chiefs of men
 Who still believed in Heaven and
 Hell,
 Nor hoped to find a spell,
 In some fine flourish of a pen,
 To make a better man
 Than long-considering Nature will
 or can,
 Secure against his own mistakes,
 Content with what life gives or
 takes,

And acting still on some fore-
 ordered plan,
 A cog of iron in an iron wheel,
 Too nicely poised to think or feel,
 Dumb motor in a clock-like
 commonweal.
 They wasted not their brain in
 schemes
 Of what man might be in some
 bubble-sphere,
 As if he must be other than he
 seems
 Because he was not what he should
 be here,
 Postponing Time's slow proof to
 petulant dreams:
 Yet herein they were great
 Beyond the incredulous lawgivers
 of yore,
 And wiser than the wisdom of the
 shelf,
 That they conceived a deeper-
 rooted state,
 Of hardier growth, alive from rind
 to core,
 By making man sole sponsor of him-
 self.

3.

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
 Art, and shalt be when those eye-
 wise who flout
 Thy secret presence shall be lost
 In the great light that dazzles them
 to doubt,
 We, sprung from loins of stalwart
 men
 Whose strength was in their trust
 That Thou wouldst make thy dwell-
 ing in their dust
 And walk with them a fellow-
 citizen;
 Who build a city of the just,
 We, who believe Life's bases rest
 Beyond the probe of chemic test,
 Still, like our fathers, feel Thee
 near,
 Sure that, while lasts the immut-
 able decree,
 The land to Human Nature dear
 Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

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